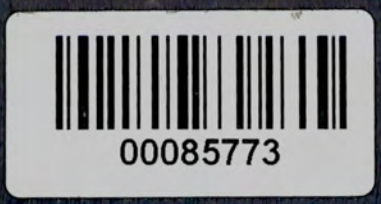
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TOUR,

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VOL. II.

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TOUR

THROUGH PARTS OF

THE NETHERLANDS, HOLLAND, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, SAVOY, AND FRANCE,

IN THE YEAR 1821-2.

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF

THE RHINE VOYAGE IN THE MIDDLE OF AUTUMN, AND THE STUPENDOUS SCENERY OF THE ALPS IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.

By CHARLES TENNANT, Esq.

85773

ALSO CONTAINING, IN AN APPENDIX,

FAC-SIMILE COPIES OF EIGHT LETTERS

IN THE HAND-WRITING OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO HIS WIFE JOSEPHINE.

Whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such an one as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers. 2d part of DON QUIXOTE, c. 3.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

2-d-22

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

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1824.

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JOURNAL.

ENTRANCE INTO SWITZERLAND.

1821. *Wednesday, October* 17. The town of Schaffhausen is very prettily situated, being built in the form of an amphitheatre, partly upon an eminence, and partly in a valley, surrounded by lofty hills covered with vines and forest trees. The streets are irregular and ill-formed, and most of the houses bear the stamp of age. Many of these still shew the old fashion of daubing the exterior front with large figures in glaring coloured paints; and although time has done much to soften down the glare, yet the colours in many instances are sufficiently strong to produce a curious and whimsical effect.

After visiting the town, and the immediate environs, which cannot fail to delight all the admirers of nature's works, and which I, perhaps,

now viewed with increased interest by contrast with the bleak and barren scenery of the Black Forest, I proceeded with a guide to the celebrated Fall of the Rhine.

As the contemplation of this magnificent sight occupied me for the remainder of the day, I must consider this a subject worthy of particular notice, and I shall therefore not curtail a word of my original note.

The Fall is about a league distant from Schaffhausen, and the better to enjoy the beautiful scenery on the way, my guide recommended that we should proceed to the spot in a boat. Accordingly, at a short distance above the town, we embarked, and no sooner were we launched upon the crystal stream, than our little bark was swept away with the impetuosity of a straw shot down by a mountain torrent.

Here the scenery is of a description to charm the eye and captivate the mind.

On the right are seen rich undulating meadows and glowing vineyards, bounded by blue mountains in the distance; and on the left rises abruptly from the river's side, a high range of rocks clothed with a varied thicket of richest

foliage, even down to the bright water's edge. Round this high-wooded rock, the river, forming a beautiful and gradual bend, sweeps onward with progressively increased velocity to its fall, which, although yet far distant and hidden from the view, proclaims itself with deafening clamour.

Nor is the beautiful appearance of the river itself the least interesting feature in this scene. The water, resembling in colour the purest emerald, and in transparency the clearest crystal, sweeping on its rapid course, makes numerous little whirlpools round the sunken rocks, or, meeting with opposing fragments, is thrown back into small sheets of foam.

Hurrying down the stream, we approached a part of the river where rocks and whirlpools render the whole one fearful scene of violent commotion. To avoid these terrors, I now took it for granted that we should land; but no, — our little boat, which more resembled an Indian canoe, still continued driving swiftly with the current, until fearing that we might be carried too far into the influence of the eddies now close before us, with some eagerness, and not without some apprehension, I demanded of the boatman if he saw where he was going. "*Eh qu'oui, Monsieur, et nous y serons tout-de-suite,*" was the

man's reply, smiling, and pointing at the same time to where the strife of waters seemed the strongest.

Not contemplating, as possible, that this was said in earnest, I smiled also at what I supposed to be a joke to terrify the stranger. Great then was my surprise, when I saw our little bark actually in the current, from which no human power could have drawn us out until we had passed through the fearful scene before us! Whether it were shame at my own fears, or the knowledge that it was now too late to speak, I know not, for what I thought I hardly now remember; but well can I recollect that, without uttering a word, by a sort of instinct I clung fast hold of the boat on either side, and kept my eyes stedfastly fixed upon the boatman. He, with a perfectly composed but watchful countenance, grasped in his firm hand the rudder, and presently our little bark bounded into the foaming vortex.

It was a fearful but an astonishing sight, and gaining confidence from the steadiness of our steersman, I looked upon the strife around me with the mixed feelings of amazement, terror, and delight. Tossed out of one whirlpool to be twisted into another, yet our little skiff seemed

always to keep head foremost, and at last driving into an infuriate current, we were shot into the smoothly flowing stream under the lofty wooded rocks, where, according to the boatman, a line would go plumb down 100 feet. Here, at a short distance above the Fall, we effected an easy landing.

A deafening noise now apprised me of my near approach to the object of my visit, but as yet were only visible the high fragments of rock which extend across the river over the Fall, and the smooth wave just about to be precipitated. My guide, who seemed very anxious that I should not catch a glimpse of this imposing sight until he had brought me to the point from whence the sight should burst upon me at once in all its splendour, now led me over the wooded heights to the ancient Château de Laufen, which, from the summit of a lofty rock, looks directly down upon the Fall.

Having procured, at the ancient castle, the key of a small wooden building, or look-out, erected immediately beneath, we proceeded to the long-wished-for spot, and from here I beheld, of its kind, by far the most imposing sight that I had ever witnessed. At this station it may be literally said that the spectator is standing in the

midst of the terrific scene, for this little wooden shed is actually built out under the heaviest part of the Fall, from which it is protected only by a projecting ledge of rock. It is truly a terrific situation, and the sight is fearfully imposing.

At the very edge of the Fall, and about the middle of the river, are two high fragments of rock, presenting something like the appearance of an arch broken at the top. Through this constrained channel the greatest body of the falling water rushes violently down a precipitous height, in a direction as if it must inevitably engulph the frail tenement upon which the wondering spectator stands; but the projecting ledge turns on one side the furious element, and throws it back foaming upon an adjoining rock; there dashing with augmented violence, other huge fragments obstruct this mighty river in its fall, until at last the whole of the falling body, as if in excess of rage, bursts, and rises high into the air a column of white foam. Here is the hottest part of this fierce and mighty conflict, and over the top of this high snowy column, whenever the sun shines in that direction, is seen bright Iris, as if smiling on the fray beneath. Thus, after passing all these first obstacles in the shape of spray, the water, collected again into large bodies, is seen rushing violently down the steep and smooth-

worn rocks below, and from thence falling into a wide circular basin. Here, immediately under the Fall, the water is in a state of violent agitation; but, owing to the great depth of this pool, the agitation extends only to a short distance around, and issuing from this basin, the river pursues its course in a channel of the usual width, at the usual velocity, and as if nothing had happened.

The most favorable period for seeing this Fall, as my guide informed me, is in the Spring, that being the time of the year when the glaciers of the Alps begin to melt, and when, consequently, vast accumulations of water are let loose into the natural channels, most of which find their way into this main duct, the Rhine.

The height of the Fall is said to vary between sixty and eighty feet. It was now reckoned at about seventy-four feet. The breadth of the river here is called 402 feet.

On my return to the inn, the remainder of the evening, after dinnner was occupied in making arrangements for my intended route through Switzerland.

The tax upon travelling in Switzerland will undoubtedly be found to be heavy, however economical may be the traveller's views, and as most persons visiting this interesting country will probably visit it with inclinations very similar to mine, viz., to see as much as possible in the most convenient and least expensive manner, it may prove acceptable, and perhaps useful to some, if I here mention the plan which I now adopted, and which subsequent experience induces me to approve of as combining the two requisites before mentioned, convenience and economy.

I will therefore begin by informing the reader that a full-sized portmanteau, a travelling sack, and one of those convenient writing-cases of modern improvement, constitute the whole of my personal moveables, and that I consider it essential to my comfort that all these things should be at hand. A carriage, therefore, being an indispensable requisite in my arrangements, I accordingly concluded a bargain for the hire of a convenient calèche, two strong horses, and a driver, at fourteen francs per diem, *every* expence included. And here, by way of N. B., let me offer a hint to the traveller, that in all his bargains in Switzerland he may never leave any opening for an extra charge.

I will next inform the reader, though perhaps

this is unnecessary, that, being somewhat wayward, or possibly, as some may be pleased to term it, somewhat unsocial in disposition, I have hitherto been travelling alone. However, it now seemed to me desirable that I should have some one with me in the character of a useful companion. My guide to the Fall, a hardy veteran of sixty-eight, who had been over the greatest part of this his native country on foot, who had besides seen something of the world, and who moreover spoke French fluently, offered his services to accompany me where I liked. I enquired into his character; it bore the scrutiny, and I immediately concluded with him at five francs per day (he providing for himself), with an additional franc per day if I were satisfied with him at parting. And here I beg leave to introduce him to the courteus reader, old Wischer by name, the uncle of my host of the Black Eagle at Schafhausen, my active and intelligent companion, and my faithful and attentive guide throughout a great part of my tour in Switzerland.

There being no established rate of posting in this country, the traveller is always charged with the *returning* as well as the *going of* his horses, and if a guide be hired, the same rule is observed with regard to him, whatever distance he may be taken from home. The traveller will

therefore do wisely in limiting the extent of this practice before starting.

My guide and equipage were hired for so long as it might suit my own convenience, reserving to myself the power of discharging either, when and where I liked, on payment of four days extra hire.

Such were my arrangements previously to my setting out upon my tour through Switzerland. And now, patient reader, it is time to say, good night; for although possibly this digression may furnish a useful hint to some, yet, more probably, it may prove but tedious to others.

Thursday, October 18. By break of day my vehicle was in readiness, and accompanied by old Wischer, who took his seat with the driver in front, I set out for Constance.

The whole of this part of the country displays the softer beauties of highly cultivated scenery. The mountains and hills are covered with woods and vineyards, and the undulating country around now presented the appearance of one rich orchard. The pear-trees were literally weighed down with fruit, which I not only plucked as we passed along, but frequently the

pears fell into the carriage, as in our progress they were knocked off from the overburdened boughs.

On reaching the border of the lake, the setting of a bright autumnal sun, reflected by the smooth surface of the pellucid water, rendered this a scene of perfect loveliness, where every thing which met the eye delighted without astonishing, and seemed to compose the mind into a state of quiet admiration, best suited to the serenity around.

In the midst of this placid reverie my attention was awakened by our near approach to the town embosomed in the lake, and presently our carriage stopping at the inn door, I was welcomed by my hostess into Constance.

It was now between seven and eight o'clock (for I had lingered on the way) and the few remaining hours until bedtime were spent in conversation with a small party of the bourgeois of this town, assembled here over their evening cups, and in my own meditations at the supper-table.

Friday, October 19. This morning with the early dawn, accompanied by my guide, I sallied forth upon my rambles. The town itself pre-

sents nothing remarkable besides its situation, which is no less convenient than beautiful.

Built upon a peninsula between two branches of the lake, Constance is admirably calculated to secure all the commercial advantages which this little inland sea affords; and the extent of the town declares these advantages to have been formerly not inconsiderable, although the grass-grown streets seem now to tell of commerce destroyed, or turned into other channels.

This lake, once known by the name of the Suabian sea, is reckoned about sixteen leagues in length, and about six in breadth. In one direction, therefore, a boundless expanse of water realizes the notion of an inland sea, but on either side an undulating country and high surrounding hills, covered with woods, being distinctly visible, destroy this delusion, and present the comparatively confined limits of a lake.

This is the largest lake in Switzerland, but is considered inferior in picturesque beauty to the lake of Geneva, the next in size; but comparisons I was then unqualified to make, or even had it been otherwise, yet I might have gazed upon the lake of Constance as I now did, and with the same feelings of delight. The gently

floating mists of night still over-hung the distant extremity of the lake, but the morning was beautiful and calm, and the perfect stillness of the scene was broken only by the dipping of the oars of a few small barks, laden with little cargoes of vegetables for the town, and occasionally by the tuneful voices of the market-people, wafted over the placid surface of the water, and keeping time with the monotonous splashing of the rowers.

Whilst gazing in admiration upon the peaceful and happy scene before me, the distant mists gradually dispersed, and bright streaks of light severing the gray horizon in the east, announced the coming of the glorious luminary, which presently, in all its splendour, seemed as if slowly emerging from the bosom of the lake. And here must I pause in the description, for now the beauty of the scene was perfected, and I doubt the adequacy of my pen to to do it justice.

On my return into the town I visited the church, which is a spacious building, filled with indifferent paintings, but containing a large and celebrated organ. At the bottom of the principal aisle is shewn the spot where the famous early protestant reformer John Huss stood to hear

passed upon him the cruel and dreadful sentence of death, which he afterwards suffered. This spot is marked by a slab of stone of extraordinarily large dimensions.

On my return to the inn I passed through the market place. Here was a plentiful supply of vegetables, and a great display of fish of various sorts taken from the lake. Some of them were unknown to me, but the trout, jack, perch, and eel were in great abundance, and of remarkable size. All the fish are brought to market alive in large tubs of water. I asked the price of a good sized jack, and the demand was six sous.

After breakfast I took another and a farewell stroll through the town, and about the immediate environs.

A little below the town, where the Rhine issues from the lake, is a covered wooden bridge, under which is fixed a range of water wheels. These wheels are of simple construction, presenting to the current, which is here extremely rapid, merely flat square pieces of board. They however move round with great velocity, and provide a very considerable power, which is rudely, but ingeniously applied to various use-

ful purposes, such as sawing timber, grinding corn, &c.

The Rhine is here of a deep transparent blue, and it is curious to see how distinctly this river pursues its course through the lake without mixing with its water, which is equally clear with that of the river, but colourless.

Old Wischer, having received my directions to get the carriage in readiness two hours after breakfast, I was reminded that the period of my visit here had terminated, and, with regret, I now said farewell to the lovely lake of Constance.

In half an hour afterwards I was on the road to Zurich. The appearance of the country through which we passed to day is rather similar to that of yesterday. High hills, clothed with woods, now tinged with various hues, and a rich undulating country of orchards, vineyards, and meadows, are still presented to the view, varied and enlivened by little villages, or the scattered and snug wooden habitations of the peasantry.

About half a league before reaching the town of Winterthour, is the village of Oberwinter-

thour, beautifully situated within a little amphitheatre of hills. Over this village I caught my first view of the snow-topt mountains, which now burst upon my sight, heaped one above another in grand and terrible confusion, and lifting their peaked heads into the clouds.

These mountains rise in the canton of Glaris, and their lofty summits are covered with eternal snow.

There is a certain grandeur and solemnity of appearance in these stupendous heights which cannot fail, at all times, to strike the mind of the beholder with emotion; but bursting suddenly, and for the first time, before the view of one who looks around, as I now did, upon a rich and smiling country, who, at the same time, feels, as I now felt, the comfortable warm glow of the setting sun in a bright autumnal evening, and who, as I am, is unaccustomed to the sight of snow, but when all nature is seen clad in winter's dreary garb, then this is a sight which stops the utterance of admiration, and fills the mind with wonder and delight.

Such, were my feelings now, and to enjoy these feelings in silence and alone, I alighted from my carriage, which proceeded in advance

to our quarters for the night at Winterthour, whilst I pursued the remainder of my way on foot.

Winterthour, next to the capital, is one of the principal towns of the canton of Zurich. Its manufactories are its chief support, but at present every thing here bespeak strade almost destroyed, and the town almost deserted.

After the refreshment of a cup of tea, but which was not very much better than my last cup upon the Rhine, I took a moonlight stroll about the town and environs, accompanied by my merry old attendant.

The town itself presents nothing in appearance either interesting or remarkable. It consists of a few dark and narrow streets, surrounded by a fosse, and the houses are so built as to form a wall around the town; pretty strong evidence that it was built in the days of bows and arrows.

As it was a fine moonlight night, I was tempted to prolong my walk, but there being nothing in particular to occupy my attention, I listened to my old guide, as he related some of the eventful history of his earlier and better days; and as he will for some time longer con-

tinue with me in the character of travelling companion as well as guide, a short summary of his history may not be uninteresting

Old Wischer, then, according to his own account, is one of those unfortunate Swiss who suffered in the French revolution, before which he was established in a well stored shop of *bijouterie*, in one of the principal streets of Paris, and supplied work for numerous journeymen. At the fatal period of the revolution, however, he lost every thing but his life, and that, as he relates, was almost miraculously preserved. His shop was entered and ransacked by the furious populace, and he was run through the neck with a bayonet, and hurled out of his window into the street. Of this wound he still bears sufficient evidence.

Of the previous horrors of that frightful period he was an eye witness, and he interested me with his lively descriptions of scenes which, perhaps, whilst this world lasts, even time can never erase from the history of France.

Having succeeded in effecting his escape to Switzerland, his native country, he took up his residence with his nephew, at the Black Eagle at Schafhausen, and thinking himself, as he says,

too old to begin life again, he availed himself of his acquaintance with the French language and his native mountains, to guide the strangers, and from them to pick up a subsistence, which, he added, to use his own words, " J'ai fait assez bien, et quoique je sois devenu un peu vieux, je suis encore fort, et content."

Saturday, October 20. Started at break of day for Zurich, and arrived about ten o'clock.

The road, for several miles towards the entrance into the town, continues at a rapid descent, and the whole surrounding country is strikingly picturesque. The town itself is situated in a deep valley at the extremity of the beautiful lake of Zurich, from whence rushes the river Limmat, which pursues its rapid course through the center of the town, where it receives two powerful and limpid streams.

Little villages and habitations innumerable are scattered along the margin of the lake, and above the encircling hills, clothed with thick luxuriant foliage and climbing vineyards, are seen the lofty summits " where snows eternal reign."

The lake of Zurich (between ten and eleven leagues in length, and one and two in width) is

small, as compared with that of Constance, and the whole of the surrounding scenery is so different as scarcely to admit of a comparison.

The lake of Constance delights with its beautiful and vast expanse of water, and its gently undulating and richly cultivated shores, bounded by distant hills. But here, the snowy mountains form a new and striking feature in the scene; the whole valley is hemmed in by parallel chains of lofty mountains, covered with woods and vineyards, and the lake, curving in the form of a crescent, and thus losing itself to the view by a winding course amidst the closing heights, excites, perhaps, a livelier interest than a more open and expansive surface.

Zurich being the capital of the canton, is pretty strongly fortified, and the high ramparts above the town are tastefully laid out in ornamented walks, from whence are brought at once before the view the romantic beauties of the sheltered lake below, combined with the imposing magnificence of the snowy heights above.

The town itself derives also much interest, as well from the beauty of its situation, as from the indication of trade visible in its streets; and the stranger will here find many objects worthy

his attention, for the town of Zurich has long been dignified with the honorable appellation of the Athens of Switzerland, and has probably produced more celebrated men than all the other towns of Switzerland put together.

Here, then, the stranger will find himself in a seat of learning, in the midst of valuable libraries, scientific museums, cabinets, and col lections of curiosities and antiquities, and all o easy access.

But these were not now within my reach. A bird's eye view around me was all that I could stop to take, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of exploring further into this romantic scenery, I quitted Zurich, and pursued a high and winding route above the margin of the lake.

Here, from a dizzy height, is opened a more extensive view over the smooth expanse below. From hence the eye looks down upon the countless villages and scattered cottages along the bright water's edge; a world in miniature seems to lie beneath the feet. Numerous little village steeples, painted after the fashion of the country of a brownish red, and tapering to points which terminate with white tin spires, were now glitter.

ing in the setting sun, and here and there the little barks were swiftly skimming over the smooth surface of the lake; whilst others, in which were just discernible the patient fishermen reclining at their ease and watching for their prey, were seen floating without apparent motion. Such were some of the interesting objects of this bright and placid scene, and which altogether realized to my sight a more blissful spot than even creative fancy had ever pictured to my mind.

But whilst the sinking rays yet gilded the snowy heights above, the shades of evening began to overspread the scene below, and not long afterwards the lake and all its little world were hidden from my view.

Between seven and eight o'clock we reached the small hamlet of Horgen, situated at a great elevation above the lake, and at the foot of a high range of mountains, which separates the canton of Zurich from that of Zug.

It being already dark, and as climbing this mountain barrier is a work of many hours, I determined to take up my quarters at the little inn of Horgen. The accommodation, though humble, proved snug and comfortable.

After supper my old guide led me into the church-yard, where, from an overhanging promontory, a scene was presented to my view more beautiful and impressive of its kind, than, perhaps, the imagination can create.

The moon was now riding high in her unclouded course, and shedding all her magic influence over the motionless surface of the lake beneath, and over the glittering snows above. The town of Zurich and all the villages and little habitations along the margin of the bright water were again visible; but towards the other extremity of the lake the whole was enveloped in the gloom of the surrounding heights.

The association of the beautiful with the sublime, the variety of contrasts in the light and shade, and the stillness of the air, rendered this altogether a scene of the most bewitcing effect:

> " ——— In such a night as this,
> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
> And they did make no noise; in such a night,
> Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
> And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
> Where Cressid lay that night."

Sunday, October 21. Before sun-rise we commenced our ascent over the vast chain of moun-

tains which stretches along the southern side of the lake of Zurich. At our present high elevation, the atmosphere was beautifully clear, but all the little world below was hidden from our view by large white fleecy clouds.

The sun, however, rising in glorious splendour from behind the snowy Alpine heights, gradually dispersed the floating clouds beneath us, and by degrees unfolded to our view once more the beauties of the lake of Zurich, which now I had beheld in all the brightness of the rising and the setting sun, under the warm glow of noon, and by the pale moon light.

After climbing this steep route for about four hours, by a rapid descent we entered the little town of Zug.

The canton of Zug is the smallest of all the cantons of which Switzerland is composed, and every thing about this little state seems upon the same small scale.

The little capital itself is neat and pretty, but bespeaks the total absence of all trade. Its situation, however, on the border of its lake, and at the foot of a very high but fertile hill, is extremely beautiful.

The lake of Zug is also upon a small scale, being not more than about one league in width, and four leagues in length. But even the smallness of its extent seems to give an air of snugness which heightens the effect, and the surrounding mountains, although less fertile and more monotonous than those of Zurich, yet perhaps are in better character with the wilder interest of this sesquestered spot than if more bold and cultivated.

Behind the unbroken line of mountains which extends along the margin of this lake, rises the stupendous and rounded head of Rigi, the most remarkable, and, after a neighbouring mountain called Pilate, the loftiest of this range of Alps.

After gratifying my curiosity, as well as so short a time permitted, in and about this sequestered little town of Zug, with the assistance of old Wischer I arranged the plan of our further route; and having given the necessary directions to our driver to proceed with the horses, carriage, and its contents, to the town of Lucerne, there to await our arrival, now free from all incumbrances, (save a somewhat cumbrous pair of pistols in my belt,) and accompanied by my strong and trusty guide, I stepped into a bark in

readiness to convey us to the further extremity of the lake.

The brilliancy of a still powerful sun, the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere, and the beautiful blue colour of the transparent water contributed much to the effect of this romantic scene; every thing around conspired to heighten the interest of the whole, and, as we glided over the glassy surface, each point of view surprised me into the exclamation of "*Voila ce qui est le plus beau de tout!*"

But sheltered and placid as was now the appearance of this lake, it is nevertheless considered to be one of the most dangerous for navigation of all the lakes of Switzerland. Opening into a large expanse at one extremity, and running into a narrow neck, between the high mountains which enclose it, it is subjected to furious squalls, and so sudden as frequently to overtake the boatman before he is aware of danger, or before he can reach a creek wherein to run his little bark for shelter; besides which, the great body of water in this lake subjects it to violent agitation, being, as our boatman informed me, upon an average between 200 and 250 feet deep, and in some places the astonishing depth of 1000 to 1200 feet!

This lake also abounds in fish of many varieties, and the carp and pike taken here are the largest in Switzerland; indeed the size of these fish, as stated to me by our boatman, is so prodigious and incredible, that I cannot venture to quote after such authority.

Having reached the further extremity of the lake, where it opens into a sort of bay, round a beautiful and romantic shore, we ran our bark up a little sheltered cove called Immensée, at which spot most of the merchandize conveyed over this lake is shipped to and from the lake of Lucerne, these two lakes being here separated only by a narrow neck of land of about half a league across.

Quitting our boat at Immensée, we proceeded to the village of Küsnacht, situated at the extremity of a branch of the lake of Lucerne which projects in this direction, and forms the narrow neck of land already mentioned.

The country adjoining this part of the lake of Lucerne (or as it is also called from the name of the canton in which it is situated, the lake of Unterwalden, but more generally known amongst the natives by the name of the lake of the Waldstettes, signifying of the four cantons, from its

situation between the cantons of Lucerne, Ury, Schwytz, and Unterwald), being the scenes of the most famous exploits of the renowned Guillaume Tell, was not likely to be passed over with indifference by one so passionately interested as myself in historical traditions. I therefore now instructed my guide to be particularly careful in pointing out to me every spot along our route where tradition has recorded that Switzerland's liberator ever placed his foot, and thus prepared, we set forward on our route.

Every one, I will take for granted, is acquainted and interested more or less with the extraordinary and romantic history of Guillaume Tell, and therefore it will not here be necessary to review the whole of his adventurous career, or to offer any excuse for dwelling somewhat at length upon this subject, when standing on the very spots where the most interesting particulars occurred, and in the midst of scenery, which, even if unaided by historical interest, is calculated to fill the mind with all the wild feelings of romance.

As history records, the tyrannic Gesler, fearing the patriotic and daring character of Tell, had caused him to be seized in his peaceful little

dwelling near Altorf, from whence, bound hand and foot, Gesler was conveying him in his bark over the lake of Unterwalden to his own castle, there to put him to a cruel death.

During their passage over this lake, a furious storm arose, which made Gesler and his followers tremble for their safety.

Knowing the high reputation of Tell as an expert boatman on all these neighbouring lakes, fear, which had caused the tyrant to order that his captive should be bound, now induced him to give the order for his release, for the purpose of enabling him to take the management of the boat. The bonds were accordingly withdrawn, and the management of the boat was confided to Tell, who, knowing every creek and cove around this lake, now thought only of effecting his escape.

The lower part of the lake, the scene of this adventure, is surrounded by steep and lofty rocks, which present neither place for landing, nor for shelter.

Tell, after buffeting about for some time in the midst of the stormy waters, guided the boat under

these high rocks, and watching his approach to an accessible ledge, he seized the favourable moment, snatched up his cross-bow and arrow, and with a spring bounding from the boat, in a few moments he was high out of the reach of all pursuit. (A small chapel, perched upon the rock, marks this eventful spot.)

Well acquainted with every mountain, and with every thicket of these his native wilds, Tell, now calculating that the baffled tyrant with his myrmidons, seeing the impracticability of pursuit, would proceed to the nearest landing place, and from thence to his neighbouring castle, determined to anticipate him in his route, and to make this the scene of his first bold effort towards the liberation of his country.

Full of heroic ardour for the success of the great cause in which he and a small chosen band of friends and countrymen already had embarked, and full of exasperation at the atrocious cruelties of the wretch who had become the instrument for the destruction of the peace and liberty of a once happy and independent people, Tell, calling into action the nimbleness he was wont to practice in his feats of earlier days, now bounded from rock to rock, through thicket and over hill, until he came in sight of Gesler's castle.

Here, behind a hedge at some height above the road along which he expected Gesler and his retinue to pass, Tell took his station.

In the mean time, the tyrant, disappointed and enraged at the loss of his prey, but still apprehensive on account of his own perilous situation on the lake, continued his course under the high rocks towards Küsnacht until a place was discovered for effecting a safe landing. Here he and his followers quitted the boat, and set forward for his castle. Advancing along the deep road between two high banks, sheltered by a straggling hedge on either side at a short distance from the castle, the unsuspecting Gesler and his retinue passed underneath the lurking place of Tell, who starting up and presenting himself to the astonished party, singled out his trembling victim, and reproaching him for the miseries which he had inflicted upon Switzerland, and warning him that he should now see another instance of his skilful bowmanship, the patriot peasant took a leisurely aim, and the tyrant Gesler fell from his horse with an arrow through his heart.

A small chapel still marks the spot where Gesler fell. The inside walls of this little building are covered with rude paintings, which ap-

pear to have been lately re-coloured, representing the different stages, and the important events in the life of Switzerland's Deliverer, and over the door, on the outside under a little vestibule, is another painting representing the catastrophe as here related.

Upon an eminence, at a short distance from this spot, are seen the ruins of Gesler's castle, which on the night of his death was fired, when all his attendants were slain.

Not long afterwards, the bravery and prudence of this humble patriot and his few associates kindled through the country the flame of war, which soon expelled every invader, and left the Swiss people in the free and undisturbed possession of their liberty and country.

The little chapel last mentioned is situated near the road side about half way from where we quitted the lake of Zug to the village of Küsnacht; and according to the tradition of the neighbourhood, this spot, ever since the memorable event, has been venerated by the natives as sacred ground, and preserved as free from change as time and the elements have permitted. The probability or improbability of this, I waited not to consider: wishing to believe, I enjoyed

all the pleasures of credulity without the interruption of a thought beyond that of which I heard and saw. Those incidents in early history upon which the human mind delights to dwell are all liable, according to their degree of interest, to the high colouring of after generations, and far be it from me to attempt to darken these pleasing pictures, thus handed down to us by our ancestors, by raising doubts about the correctness of the outline, when time has left us little more than the mere frame work! Many there are in the world, I am aware, who feel very differently from me in this respect, and many there are who may misunderstand the extent of this observation. It was intended however to be applied to those incidents in history more pleasing than important to posterity; but why should I enter into further explanation? or why should I be ashamed to avow that I am a lover of traditionary lore? Such being my feelings, with what eagerness I gazed upon each figure in the rude paintings in the little chapel, with what delight I walked up and down the deep road where the tyrant, surrounded by his retinue, was stopt, terror stricken by the noble figure and commanding voice of the bold peasant, and with what lively interest I climbed the bank, and trod upon the spot from whence the well-directed ar-

row flew which* carried independence to a nation, I leave to be weighed out according to the fancy or imagination of the reader.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the village of Küsnacht, situated on the border of the lake of Lucerne, and at the foot of Rigi. From the summit of this mountain, as I have before mentioned, is said to be displayed the finest view in this part of Switzerland, and I therefore determined to ascend.

The day was remarkably fine and clear, but far advanced for such an undertaking. The season of the year, however, was also far advanced, and the continuance of fine weather and a clear atmosphere could not now be calculated upon. This reasoning according with my wishes, I over-ruled the scruples of my guide, and issued my order for immediate preparations for the ascent.

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* "And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of Man."
SMOLLETT's *Ode to Independance.*

After partaking of some hasty refreshment, my old man brought forward two stout oaken staffs, each armed at one end with an iron spike, these being, in his opinion, the most essential articles of our equipment. But like the Dutchman with his tobacco-pipe, the Frenchman with his snuff-box, and the Italian with his fiddle, so had I now with me the Englishman's characteristic, an umbrella; and considering this likely to answer my purpose, I gave it the preference over the oaken staff, which I therefore declined accepting.

My old guide, who already appeared to consider me "*comme un opiniâtre,*" now stared at me for some time in silence, but with such a look of astonishment and incredulity, that I could not in my turn suppress a smile.

This drew forth such exclamations and gesticulations of doubt and amazement, that the scene presently became irresistibly ludicrous. Manner, however, is but imperfectly conveyed by language, or here had been a worthy subject for description.

"*Ah, monsieur!*" was the old man's first exclamation, in a half doubting, half persuasive tone, and still holding out, as in the act of pre-

senting the important implement. "*Ah, Monsieur, vous plaisantez! cela est dit pour me faire rire!*" "*Non, je ne plaisante pas,*" said I, "*je vais monter mon parapluie à la main.*" "*Mon Dieu!*" was the old man's reply, "*Mon Dieu! grimper le Rigi avec un parapluie! et sans autre bâton! Est-ce qu'on a jamais entendu pareille chose!*" And after many such like exclamations, accompanied with a manner expressive of unlimited amazement, in an altered and conjuring tone of voice, he again besought me with—"*Mais, Monsieur! croyez vous qu'il est possible de gravir cette montagne-là,*" pointing in the direction of the Rigi, "*avec un parapluie?*" "*Certainement je le crois,*" said I, "*il n'y a rien de plus facile.*" "*Ecoutez donc, Monsieur,*" was the old man's slow and determinate reply, "*je vous dis, que, pour vous, cela n'est pas possible.*"—"*Eh bien,*" answered I, "*nous verrons,—et allons, Monsieur le Guide, ou attendez ici mon retour.*"—So ended our parley, the old fellow muttering as he turned away, yet so audibly, as evidently intended for my hearing, "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! que peut-on faire avec un Anglois!*"

However ridiculous and unimportant might have been this freak of obstinacy, it now became magnified into an affair of much consequence, and to achieve for the first time in my life, *an*

impossibility, was a strong stimulant to the completion of the task which I was about to undertake.

But I have wasted too much time in trifling, it may however serve to introduce the reader to an old and constant companion of mine, which once, in a subsequent part of my adventures, was so serviceable to me, as perhaps to justify me in saying, that to this old, and here despised companion, I mean my umbrella, I am indebted for my life.

At half past three o'clock, we commenced the ascent of the Rigi, our party consisting of myself and guide, and a man and his wife, who took this opportunity of ascending with us for the purpose of purchasing the prayers of a small body of Capuchin monks, whose earthly dwelling is pitched amongst the clouds, not very far below the summit of this mountain on the eastern side, and who annually lay apart a small portion of their gains, to smooth the way for the convenience of those who come thus high to purchase passports on their road to heaven.

The air was now in a state of perfect stillness, the atmosphere was beautifully clear, and the sun's rays shot down upon us with great power. For about half an hour the ascent was over ex-

cellent short pasture. This, as we advanced, gradually assumed a more and more impoverished appearance, and in about an hour and a half from the commencement of our ascent, the temperature, which hitherto had been intensely hot, became rather cold, and the soil poor and shallow. Shortly afterwards the surface became rugged with projecting rocks, and a few scattered fir trees, with here and there some tufts of coarse brownish grass, were the only appearances of vegetation. Presently the way became steep and difficult, and now the forlorn and weather-beaten firs reminded us of our approach into the regions of wind and cold.

Hitherto we had proceeded at a vigorous pace, and a halt for a few minutes was now desirable. For my own part, I was what is emphatically termed, blown; as to my old guide, he was forced to admit, that his limbs were stiffer than when he last climbed the Rigi Mount. And our other male companion, as he leisurely bent to rest his whole length upon the ground, drew his breath so hard, that it sounded to me something like the heaving of a sigh, though for this there might have been some other cause than the steepness of the road.

And to mention last, who should have been the first, our female companion, she, whilst we were all prostrate upon the rugged rock, continued standing, talking, and laughing, and seemed to feel neither ache of heart nor limb.

I had now little breath for speaking, but on my way hither, I had had some talk with this good woman and her husband. Our conversation chiefly turned on the religious duty they were now performing (for they considered the toil of this ascent as part of that duty) and on their notions and expectations as to the good results. These are not here worth repeating, though I will confess, that even after all the blind ignorance and monstrous fanaticism which I had already met with upon the continent in compliance with the Monkish discipline of the Catholic church, the display on the present occasion excited in me not a little surprize.

Along the route at different intervals are wooden crosses, on which are nailed little wooden pictures, representing some period of the sufferings of our Saviour, and these I remarked are generally placed where the ascent is most fatiguing. For what purpose, and by whom these are erected, must be too apparent to need remark, but that the cunning Capuchins should

have instilled into the minds of these *ignorantacci*, the firm belief that these are the identical spots where our Saviour rested himself when he bore the cross upon his shoulder over Mount Rigi, is perhaps worthy of being noticed, as an extraordinary instance of fanaticism in an enlightened state of Europe, and in the nineteenth century! I am aware that this fact must appear almost incredible, but however, both the man and the woman expressed with so much seriousness their perfect credence in this, amongst other strange learning which these crafty monks had taught them, as to carry conviction to my mind, that they were firm believers in what I have here related. To have ridiculed such opinions or to have reasoned against ignorance so gross, would have been equally absurd. I therefore only listened, and expressed my surprize that I should never before have heard that our Saviour had climbed Mount Rigi, at which, these two deluded souls seemed no less amazed than I was.

Much recovered by this halt, and beginning to experience the enlivening effects of my flask of cogniac, and a similar one slung round the shoulder of my guide, having apparently produced similar effects upon himself and our two companions, I now jumped upon my legs and gave the order for advance.

At twenty-five minutes after five o'clock I took up the first handful of snow. From hence our route continued through snow, which deepened as we advanced, and which, under the projecting rocks in the more exposed situations, had already accumulated in large bodies.

The ascent now became more and more difficult, being in many places extremely precipitous; and these steep places being sometimes covered with frozen snow, and sometimes with a smooth coating of ice, the footing occasionally was not a little precarious. Still, however, here and there is seen struggling for existence between the rifted rocks, the hardy and rugged pine, which, with the dark brown moss upon some withered bough or sheltered crag, are the only vestiges of vegetation. Darkness was now coming fast upon us, and the ascent had become a matter of such difficulty that our progress was retarded by frequent halts. The infirmity of nature now shewed itself alike in our little party, and each rested to draw breath as occasion might require, and place permit.

At half past six o'clock, we had accomplished the most difficult part of the ascent, and presently we reached a sort of level surface, or lower summit of the mountain, on which is built

a small wooden house for the accommodation of visitors in the summer season. The proprietor and his family, however, are the inmates of this little habitation throughout the year, and habit seems not only to have reconciled, but to have attached them to these high and dreary regions.

Here we found a most welcome resting place, and after refreshing ourselves with a couple of bottles of wine, and some excellent bread and butter, I rose to set forward again for the completion of my undertaking. This movement was not a little to the annoyance of the rest of our party. The man and woman declined proceeding any further at such a time of night, and my guide, from being unwilling, became at length positive in his refusal to proceed. I, however, having made my determination to attain the highest summit of this mountain to-night, for the purpose of witnessing from thence the glorious sight of sun-rise to-morrow morning, was equally positive, and I accordingly insisted that my guide should accompany me, or that I must come to an immediate settlement with him, having no further occasion for his services. He, however, persisted in his determination not to proceed further to-night, but on taking out my purse to carry my words into effect, the old man suddenly jumped from his seat, and snatching up

his mountain staff, he sallied forth, invoking in a muttered voice in French and German "*Mille diables,*" and "*hundert tausend heilige sacrament und donner wetters,*" intended, no doubt, for me and all my countrymen, though this application is entirely conjectural, for the old man was out of hearing long before his oath was finished. However, resuming my umbrella, I followed his unwilling footsteps.

It was now ten minutes after seven o'clock, and the moon being far advanced in her last quarter gave little light, but this reflected by the snow afforded us a sufficient view around, and lonely and desolate enough it was.

Easily able to find excuse for and to overlook the late appearance of mutiny in my old attendant, I now endeavoured to conciliate him by some expressions of surprize at the apparent ease with which he had supported the extraordinary fatigues of the day. Very little yielding on my part was sufficient to restore all the heartiness and good humour of my old Achates, and by way of apology for any thing which might have appeared unbecoming in him on a late occasion, he assured me that it was attributable entirely to his consideration on my account, as the accommodation in the upper cabin, (alluding to another lit-

tle wooden habitation on the summit of this mountain) was so very wretched as to be utterly unfit for my reception. However, I did what I could to quiet his uneasiness from this source, and I doubt not my assurance that he should sit down with me, and partake at my expence of the best cheer which this humble dwelling might afford, proved much more consolatory, than all my assurances of indifference about personal accommodation; in short, we were now both of us in very good humour, and in very good spirits.

The ascent continues steep, but is not difficult, and although the snow was here deeper than hitherto (being now up to the ancles), yet there was beneath a short mossy sort of grass, which, as my guide informed me, affords for a few months in spring and summer, very favorite pasturage for numerous flocks of goats. Not a tree or a shrub, however, of any sort is here visible.

For the last ten minutes, the ascent is again somewhat precipitous, but having reached the top of this steep, we saw immediately before us, situated in a sort of hollow, or rather under the shelter of a small peak called the *koulm*, our little wooden house, now for the first time visible, and

which announced to us, that we had at length gained the summit of the mountain.

As the reader may suppose, I was not sorry to arrive at the conclusion of this long day, and as he probably may be as I was, very tired, I will hasten to inform him that at twenty minutes before eight o'clock, I entered this resting place for the night. The accommodation though humble, was better than I had expected, and besides a *côtelette de mouton aux pommes de terre*, our supper table displayed a dish of small trout caught in a neighbouring pool.

My host, and the whole of this little household, being most assiduous in their attentions, I contrived to make myself tolerably comfortable for the remainder of the evening, notwithstanding the temperature was so much below what I had been accustomed to, as to cause me some inconvenience, although in a small room with a well heated stove.

After reviewing the varied scenes of the day, and writing down these notes, I crawled up into my chamber for the night.

The wind, which had risen considerably since our arrival, was now whistling shrill and doleful

sounds through these high and dreary regions, and rushing with such violence on its here unimpeded course, as seemed to threaten the very foundation of our little wooden fabrick. As to the cold, it was more piercing and intolerable than I had ever before felt, and this was the first time in my life, that I experienced the comfort of sleeping in the German fashion, between two feather-beds,

Monday, October 22. Whilst the sun, as Milton has described it,

> " With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean's brim
> Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray," —

I was ranging high above his influence, amidst the snows of Rigi's rounded head.

The wind was piercing cold, and was still rushing through these upper regions with the violence of a hurricane. Not a vapour was to be seen obscuring the deep blue vault above, though all below was hidden from the view by large white fleecy clouds. Before me, and forming now the only visible world, extended an interminable range of snowy heights, where Chaos may be said to hold

"Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

An Alpine wilderness, presenting all the loneliness of a desert, and yet (to compare great things with small) the appearance of a foaming and tempestuous ocean.

The rising sun at length began to dissipate the fleecy clouds beneath, and uplifting his slanting rays, soon the whole of these high frozen regions glittered in one blaze of light. It was a sight of heavenly splendour, overspreading the most imposing scene on earth. Oh! it was a sight most glorious, sublime, and beautiful!

By degrees, the country below expanded before my view, until all was bright and clear, and then the scene was perfected.

In one direction stretches this enormous chain of Alps, in the midst of which rises conspicuously grand, Jungfrau, terrific queen; beyond which is visible the granite pyramid of Finsteraarhorn, rising in the country "*de l'Oberland bernois*," upon the confines of the Upper-Valais, and reaching to the astonishing height of 2206 *toises* (French) above the level of the sea, or two miles and 692 yards in English measurement! Such are some of the stupendous objects here

brought before the view, and around, all Switzerland seems as if spread like a map before the sight.

Immediately beneath are seen the small towns of Lucerne and Zug, situated on the margin of the bright blue waters of their respective lakes, along the borders of which are just distinguishable, like so many dots, their numerous little villages.

Apparently at only a short distance, is seen the town of Zurich, with part of its beautiful and sequestered lake, now looking all open and exposed. Many of those which hitherto had appeared to me as mountains, are now diminished into hills; hills are confounded with the level surface, and lakes converted into ponds. Beauties of scenery have all vanished, the mind seems to have become elevated with the physical elevation of the body, and the eye, no longer able to measure the magnitude of surrounding objects, or to discriminate between distances, is deprived of half the pleasure of sight, and by seeing too much at once, underrates the whole; a truth from whence a good moral might be drawn and well applied. But I, who through so much toil and trouble have led the reader to the summit of this high mountain, have not brought him here to hear me moralize. It was my intention to

have attempted a description of the vast scene around me, but the longer I look the more am I bewildered, and where to begin or where to end I know not; for after saying that within the circle of this vast horizon the eye wanders over the cantons of Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, Schwitz, Zug, Zurich, and Argovia, and over fourteen lakes together with their towns and villages; in short, that the view from here extends from the plains of Alsace to the plains of Suabia, from the heights of Jura to the borders of the Black Forest, from the borders of France to the confines of the Tyrol, from the dark mountains of Germany to the snowy heights of Savoy; the reader, who consults his map, will see how hopeless would be my task, how impossible of execution!

Lakes, towns, and villages must therefore be passed over without further notice, that the eye may rest upon a single neighbouring object, and thus, by individualizing, examine something.

This single object is the valley of Goldau, situated in the canton of Schwitz, between the Rigi and another stupendous mountain called the Rouffiberg, the once beautiful and fertile valley where stood the village of Goldau, but

now the valley of desolation, filled with huge rocks and stones.

On the 2d of September 1806, one of the summits, with part of the main body of this last mentioned mountain, fell upon the unfortunate village of Goldau, overwhelming at the same time three other small villages called Bousingen, Röthen, and Lowertz, with most of the inhabitants, and filling up the greatest part of the small Lake of Lowertz, on the margin of which this last mentioned village stood.

The scene of wreck and ruin is but imperfectly distinguished at this high elevation, the whole of the valley from here presenting more the appearance of having lately been ploughed up, than any thing else to which it may be likened, but the remnant of the broken mountain sufficiently conveys to the imagination how terrific must have been the mass precipitated. Judging from the present appearance of this remnant, one of the summits with a great part of the body of this mountain seems to have slipped off in a transverse direction towards the base fronting the valley, and there, consequently, the whole of the wreck must have been received. But as I shall presently bring the reader into the

midst of this scene of ruin, I will now call off his attention to other subjects.

Having ranged round and round this spacious summit, and contemplated the wonders of the scene in all directions, accompanied by a huge shaggy dog, one of the hardy tenants of this high abode, and now my sole companion, whose gambols in the snow, and along the edge of steeps, where my eye hardly dared to follow him, had afforded me no small amusement and surprize, at length half perished by the piercing wind, I sought my little wooden shelter. A bason of hot coffee, with good bread and butter, dried meat, and fish, enabled me to shew the salubrious effect of the keen air of these Alpine heights, and fancying myself now capable of achieving whatsoever might be required, I summoned my guide to prepare to descend by the shortest and the steepest route to the valley of Goldau.

Whilst the old man was occupied in attending to my directions, I sallied forth again, followed by my former rough-haired companion, and I now took with me my brace of pistols, for the purpose of trying the effect of sound at this high elevation. The sight of these two implements seemed nothing new to my four-footed friend, whose excess of joy now threw him into such boisterous and

extravagant antics, that I expected every moment to see him lose his balance, and roll some thousand feet into the valley beneath. But I soon discovered that he was too expert and sage for such a fate as this, and therefore leaving him to take care of himself, I mounted the highest peak, called Rigi-koulm. Here, what with the violence of the wind, and the boisterous behaviour of my shaggy friend, I soon found that I had more cause for apprehension on my own account than his, so much so, that I thought it prudent to draw back somewhat further from the edge.

In this situation, though with some difficulty, I contrived to accomplish my purpose, but the effect, although I was partly prepared for it, did, I must confess, surprize me; each pistol was charged with five slugs, and a full proportion of powder, but the report of either was not louder than a little pop-gun in the common atmosphere, if so loud.

The effect produced was more like that of a whiff from a very small quantity of exploded gunpowder, than any detonating sound, and I might certainly say, that not the least perceptible sound could possibly have reached to the distance of twenty yards from the spot on which I stood.

As the pistols had been loaded some days previously, I thought it possible that part of the charge might have escaped, and I therefore repeated the experiment with five slugs, and a proportionate quantity of powder in each pistol, but precisely the same result satisfied me that there was no mistake; these pistols, as I have already mentioned, were of a large size, but, however, my elevated situation should be kept in recollection.

According to General Pfyffer, an able geometrician, and an indefatigable investigator into the wonders of this his native country, the height of this mountain, measured to the spot on which I stood, is (in English measurement) 4356 feet above the Lake of Zug, and 5676 feet above the level of the sea. It should also be recollected that the wind was still rushing through these high regions with the violence of a hurricane. The air was remarkably dry and clear, but having with me neither barometer, nor thermometer, I was unable to make any accurate observation upon the density or temperature of the atmosphere.

This mountain is supposed to have been the *Regina Montium* of the Romans, from which, by a simple contraction, it probably derived its present unmeaning name.

On my return to the wooden cabin I found every thing ready for our departure, and all the household drawn out to greet me with the usual good wishes; but their language was unintelligible to me. They had, however, been very attentive in providing to their utmost for my comfort, and I was now about to make some return by a little present, but enquiring firstly of my guide, (who always settled my accounts on these occasions,) what he had paid, (and in proof of which I always required the production of some authentic document,) I found that my host had not only anticipated, but far exceeded my intended bounty; so restoring my purse unopened to my pocket, with a farewell nod, and a '*bon jour*,' I set out.

It was now half past ten o'clock, when we commenced our descent, which led directly down into the valley of Goldau.

This descent, for the greater part, is less precipitous, but more rugged than the ascent. Here, in many places, the mountain presents a scene of the wildest devastation formed by overwhelming torrents, but, lower down, the scene changes some of its savage wildness for a more romantic character, and presents a beautiful and imposing sight.

On the way I amused and astonished myself with frequent discharges of my pistols, the effect of which in these lower situations is not to be imagined. The first report resembles a sudden crash of thunder, and the prolonged reverberations may be likened to a ball bounding from Alp to Alp, until enclosed amongst the most distant recesses of the stupendous barriers; when, as if with a violent bound, accompanied by a noise which but for the far greater distance might have been as loud as the first crash, the ball seems to have escaped all further obstacles, for then it is heard no more. This transition from sound to substance by way of elucidation may perhaps be inexcusable. I will not venture to assert that the simile is unobjectionable, but in my defence I will only say that such was the idea which crossed my mind when these tremendous sounds burst upon my ear and rolled away.

Although we descended with considerable speed, the time thus occupied was nearly three hours. And now behold us in another scene of awe and wonder, in the midst of such a scene of chaos as I before had never witnessed, in the midst of the once fertile valley of Goldau!

The whole of this valley is now one scene of ruin.

Buried under a hideous mass of wreck, composed of huge rocks of granite, stones, and rubbish, this once smiling spot is for ever doomed to be what it now is, a scene of desolation, upon which the sun continues as formerly to shine, but will never more enliven.

Here and there, through the labour and persevering industry of man, a few small patches of soil are again visible, and a house or two with a little wooden chapel have since sprung up; but these are all that now remain of the once fertile valley of Goldau and its four dependant villages. The little Lake of Lowertz at the further extremity of the valley is now hardly deserving of the appellation of a lake, being nearly filled up with rocks and rubbish. A small island, however, formerly in the centre of this lake, still remains, just capable of being termed an island; and here yet stands a little monastery which escaped the frightful catastrophe with the loss of its tower, which, as I was informed, was carried away to an extraordinary distance, merely by the rush of air, and that the clock of this same tower was found some time afterwards on the side of

the Rigi mountain, nearly two leagues distant! This last wonder, probably, rests only upon the authority of the monks; but the mountains of rock, which were then hurled in every direction over the valley, would be much more incredible, were not these huge masses there to tell the tale of wonder.

The destruction of property was total, and out of a population of 807 persons, inhabitants of this valley, 350 only are said to have been saved. Of these I met several wandering about this valley of stones, — pictures of poverty and wretchedness, looking as if still in search of family and homes, all lost!

I much wished to have an account of the catastrophe from these unfortunates themselves, but their language was as unintelligible to me as mine to them, and words were not what they wanted, for they had lost their all.

Through my guide, however, as interpreter, I held a long conversation with a young woman of a better appearance, who joined us on the road, and who, according to her own account, was one of the few dug out of the ruins of the mountain by the survivors.

She described herself as being then a child, but, to use her own expression translated, that the frightful calamity could never be forgotten by those who were witnesses and sufferers.

Her father was a man whose property in this valley placed him amongst the principal inhabitants of Goldau,—but, in an instant, father, mother, brothers, uncle, aunt, with all their property, were lost, and she herself was dug out alive and unhurt, from amidst the dead and dying.

However, this poor girl was not bereft of every earthly hope; for, as she informed me, a relative who owned a farm upon a neighbouring mountain, out of the reach of this disaster, took her into his family, in which she has been brought up, and has ever since remained as one of his own children.

According to her account, the catastrophe happened between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, but that about two o'clock on the same day some alarm had been excited by the falling of a large piece of detached rock from this mountain, accompanied with an unusual quantity of loose rubbish. The commencement, however, of this fatal catastrophe is said to have

been first observed by a little boy and girl, who were tending their flocks upon an adjoining mountain. According to the young woman's account, both these children are now grown up, and living, and they both describe that their attention was called to the spot several minutes previously to the terrible event by the noise of falling stones; that looking in the direction of this noise, they presently became alarmed by the sight of large stones and heaps of rubbish rolling down the mountain's side; that the boy quitted his flock, and was running towards the valley crying out, when the adjoining mountain tumbled over, and at the same instant all around was enveloped in utter darkness. The noise accompanying this overthrow is stated as beyond description, being beyond comparison; and one can hardly imagine an event altogether more calculated than this to inspire the mind of a beholder with a belief in the arrival of the last day.

Extraordinary as is this phenomenon, the cause is easily and satisfactorily accounted for. This mountain seems to have been composed chiefly of parallel strata of pudding stone, separated in various places by thin beds of argillaceous earth. It is therefore only necessary to suppose these loose intersecting strata reduced

into a state of slippery mud by the constant action of the numerous land-springs which are almost always found in the sides of these mountains, and the enormous superincumbent pressure acting on very acute angles of inclination, the whole of the upper strata slides down upon the plain, or into the valley beneath.

We had now arrived at the sequestered little village of Art, beautifully situated at the southern extremity of the lake of Zug. Here, at a small inn, the scene of high festivity, we parted with our female companion, who was decked out in full trim for the merry dance.

Having no time to spare, old Wischer now went to look for a boat to convey us across to Immensée, at the opposite corner of the lake where we first landed. But it was fair-time, and no owners could be found to any of the boats, until at length, after some delay, the wife of one of the boatmen volunteered her services to row us across, and under her protection, having first laid in a store of refreshments, including two bottles of wine, we embarked.

Each of us taking by turns a pull at the oar and at the bottle, we shot swiftly over the smooth

surface of the lake, and in less than an hour we were safely landed.

From hence we proceeded without delay to our former quarters at Küsnacht, where, whilst another boat was preparing to convey us to Lucerne, my guide and I each took another *chopine* of light wine.

The boat was soon ready, and soon we were again launched upon the water, but now upon the beautiful and most romantic lake of Lucerne.

This lake is many leagues in length, and in breadth varies much in different parts. From Küsnacht across to the extremity of the gloomy bay of Alpnach cannot be less than between four and five leagues.

The banks of this lake are not ornamented with towns or villages, orchards or vineyards, yet do they present scenes of the most attractive interest and enchanting beauty. Here nature contrasts all that is most majestic and imposing with all that is most beautiful and pleasing.

Here, directly before the view, rise the most elevated of this range of Alps. On one side,

dark and lofty rocks descending perpendicularly into the lake, throw far over the transparent water a gloom which inspires feelings of melancholy and impressive interest; and here and there deep bays, almost encircled with black precipices, heighten the effect by mixing an air of mystery with the gloom around.

On the other side, woods of varied foliage are seen rising from the lake in all the wildness of unchecked luxuriance, and forming coverts for the innumerable wild fowl which sport upon this water throughout the year.

In short, the scenery of this lake abounds more in variety and striking contrasts, than that of all the other lakes of Switzerland which I have visited; and although to draw comparisons between these scenes be unsatisfactory and difficult, yet, on the whole, here do I incline to give the preference.

The average depth of this lake, as I was informed, is very great. In some places, it is said, a line will descend more than 1200 feet; and it is even said that in some places no bottom has ever yet been found. The water is of a bright green colour, and transparent as the clearest crystal.

It was now the delightful placid time of evening. The sun had already disappeared to us, but his parting rays still lingered on the snows above. It was just the pause before the coming of the star

> " Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
> Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
> 'Twixt day and night."

All nature now seemed hushed, as if preparing for the approaching period of repose—not a ripple moved upon the smooth expanse around, save when a leaping fish, a diving water-fowl, or a flock of startled wild ducks, caused a temporary commotion; and the air a solemn stillness held, save when our two boatmen to the dipping of their oars timed their native songs.

At one end of the boat my old guide, fatigued with the exertions of the last two days, had stretched his length, and anticipated the hour of rest; at the other extremity was I, reclining at my ease, sufficiently fatigued to enjoy the pleasure of repose, but still awake to all the beauties of this lovely scene.

On the right bank of the lake we passed the ruins of the ancient and once celebrated castle

of Hapsburg. The appearance of these ruins, situated upon a rock overhanging the deep transparent water, and peeping through the thick surrounding foliage, now of various hues, realized to my sight all that the imagination could have fancied of the picturesque. Near here, upon a little insulated and peaked rock rising from the deep water, is perched a small chapel, which, appearing accessible only by a ladder, is probably more for ornament than use. According to our boatman, it was built nearly two centuries ago by an English gentleman.

Immediately opposite rises the stupendous mountain called Pilate, the loftiest of this chain of Alps, being calculated at 1404 feet above the highest point of Rigi. It is said to derive its name from the Latin word *pileatus*, signifying covered with a hat, from the circumstance of its summit being generally hidden in the clouds. It was now, however, cloudless, and presented a beacon of such conspicuous white as might have defied night's darkest veil.

Passing the chapel on the rock the scene opens, and now for the first time presented to my view the little capital of this canton, ranged around the extremity of its lake.

But twilight had already nearly outrun its short-lived course, and presently, yielding up all further power,

"———————— from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round."

Little twinkling lights now springing up one after the other along the margin of the lake, threw their reflection for some distance over the placid surface of the water, and thus afforded a lovely contrast with the surrounding gloom. It seemed as if nature, in all her grandeur and sublimity, with outstretched arms, was here encircling and protecting her little favorite town, which seemed to rest upon the bosom of the lake—all was hushed in repose—stillness pervaded the whole scene, and every thing around seemed to inspire the mind with feelings of peace and good-will to all mankind!

"Oh Nature! all sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with a knowledge of thy works!"

—But the boatmen have shipped their oars, and our bark is gently gliding towards the little quay of Lucerne. Thus were my meditations interrupted by the approaching change of scene. I stepped on shore; my passport was demanded, and this being duly *visé'd*, I was permitted to proceed without further interruption "*au Cheval*

blanc," one of the most comfortable little inns which I had yet met with in Switzerland. Here I found an excellent supper of fish, wild-fowl, including woodcocks and ptarmagan, and by far too many other good dishes, and afterwards, and what was not less acceptable, an excellent bed.

Tuesday, October 23. Took an early walk about the town before breakfast, and strolled into the market-place. It was market-day, and the variety of female costumes here assembled produced an effect in this busy scene not a little curious and interesting to a stranger.

Each canton preserves its own peculiar costume, and I now distinguished that of Lucerne, Unterwalden, Bern, Uri, Glaris, Schwytz, Zug, Zurich, and Argovia.

When in a foreign land the presence of almost any thing, however trifling, if peculiar to the country, contributes to the interest of the scene. Such was my feeling on the present occasion; but yet I am ready to confess that the different costumes of this country are much prettier in the pictures than in the originals, and that the short petticoats of the female peasantry of the canton of Argovia are much more pleasing in fancy than reality.

A hard life and a rigorous climate, or rather a climate subjected to the extremes of heat and cold, are more favorable to masculine health than to feminine beauty; and of the former, therefore, amongst the Swiss female peasantry the traveller will find abundance, but of the latter, if he expect much, he will probably be, as I was, disappointed.

After breakfast, accompanied by old Wischér, who was now sufficiently recovered from his late fatigues, I made my perambulation of the town. It is in general badly built, the streets are narrow and irregular, and the houses, for the most part, present a character of greater antiquity than elegance. The town being intersected by branches of the lake, the communication is preserved by two wooden bridges of extraordinary length, and which form a curious feature in the general picture.

These two bridges are separated only by a few yards of land, and the length of the first, which I measured by paces, is about 332 yards, the other about 448 yards. Like the old fashioned bridges frequently met with in this country, these are covered at the top and partly open at the sides, from whence, sheltered from the weather, the spectator may enjoy an extensive view

over the romantic lake, and the wild surrounding heights.

In addition to the advantage of situation, these bridges are decorated along each side with a series of rude paintings, under cover, representing the histories of the Old Testament, the battles of the Swiss, and the Dance of Death. With such attractions, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that these dry and sheltered walks in the very bosom of this lovely scene should form the fashionable promenades of the town. Here also the loungers of all classes seem to enjoy a never-failing source of amusement in the numerous wild fowl rendered tame by the consciousness of protection, and attracted by bits of bread and other food, with which almost every visitor comes provided for the amusement afforded by a scramble among these feathered water tribes.

On one side of the town is another favorite promenade, to which, for the advantage of a more extensive prospect, we next directed our steps. This is a lofty and steep hill, rendered easily accessible by steps and winding paths, and ornamented with trees and shrubs. From this spot nature is displayed in all her majesty and loveliness, by contrasts between the most

imposing and most beautiful. The town, situated at the foot of the high mountains, and at the extremity of the lake where the rapid river Reuss divides itself into three branches, surveyed from hence seems to lie beneath the feet, but the snowy Alps, among which Rigi and Pilate rise conspicuous, bound the view of the wondering spectator to a small portion of this little inland sea, and leave only to his imagination the exterior world.

On the opposite side of the town I visited an object of much general interest, but particularly to Switzerland, being a memorial of the dreadful 10th of August, 1792.

This is a colossal figure of a lion cut out of the side of an enormous perpendicular rock, in a sort of recess representing the mouth of a cavern. The lion itself is represented lying down, in the act of protecting the arms of France, over which one of the paws is placed, with the arms of Switzerland before him. The head and neck are bent under the agony which the noble animal is suffering from a spear, the broken fragment of which is seen sticking in his side.

On a tablet of rock below are engraved the

names of the principal victims of that fatal day for whom Switzerland has mourned.

This design struck me as simple and affecting, and the execution as bold and expressive. The whole of the perpendicular surface of this high rock is preserved perfectly dry, the water being trained off, and formed into a semicircular pond at the foot of the mountain, round which is an enclosed space laid out in ornamented walks.

This work has only lately been completed, and the intention is to hold here, every 10th of August, a solemn festival in commemoration of the faithful Swiss Guards who perished on that day. The first anniversary was held on the 10th of August last, and an immense concourse of people, as I was informed, assembled on the occasion from all parts of the country. It is said that several attempts have already been made by Frenchmen to deface this figure, in consequence of which a constant guard is now placed over it.

In this town are many other objects worthy the stranger's attention, and particularly the collection of ancient armour and weapons of war, but for the inspection of a few of these sights only I had time to spare. The church, formerly

belonging to the Jesuits, is worth visiting, for the remarkable richness of the decorations, and the cathedral church, amongst other curiosities, contains an organ of extraordinary magnitude.

Having now paid my hasty visit to this interesting and sequestered little capital, time pressed me forward, and in the afternoon I resumed my place in my carriage on the road to Thoun.

For some distance after leaving the town our route was through the beautiful and fertile valley of the Reuss. Leaving this to the left, we arrived at the small town of Sursée, situated on the river Sur, at the head of the beautiful lake of Sempach. From hence we pursued a cross road through a more open country, varied with little scattered villages and peasants' cottages, amidst arable, meadow, and wood land, interspersed here and there with large thickets of dark firs. At the approach of night we put up at a small village containing but one humble house of entertainment for the traveller. The old woman of the house, however, contrived to serve me up for supper an excellent dish of trout, and a bowl of potatoes, — no bad fare!

Wednesday, October 24. With the dawn of morning we were again upon our route.

The road to-day presented a great variety of scenery, sometimes ascending or descending in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of snowy heights, sometimes winding through the deep and narrow valley, and sometimes obscured in an extensive wood of tall dark firs. This part of the country, however, appears to be, generally, fertile, and the inhabitants in their snug little wooden houses seem to possess, if not the advantages of intermixture with the world, at least a fair share of worldly comforts.

As the peculiarities in the architecture of the Swiss farm-house are calculated to attract the attention of the stranger, I may be excused for here offering on this subject a few such general remarks as might be made by the commonest observer.

The fir-tree abounding throughout the greatest part of Switzerland, the houses of the farmers and peasantry are, in general, almost entirely constructed with this wood; and although the style of architecture varies in the different cantons, yet there are certain similarities of design observable in all, which may be called the characteristics of the Swiss farm-house or cottage.

These characteristics I should say are the large sloping roof and overhanging eaves, which afford the farmer and the peasant, (who by-the-bye in Switzerland is generally one and the same person,) an ample and sheltered space for hanging up his grain and roots to dry, for stowing many of his lighter implements of husbandry, his stock of fuel, and various articles of winter store, and for protecting his wooden habitation from the wet, as also for warding off the sun's scorching rays; the large projecting balcony in front, and sometimes round the house, where, after the labours of the day, the inmates may enjoy the cool refreshing evening air; and the wide but shallow casement windows divided into several copartments.

Such appear to me to be the prominent characteristics in the exterior of Swiss cottages in general. In some of the cantons, however, and in situations where the habitation is subjected to a stronger influence of the sun, large overshadowing eaves project from above the windows as well as from the roof; and in other cantons, I observed that the front door is frequently raised several feet above the ground, and that the entrance is from a sort of balcony, the access to which is up a flight of wooden steps. The form of the window, I also observed, varies in different

parts of the country; but generally the broad framed and wide but shallow casement, with very small square or diamond-shaped panes of glass, seems to be preferred. The roof also varies, being sometimes formed with thatch, sometimes with fir planks, and sometimes with flat stones resting upon rafters, and kept in their proper places by the weight of large rough stones; but more frequently the roof is formed with small and neatly-shaped tiles, cut out of fir-tree wood, and so compactly fixed one beneath the other, like the scales of a fish, as to form a covering impervious to wind or rain.

It will therefore appear, that in the principal outline of the design, the Swiss farm-house is pretty much the same throughout the country, and that a peculiar air of snugness generally pervades the whole. Being constructed almost entirely with fir-planks, without any covering of paint or other preservative than what nature has supplied this wood with, the appearance in this respect may be singular to the stranger's eye, but in my opinion it is far from unpleasing. It seems to accord well with the simplicity of the whole, in which comfort and convenience appear to be the principal objects, and for the attainment of these, with reference to situation, I cannot imagine a habitation better constructed than the

Swiss farm-house. There is also one other convenience generally attended to, and not a slight one, which is a small fountain, frequently in the shape of a pump, through which a stream of clear water, from some neighbouring mountain spring is constantly running into a wooden trough scooped out of a stately fir-tree. This is an advantage which few farm-houses in Switzerland are without, and it is usually placed in some convenient situation near the front door.

About seven o'clock in the evening we reached the town of Thoun.

Thursday, October 25. Some rain having fallen in the night, this morning was beautifully bright and fresh.

Thoun is situated in a small but fertile valley, on the border of the lake, and on the banks of the river Aar, which here issues from the lake, forming a little island, on which part of the town is built in the midst of handsome chesnut and other fruit trees.

The town itself is small, and bears the appearance of great antiquity. It is also peculiar and

curious in its construction, the large wooden roofs of the houses projecting so far as to form an arcade on each side of the streets, which, although not narrow, are thus rendered extremely gloomy. In short, this is unlike any other town which I have visited in Switzerland; and although, as a town, it may not be altogether pleasing to the stranger's eye, yet there is something in the old fashioned character of the whole which cannot fail to excite interest, and its situation must ever render it a favorite spot to all admirers of the grand and beautiful in nature.

The lake is said to be about five leagues long, and one league wide, and the depth varies between 300 and 400 feet.

I fear I have already drawn so largely upon the patience of the reader, and so drained my small stock of words in descriptions of the scenery of the lakes which I have already visited, that I hardly dare venture to express my admiration of the lake of Thoun. Whilst gliding over its bright blue waters in a little skiff, when all surrounding objects were illumined by a radiant sun and cloudless sky, I seemed as if under the delusions of enchantment. I gazed around, wrapt up in admiration, though scarcely conscious of the cause; and when the charm was

broken, all was indistinct remembrance, as of a golden dream gone by!

I can recollect only gliding over the placid surface of a large expanse of blue pellucid water, from the margin of which on one side rise lofty hills covered with vineyards, and crowned with woods of varied hues, and above these the silvery head of Jungfrau and other Alpine heights glittering in the sun; on the other side, a range of enormous Alps covered with eternal snows, and piled in chaotic confusion one above the other, amongst which Niesen and Stockhorn uplift their hoary heads pre-eminently grand; and at one extremity, the town of Thoun, situated partly on a little verdant island, and partly in a fertile valley, hemmed in on either side by lofty mountains. But, alas! the power of words is very limited; and to write, a snowy mountain here, and a fertile valley there, a beautiful lake bordered with smiling vineyards, and fertile orchards, or a town reflected from the glassy surface of the bright blue water, conveys but very little to the reader's mind! to mark and to combine the whole is beyond the reach of language, and therefore to this enchanting scenery I say, farewell! and I hasten to inform the reader that in the afternoon I set out for Berne, where I arrived late in the evening.

The night being beautifully fine, I could not forbear the temptation of a stroll, as well for the sake of exercise after a long ride, as to gratify first curiosity. By accident I wandered into the suburbs of the town, and paid a visit to the well-known Bears. These Messieurs Bruins are provided with commodious apartments in what was formerly part of the ancient foss, in compliance, as it seems, with an old custom, two bears being the armorial supporters of this canton.

The original old bears, however, as I was informed, were carried away by Buonaparte when he visited this town, no doubt as a sort of living testimony of his prowess, and for the gratification of the Parisians. But, unluckily, so the story goes, these two poor bears being very aged, one of them died of fatigue upon his journey to the '*Grande Capitale*,' and the other, a few years ago, broke his head upon the paved stones of his court-yard, by a fall from the top of an old dead tree, erected there to gratify him in his favorite amusement of climbing, as also for the gratification of his numerous visitors, whose amusement it was to watch his clumsy motions in catching the bits of bread thrown to him whilst clinging to this elevated perch. Thus poor bruin, like his master, climbed too high, made one false step, fell to the ground, and died.

Friday, October 26.—The whole of this day spent in inspecting the town and several of its principal establishments.

The town itself is built upon an elevation, and is nearly insulated by the river Aar, the pale green but transparent waters of which run with great rapidity at the bottom of a deep valley or channel which partly surrounds the town. The streets are formed with great regularity, and most of them have the advantage of an arcade on each side, which, although it may detract from the appearance of the houses, is yet a great convenience, as protecting foot-passengers from the rain. One large street runs through the centre of the city, and three large gates, built across at different intervals, seem to mark the different periods of its extension. The first of these is called the gate of Goliah; the second, that of the Prison; and the third, the gate of the great Clock Tower. This last is so called from a large old-fashioned clock of curious construction, affixed to an adjoining tower.

Amongst the numerous ingenious contrivances in the machinery of this clock, there is one which not a little amused me. This is the figure of a cock, which, immediately before and after the striking of the hour, gives notice by flapping its

wings, and uttering a shrill, but for a wooden cock, a very natural crow.

In the middle, and through the entire length of this main street, the greatest part of which is upon a steep inclination, runs a clear stream of water, in a deep but narrow stone channel, into which all the lighter accidental dirt is swept, and thus carried away. The heavier rubbish is daily carted away by male and female convicts, so that the streets of Berne are also remarkable for cleanliness. Most of the houses are constructed with a sort of free-stone, and many of them are handsome, and even stately. In short, of all the towns which I have visited in Switzerland, Berne seems entitled to rank as the metropolis.

The surrounding scenery, if not grand, is highly beautiful, and the climate is considered to be extremely salubrious. In addition to this, and what goes far to render Berne an agreeable place of resort, is the proverbial sociability of the inhabitants, and their courtesy towards strangers, particularly towards the English.

The language in common use here is German, but French is also spoken by the superior ranks of society.

After some time spent in walking about the town, I visited the public Museum of Natural History, which, amongst a great collection of curiosities, contains specimens of all the birds, beasts, and fishes of this country, which, of course, are much more numerous than my leisure would permit me to examine.

I next visited the establishment for Male Ophans, and a similar establishment on a smaller scale for female orphans—both excellent institutions.

I may here remark what struck me as highly creditable to the country at large, that I do not recollect visiting a town of any note in Switzerland which is not provided with an establishment of this nature.

Amongst other charitable institutions of this town which I visited, I must mention one which was new to me in its object, and which appeared to me to be conducted upon the principle of true Christian benevolence. This is an institution for the reception and temporary accommodation of the wretched and destitute wanderer, and the poor and weary traveller. Here, in two spacious rooms, one appropriated for the men, the

other for the women, both well aired, well lighted, and well warmed with two large blazing fires of wood kept constantly burning in each, all classes of persons applying are admitted. Here, at all seasons of the year, at all hours of the day and night, the door is opened to the halt and to the blind, to the aged and the poor, to the guilty and the innocent, to the old and young of every nation, to the Christian and the Jew, to the infidel and the heretic;—here no distinction is shewn, no questions are asked—the hand of Christian charity is extended alike to all! A bowl of hot soup and a large slice of good bread is set before each individual, and round the room is fixed a large wooden bench raised at a gentle inclination a few feet above the floor, on which bench is placed a mattress and a blanket for each person. In the morning each is supplied with an ample breakfast, and the doors, which are fastened every evening, are then unlocked, when those who wish to proceed upon their way are at liberty to depart, and those who wish to stay are permitted to remain any reasonable time longer, which, in case of infirmity or trifling accident, is extended at discretion. At the time of departure, to those who are moneyless a small sum is given to help them on their way, and shoes and clothing are distributed, according to the urgency of the case.

Whilst I was inspecting the room, and inquiring into the particulars of this truly charitable institution, which is supported by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants of Berne, an old man and a boy came in for a night's lodging. They both appeared to be much wearied with long walking, and it was a delightful sight to see this poor old man throw off his knapsack, and seat himself upon a wooden stool before the blazing fire. There was a countenance expressive of thankfulness, or perhaps rather of that sort of inward satisfaction which is felt in anticipating the comforts of shelter and repose when the frame is in a state of great exhaustion through unusual toil; and when the boy began to search the wallet for the humble fare which was to suffice until the usual allowance of the house at night, I could not help fixing my eye upon this poor, aged, wayworn traveller, as he rubbed his hands before the fire, with a look which seemed to mean, "Thank God for what I am going to receive."

After depositing my mite in the charitable box of this benevolent institution, I next visited the institution for the reception of the insane, situated a short distance from the town. This was the first time in my life that I ever entered into one of these awful scenes, and I am there-

fore ill qualified to express an opinion upon the mode of treatment adopted in the management of the unhappy objects inclosed within these walls. Ignorant as I am, thank God, of all relating to this dreadful subject, to the manner in which this establishment is conducted, however, I cannot give much approbation.

The unfortunate individuals are each confined in a small separate chamber, well aired by a stove, into which the fuel is put from without, and the light of day is admitted through a small grated window.

The doors are double and strongly secured, and to each apartment there is a small opening, secured by an iron door, through which the food is introduced; and through which, when the iron door is up, these wretched beings are under the view of the keeper in any part of their cells.

The number of patients now confined here was 34, all apparently desperate cases, and some horrible.

One man who had inhabited his cell for 48 years, presented a sight so lamentable that words cannot describe it. He was crouching, in the midst of filth, upon his wooden pallet, wrapped

up in a filthy thread-bare blanket, which was his only covering, in a state, apparently, of utter insensibility.

On expostulating with the keeper on the hideous state of neglect here exhibited, he informed me that it was in vain to attempt to keep clothing on this maniac, that he, the keeper, dared not venture into the cell alone, and that at the time of the full moon it was not safe for any one to enter.

The little iron door which was next lifted up, shewed me a woman in a frightful state of raving madness. I conversed with her for a short time in French. Every now and then there was some symptom of coherency, and when I besought her to speak less violently she would lower her voice for a few seconds, when it would again rise to its usual pitch, a shriek. The subject of religion seemed to be uppermost in her mind. I bade her adieu, and she implored me to stay in the most piteous tones, but when the iron door dropped down, her shrieks were the most piercing and terrible I had ever heard, or could have imagined capable of being uttered by any human being.

In an adjoining cell was a young woman, apparently about 20 years of age, of a shy and retired manner, with a pleasing countenance and good figure, which was only half hidden by a scanty clothing. When the small iron door was lifted up, this poor creature appeared to be occupied in putting on her disordered garments, and in arranging her dishevelled air, but seeing a stranger she turned suddenly away as if to hide herself. Presently, however, having arranged her hair, she beckoned to the keeper, and smiling, desired him to inform me, that she requested the pleasure of my company in her apartment. It was a piteous sight, and dropping the door I passed on.

One of the most furious at times was a decent looking man, who talked in French with tolerable coherence. He apologized for his want of fluency in the French language, on the ground that he had been for some time past out of practice, the German being his native tongue, and he shewed me a German book, with which he said he contrived pretty well to amuse his leisure hours. The keeper informed me that the malady of this poor unfortunate shewed itself strongest on the subject of his rank, and, on trying the experiment, this was fully proved. He fancied himself a king, and told me that he was

still busily engaged in a work which had occupied him many years, and that it was a work in which mankind were deeply interested, it being no less than the formation of an universal constitution by which all the nations of the earth were to be governed in peace and happiness!

Whilst listening to the rambling of this maniac's mind, I could not help thinking how many wild visionaries there are loose upon the world, who, to judge from their conversations and their writings, ought to share the solitary cell with this poor madman! But enough of these awful scenes: happy was I to find myself again in the open air, and out of the reach of the fearful shrieks, which still seemed as if ringing in my ears; so deeply had these lamentable sounds pierced to my very soul.

Having an engagement to dine, I hastened back to the town, and spent an agreeable evening in company with a small party of gentlemen of Berne. In the course of the evening I happened to be introduced to three Piedmontese, who, like myself, were visitors in this part of the country. I soon became better acquainted with them, and, as it was discovered that we were all

bound for Lausanne to-morrow, we decided to proceed together early to-morrow morning.

I now returned to my hotel, and to the great sorrow of poor old Wischer, and not without some feeling of regret myself, I announced that our companionship was here to end. The old man, I do believe, was sorry at the parting, for although he was naturally shrewd, cunning, and greedy of gain, yet he was not devoid of generosity. He felt that he had been kindly treated and confided in by a stranger, and in return for this I have every reason to say that he proved himself to me an attached and faithful servant.

Having settled my accounts and completed all my arrangements, the old man's last request was, at the same time pulling out of his pocket a little old book of memoranda, that I would there write down my name. It was a request easily complied with, and I wrote down my name accordingly, inserting underneath a notice to all future travellers in Switzerland, whose eye this might chance to meet, that they would not find a more faithful, intelligent, and amusing guide than old Wischer of the Black Eagle at Schaffhausen.

Wishing however to leave him in possession of some more useful token of remembrance, I took out of my pocket, and presented to him one of those convenient portable articles of Birmingham manufacture, containing a corkscrew, gimblet, awl, and various other small implements useful to the traveller. At any other time he would have been delighted with this valuable acquisition to his little travelling stock, but other feelings than those of delight seemed now to press upon him. He reluctantly took this little treasure, which I knew he had often cast a wistful eye at, and hardly able to utter his thanks, he left the room with more expression of feeling than I had supposed his old weather-beaten breast could have contained.

Saturday, October 27. By day-break this morning old Wischer was again in attendance upon me, and about seven o'clock I stepped into the carriage, already occupied by the three Piedmontese gentlemen. My old guide and I now exchanged our last adieus.

Leaving Berne, the road passes through an open and fertile country, and soon, on our right, we came in sight of the vast chain of the Jura mountains, already topped with snow.

Rested and dined at the small town of Morat, situated on the border of the lake of the same name.

The name of Morat has become celebrated in the history of Switzerland, in consequence of a memorable victory gained by the Swiss over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The battle took place on the 22d of June 1476, and ended in the total defeat of this Prince, who had long carried on an unsuccessful siege against this town.

Near the lake was a small building, said to have been filled with the bones of the *Bourguignons* who fell in this battle, but which memorial was destroyed by the French on their entrance into Switzerland in 1798.

This lake of Morat, which is situated in the territory of the two cantons of Fribourg and Vaud, is about two leagues in length, and about two-thirds of a league in breadth, and at its greatest depth between 160 and 170 feet. It communicates with the lake of Neufchâtel at its eastern extremity by the river Broie, which enters at its western extremity. To the north and south a high and monotonous range of mountains

enclose this lake, but from the low and marshy appearance of the land to the east and west, it seems highly probable that the limits of the lake of Morat in that direction were much more extensive formerly than at present; and the common opinion seems to be favoured, that the three neighbouring lakes of Morat, Neufchâtel, and Bienne formed originally but one.

In answer to my enquiries about the fish of the lake of Morat, I was informed, "*Qu'il est fort poissonneux, et qu'il nourrit d'excellens poissons;*" amongst which is a much esteemed fish, called by the natives "*la salut,*" and which, as they say here, is not to be met with in any other lake of Switzerland.

About seven o'clock in the evening we reached the small town of Payerne, situated on the river Broie, in the midst of a highly cultivated and fertile country. Here was our resting-place for the night.

Sunday, October 28. Started this morning at six o'clock.

The country for some distance round Payerne bears resemblance to English scenery, until the

road passes through a fertile and beautiful valley watered by the river Broie. This valley reminded me of the valley of Neath, between which there is great resemblance, excepting that the mountains here are much more fertile, and are clothed with wood to the very summits.

Shortly after passing through this valley, the mountains of snow again rose before our view, and we looked down upon the beautiful and extensive lake of Geneva, the waters of which now reflected the sun's rays with dazzling brightness.

Presently, Lausanne itself appeared before us, surrounded with woods, and situated in the midst of vineyards extending down to the water's edge, and at three o'clock we descended the steep entrance into the town.

After much difficulty in making choice amongst the wretched inns of this place, we at last fixed our quarters "*au Lion d'or,*" and doffing our travelling dresses for more appropriate costume, we all set out to join the gay throng in the public promenades around the town.

These walks are enchantingly beautiful, overlooking on one side a great extent of mountainous and undulating country, covered with woods and vineyards, amongst which are seen numerous little villas along the margin of this expansive lake, and on the other side, the stupendous Alps of Savoy clothed with everlasting snow.

Under the shady trees around us were groups of dancing peasantry, keeping time to the tinkling guitars, amidst a gay assemblage of the bourgeois walking up and down, or forming little parties on the benches, or round the tables set up here and there with wine, fruit, and other refreshments; and to perfect the beauty of this enlivening scene, the setting sun, just sinking behind the mountains through a cloudless sky, now threw over every object a pinkish hue, and hid the eastern extremity of the lake, as if under a veil of dusky red.

It is impossible by painting or description to convey an adequate idea of the brilliant, beautiful, and extraordinary effect of the setting sun, in a bright autumnal evening, over the lakes of Switzerland, particularly over those lakes in the immediate vicinity of the Alps. Here the reflection of the rays from the brown mountain side in one direction, from the snowy heights in

another, and from the deep verdure of the vine-yards along the margin of the water, tinge the thick evening mists of this period of the year with such a variety of shades, difficult of separation or distinction, but through all of which carmine may be called the predominating tint, that all surrounding objects, according to their distances, partake more or less of this delusive medium, and distant objects are hidden, or but imperfectly distinguished, as through a fiery vapour.

Having gazed upon this beautiful and extraordinary scene until night began to draw around her darkening veil, I hastened to re-join my three companions at the inn, from whom, during the walk, I had separated myself, they having met with an acquaintance.

We all supped together, and the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly away in conversation upon various topics, though principally upon the late events in Italy and Piedmont, a delicate and somewhat dangerous subject for discussion in such company and place.

We however parted upon perfectly good terms, and as these three gentlemen intended to set out early to-morrow morning for Geneva, on retiring to our separate apartments for the night, we

exchanged our cards with many mutual compliments and adieus.

Monday, October 29. This morning paid a visit to Monsieur Moulin, banker of this town, to whom I presented a letter of introduction from Monsieur Bethmann, of Frankfort.

Here I eagerly enquired for letters which I expected from England, and those only who have been some time wandering abroad and out of the reach of all intelligence from home, can enter into my feelings of disappointment, when I heard that these long and anxiously looked-for letters had been but the day before yesterday forwarded to Nice, to a gentleman of my name who had lately been staying at Lausanne.

The remainder of the day was spent along the shore of the lake, and about the beautiful environs of the town.

The town of Lausanne itself has nothing but its situation to recommend it. The streets are narrow, irregular, and in some places so steep as to be scarcely accessible to wheel carriages. The houses also are mean and gloomy, and with the exception of the church of

Notre Dame, which is a respectable looking gothic edifice, there are no buildings worthy of notice.

The situation of the town, however, is enchantingly beautiful.

It is impossible to conceive a more correct representation of Lausanne and its environs than in the Panorama lately exhibited in Leicester Square; for although the efforts of the artist in delineating such scenery as this must necessarily fall very far short of the beauty of the original, yet such is the minuteness of this representation, that the person who has once seen the reality, when he looks upon this copy may almost fancy himself suddenly transported to his favorite haunts.

An absurd circumstance occurred to me this evening in the public coffee room of the Hotel, from which, however, I learnt a useful lesson.

Almost the whole of the continent, and particularly Germany, at this time exhibited extraordinary fervour in the cause of the Greeks against the Turks, and in different parts of the country I had met with numerous companies of young men on foot, with knapsacks at their

backs, on their way to Marseilles, there to embark for Greece. These parties appeared to be composed chiefly of young German recruits, and run-away students, and from the boisterous enthusiasm which they generally manifested, it was my endeavour always to avoid them as much as possible.

On the roads this was easily managed, but not so easily at the inns, where it had sometimes happened that I was unavoidably one of their party. It required, however, to be present only at their conversations amongst themselves to impress the stranger, and particularly the English stranger, with a due sense of the danger of joining with them on their favorite topic; and this I always studiously avoided, notwithstanding the frequent attempts made to induce me to become a party in their political discussions, by the use of the most opprobrious epithets applied to Englishmen and England in my presence.

It happened this evening that there were present in the public coffee-room several of these young Germans on their way to Marseilles, to embark for Greece; but as they were apparently above the common class, and as the conversation was general, and conducted with proper

courtesey, I readily joined, and the conversation continued to be for some time sufficiently agreeable.

However, as the subject uppermost in people's minds will, in general, have its turn, the present state of affairs in Greece at length became the topic. At first my usual prudence on these occasions had not deserted me, and I cautiously drew in. For a long time I continued very shy, and only now and then ventured a short question or observation. But the gentlemanly manner in which the conversation was carried on rendered me by degrees more bold, until I joined with so much freedom as to feel myself even warmly interested. At length, however, the debate became spirited, but still without any feeling of personal animosity, for we had all of us expressed our hearty wishes for the success of the Greeks, until unluckily I happened to observe, in answer to some enquiries about the probable views of England, that I feared the policy of our country would force us against our will to protect Turkey from the grasp of Russia. No sooner had I uttered this opinion than discord arose amongst us. Violent language immediately followed, and several of the party starting up from their seats, launched out into the bitterest invective against England. I kept

my place, but could not succeed so well in keeping my countenance, and thus I added fuel to the flame which unintentionally I had lighted up. However, presently, thinking it prudent to retire and let the storm blow over, I rose to quit the room, observing, that *our* country's name ranked too highly amongst the nations of the world to need that I or any other individual should stand up as champion to refute the assertions of enthusiasts: upon which, one of the most violent stepped forward, and placed himself in a menacing attitude before me, as if to cut off my retreat.

Any person, however quietly disposed, is always liable to be molested by a barking cur, and a cane is sometimes useful as a means of removing the subject of annoyance. With this feeling, being in a foreign land, alone, and amidst strange animals, instead of a cane I always carried about my person a small but formidable weapon of defence, which I am used to call, after its manufacturers, my Malay knife; and now laying my hand upon this instrument, without another word I proceeded to carry into effect my intention of retiring.

The young German, seeing my determination, and the means which I possessed of enforcing

it, stepped back with some appearance of surprize, and immediately one of his friends, who throughout had preserved at least the appearance of decency of behaviour, and who seemed to be looked up to by the party as the leader, interposed, and insisted that no violence should be offered, for, that if any personalities had passed, these had been in the first instance directed against the English stranger, who was perfectly justified in retorting them. The commanding voice and military figure of this young man were sufficient to have declared his superior rank, but the instantaneous effect of his interference satisfied me that I was not mistaken. The tumult ceased, — and taking this friendly interposer by the hand, I expressed my thanks to him, and left the room.

Thus was I taught a useful lesson for the regulation of my future conduct on these occasions, and I now retired to my own room, taking care to bolt my door, and to place my pistols by my bed-side.

Tuesday, October 30. Left Lausanne this morning by the diligence for Geneva.

The road for the whole distance is along the border of the lake, and for several leagues from

Lausanne the view continues magnificent and beautiful. As the lake gradually expands, the shore becomes more flat and less interesting; by degrees the vineyards along the water's edge disappear, and the villas are less numerous and less striking in appearance.

The lake, however, here expands into a little sea, and, on the opposite side, the snowy Alps of Savoy rise majestically before the view; so that if the whole can be said to have decreased in interest, what must be that scenery to lessen by comparison the effect of this!

As the diligence rested half an hour at Coppet, a small town situated on the bank of the lake, an opportunity was afforded to me for visiting the residence of the late Monsieur Necker; and since of his daughter, Madame de Staël. Besides the recollections which arise in contemplating this retreat of the distinguished and amiable character who so long averted the ruin which afterwards fell upon unhappy France, and besides the interest which is derived from seeing the little study of Madame de Staël, her chair, and the table and desk on which she wrote her principal works, the house itself presents nothing remarkable.

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It is a large and commodious château, surrounded with pleasure grounds and vineyards, and situated upon a rising ground, overlooking the little town of Coppet and the lake.

In almost all the principal apartments are busts and portraits of Monsieur and Madame Necker and their daughter, and in the library, which is a large and commodious room, is a full length statue of Monsieur Necker in white marble. Here also is a marble bust of Monsieur Rocquet, to whom, as it is well known, Madame de Staël was privately married. When I asked the old domestic who attended me what he supposed to have been the reason for keeping this marriage a secret, his answer was, with a shrug of the shoulder, that he believed his dear late mistress preferred the name of de Staël to Rocquet, that the marriage had been no secret in the family or household, and that she herself publicly avowed it shortly before her death.

On returning to the inn I found that I had much exceeded the half hour, and that the diligence had set out. I was informed, however, that there were several hills between this and Geneva, and that I should therefore easily overtake the coach; so I pursued my way at leisure, glad of this opportunity of a walk.

About seven o'clock we reached Geneva. It was quite dark, and I proceeded to the grand hotel called "*L'Ecu de Genève.*" the entrance into which is very like the entrance into a stable, only more dark, dirty, and disagreeable. Over this cavern of filth and darkness I was shown into my chamber, a cheerless apartment at first sight, but a blazing wood fire soon gave a more comfortable appearance, and seated before the crackling logs over a cup of coffee, I became quite contented, and spent the remainder of the evening in meditating upon the past, and in forming schemes for the future.

Wednesday, October 31. As my head-quarters were likely to be fixed here for some time, a great part of to-day was spent in various domestic arrangements, writing letters, and paying visits to those persons to whom I had received letters of introduction.

Thursday and *Friday, November* 1 and 2.

The town of Geneva having been long the favorite resort of Englishmen, may be presumed to be generally so well known by frequent descriptions, that, upon this subject, my observations will be short and few.

My first exclamation, after having taken a general survey of Geneva, was one which I should guess must often have been made,—"What can be the inducement to stangers to fix their residence in such a town as this?"

Almost every thing in the exterior appearance of this town is calculated to produce disappointment, and there is much even to excite disgust. The streets, most of which are upon a steep declivity, are ill shaped, and ill paved, and many of them are almost in a state of darkness, owing to the large and lofty wooden arcades, extending from the houses so far into the street on each side as to leave only a narrow passage in the centre. The houses are also for the most part lofty and mean, and the town altogether presents a gloomy and uninteresting appearance. The situation, however, is extremely beautiful.

Geneva is built partly upon a high eminence, at the extremity of the lake, and extends in the form of an amphitheatre down to the water's edge. The Rhône issuing from the lake at this point, separates the town into two parts, between which the communication is preserved by four tolerably handsome bridges.

In the upper part of the town, which is the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable, there are several delightful public promenades. The principal of these is called "*la Terrasse de la Treille,*" from whence the view over the surrounding country behind the town is extremely beautiful, and the houses which look down from a considerable height upon this terrace are upon a scale of magnificence. Above this is another public walk at a much higher elevation, called "*la Place de St. Antoine,*" from whence the prospect is still more beautiful and imposing. From hence almost the whole of the town is seen beneath the feet, and the beautiful lake expands before the view.

To the right, close upon the town, rises the enormous mountain called Salève, which joins the Alps of Savoy, and on the left stretches the vast chain of Jura; thus leaving open to the view, between these stupendous barriers, the lovely lake, and all the little towns and villas scattered along its margin, as far as the eye can carry.

With respect to the public edifices of Geneva, these are all so inferior in external appearance as to be unworthy of particular remark. The

public institutions and collections for the encouragement of science are however numerous and creditable to this town, which has so long ranked as one of the seats of learning.

Having spent nearly the whole of yesterday and to-day in visiting the principal objects of curiosity to a stranger, I determined upon taking advantage of the present favourable weather to make an excursion to the valley of Chamouni and the Alps of Savoy. I was duly apprized that a visit to these high regions at the present late season of the year would probably involve something of adventure, and the remainder of the evening was therefore occupied in making the necessary arrangements.

VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

Saturday, November 3. Left Geneva this morning between six and seven o'clock, in one of the low cars of the country, called à *char-à-banc* on my route to the valley of Chamouni.

As the *char-à-banc* is a sort of vehicle unknown in England, I will here endeavour to convey some idea of it by description. It is a

low carriage drawn by two horses, and the body is not unlike a sofa fixed lengthways upon four wheels. When seated, the feet rest upon a plank, which forms the step on entering, and this is raised about a foot from the ground. Over this vehicle is a leathern awning supported by light iron rods from the side, and round the whole are leathern curtains, which the traveller can draw or undraw at pleasure. The appearance of this machine is somewhat whimsical at first sight, and it requires a little practice to become reconciled to its sideway movement, but it is well adapted to those mountainous parts of the country in which it is chiefly used.

Geneva and its environs were now enveloped in a heavy fog, but about two leagues beyond the town we emerged from the dense atmosphere into one beautifully clear, and warmed by a brilliant and unclouded sun.

The extreme density and partiality of the fogs in these midway regions are frequently very remarkable. In the present instance after stepping beyond the line which marked the limit of density, the view, which a moment before was bounded within a few feet around, was now unobstructed even by the appearance of a vapour.

Within a few leagues from Geneva, between the two small villages of Chesne and Anemas, is the *barrière* of Savoy, which marks the commencement of the territory of the King of Sardinia.

After passing the village of Anemas, the beautiful and fertile vallies and cultivated hills begin to yield to bolder scenery. Already the lofty and snowy mountains of Savoy seem near, and after having ascended for about half an hour, the road makes a rapid descent into a large and deep ravine, at the bottom of which a mountain-torrent pursues its rugged course.

Having climbed the opposite side of this steep pitch, the road passes through a fertile plain by the side of an enormous hill, covered to the top with verdure. At the foot of this hill runs the river Arve, which rises in one of the Glaciers above the valley of Chamouni.

After quitting the villages of Nangy and Contamine, the road passes between the Arve and a range of steep rocks, rising from the foot of a stupendous mountain called the Mole, which, according to calculation by the *savans* of Geneva, reduced into English measurement, is

5688 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and 4560 feet above the lake of Geneva. From this road, at a great height, the traveller looks down upon the Arve, which pursues its serpentine course at the bottom of a narrow valley, amongst numerous little isles covered with underwood.

Between Contamine and Bonneville (which last is a small town, situated at the foot of the Mole, and on the bank of the Arve) the attention is arrested by the picturesque ruins of an ancient château called De Faucigny, built upon the summit of an apparently inaccessible rock, which prolongs the base of the Mole.

Leaving Bonneville, where we stopped to breakfast, the road crosses the Arve over a stone bridge, and presently afterwards a steep ascent commences through a wild and mountainous country, which, owing to continued windings amongst the rocks, changes its appearance almost at every step.

We now passed through several little hamlets surrounded with walnut and chesnut-trees, but which were nearly deprived of their shady

leaves, though yet much wanted to hide the rays of a still powerful sun.

Torrents and innumerable little streams are here seen in all directions, precipitating themselves into the Arve, and forming in their course down the steep mountains numerous varieties of waterfalls and cascades. In the midst of these is the romantic little village of Siongy. About a league from thence, through a beautiful and fertile country abounding with woods of oak, and above these with forests of dark fir, we passed the Arve over a stone bridge, and entered the small town of Cluse. Here commences the beautiful valley of the same name.

The situation of this town, which is built in a part of the valley narrowed by projecting rocks, is very remarkable, and the appearance of the town itself is extremely curious and picturesque, being so overhung, and so closely hemmed in by mountains, that the streets and houses seem as if they had been suddenly pushed out of all shape and order. The object in fixing the town in this situation was evidently for the purpose of guarding this entrance into the valley, and if properly fortified it is impossible to imagine a more effectual barrier than this town would present.

If, indeed, the observant traveller contemplate the objects which surround most of the small towns in these mountainous districts, he will at once perceive the motives which induced the early inhabitants to adopt these situations; he will observe that the more ancient buildings are frequently so constructed as to form a sort of fortification to their inmates, by presenting on the exterior sides of the outer street a solid wall, which would have been useful for defence before the invention of gunpowder, and when bows and arrows formed the ordinary weapons of attack; and without any great stretch of imagination, his mind will be led to periods of high antiquity, even to the earliest ages, when it may be supposed that conscious weakness of individual power induced the human race to congregate for their mutual protection. These sentiments must always have prevailed, and thence we may infer that, from the earliest times, instinct pointed out to the inhabitants of these Alpine regions the very positions which these towns now occupy, as natural barriers, as well against the assaults of ambitious or intruding rivals of ther own species, as against their less dangerous foes of the brute creation.

Leaving the town through a sort of defile amongst the rocks, the road runs along the bank of the Arve, between two enormous mountains, the perpendicular sides of which seem to correspond so exactly with each other, that the appearance is as if the mountain by some tremendous convulsion of nature had been suddenly and violently torn asunder, and that the two halves had then receded to their present situations to make way for the river's course. Advancing, these high and perpendicular rocks become gradually less and less rugged, until at last they present the appearance of a wall so smooth, that it seems as if the roughness of nature had been chiselled off by the hand of art. From the breadth and shallowness of the channel, now in many places dry, and from the number of alders and willows which here abound, it is pretty evident that the river Arve runs riot occasionally amongst the naturally fertile meadows of this valley. In some parts the encroachments of this river have left scarcely sufficient space for a carriage track, which is carried over heaps of the crumbled fragments fallen from the precipitous rocks above. In various places, however, where it is hardly possible to have supposed that soil could have remained, are seen extensive clumps of firs; above these, clinging to situations even more precipitous, and much more exposed,

being now deep in snow, are seen the weather-beaten and forlorn looking pines, and high above these, on either side the valley, rise a chaotic mass of mountain-tops covered with snow, and heaped together like the foaming waves of a tempestuous sea.

Near one of the little hamlets of this valley, my attention was attracted by a high painted pole, and enquiring into its purpose, I thus became acquainted with a curious custom still in practice here, in pursuance of an ancient privilege granted by the Lords of Fauçigny exclusively to the town of Cluse.

This custom is a sort of public fête, which takes place once every year in the month of May, and is called "*Le Tirage de l'Oiseau, ou du Papegai.*" A painted bird is placed at the end of this long pole, at which mark a certain number of competitors chosen from the town or neighbourhood, each in turn, takes aim, formerly, in all probability, with a cross-bow, but now, as it seems, with a fusil loaded with ball. He who has the good fortune to strike the Papegai, or painted bird, is proclaimed king of the fête, and with much ceremony is installed in his high office by a council composed of a few chosen elders.

The king, being duly proclaimed, proceeds to select his favorite queen from a collection of village damsels, gaily dressed and decorated with flowers, each according to her fancy, and leading the chosen fair one under a suspended garland, there to bestow, in exercise of his royal prerogative, the kiss; he then with the May queen opens the ball, and the rest of the day is spent in dancing and festivity.

I have here thus particularly noticed this custom, because it struck me as a pleasing instance of the simplicity, which still exists amongst the inhabitants of this sequestered spot. Village sports and customs, which have been handed down from early times through each successive generation to the present, may indicate, in some degree, the general character of the people; and certainly there is here a sort of primitive simplicity and natural courtesy of manner still preserved, which cannot fail to attract the observation of the stranger.

It is curious to remark the similarity which exists in many of the customs of the inhabitants in the different parts of the globe, and particularly in those customs which are intended to mark the commencement of the various seasons of the year. The custom here related, as still

existing amongst the inhabitants of this sequestered valley, will, no doubt, recall to the reader's mind, many of the old customs of his own country, to celebrate the arrival of the "joyous month of May;" and if he should be a Scotsman, he may smile at the recollection of "The fête of the Popinjay," so inimitably introduced into the novel of "Old Mortality."

But to proceed. As we advanced, this valley gradually widens, and the scene becomes diversified with little hamlets scattered here and there in the midst of a few fertile meadows by the river side, where every cottage is shaded by its own little orchard, and provided with its own little patch of cultivation. Shortly after, passing through a small hamlet called Balme, near which is said to be a remarkable and beautiful cavern, called the Grotto of Balme, but which is rather difficult of access, we arrived at the little village of Magland, beautifully situated at the foot of a lofty, precipitous, and overhanging rock, well calculated to give rise to the sombre reflection in the mind of the passing stranger, that the little habitations which now find shelter at its foot, are destined to be buried beneath some overwhelming fragment from above. Enormous blocks, detached from this mountain, are seen

around in all directions, even to the meadows below and in the river's course. This, indeed, appears to be one of the principal causes of apprehension to the inhabitants of the Alpine vallies, for it is evident that human foresight and ingenuity can avail but little in guarding against danger of this sort.

At a short distance beyond the village of Magland is a very pretty cascade called Nant d' Orli, and, about a league further, is the most beautiful and picturesque of all, the cascade of Nant d'Arpenas. About 800 feet below (according to the calculation here) is a projecting crag which receives the falling water; and from thence it pursues its course from rock to rock, forming numberless little steps of snow-white foam, until it reaches the road, across which it is conducted in a small channel to the Arve. This stream, which, as I was informed, runs throughout the year nearly of the same fulness, is an elegant and beautiful object, as seen shooting out from the top of this lofty perpendicular rock; and if the mass of falling water were in better proportion with the height of the fall, it would be impossible to imagine any thing of this kind superior in effect to the cascade of Nant d'Arpenas.

At some distance further is the village of St. Martin, situated at the foot of an enormous mountain called Mont Varens, which lifts its peaked head far into the regions of eternal snow. According to the geometricians of Geneva, the height of this mountain from its base (reduced from the French toise into English measurement) is 6822 feet.

Here terminates the valley of Cluse, and opposite to St. Martin, at a short distance on the other side of the Arve, which is crossed over a stone bridge, is the small town of Sallenche.

It was late when I reached this town, and the unclouded moon now spreading its mild and pallid splendour over the snowy heights around, and lighting up the gloomy valley behind me, the whole was rendered a scene so solemn and imposing, that my wonder became mingled with sentiments of awe.

Here I took up my quarters for the night, and the remainder of the road not being practicable for wheels, I dismissed my equipage.

Sunday, November 4. Rising early this morning, I opened the casement of my chamber to take a survey of the stupendous scenery around.

Not a cloud or vapour was seen to dim the lustre of the deep blue sky, and Mont Blanc, in all its majesty, seemed now as if close before me. The sun was not yet visible above the mountains, but its brilliant rays, reflected by the snow, threw upon the summit of Mont Blanc a blaze of light, which, even for a moment, no human eye could have endured.

After having attentively examined my chart, and provided myself with all necessary directions about the route, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, I set out alone on foot to pursue the remainder of the way to Chamouni, this mode of travelling being considered safer at the present season of the year than to rely even on the footing of a mule.

Returning to the little village of St. Martin, the road extends for some distance through a flat and rather spacious valley, which would have been fertile but for the ravages of the impetuous Arve, which in many parts has nearly covered the whole bottom of this valley with fragments of granite and other rocks. Yet still, amidst this scene of devastation, are numerous little isles of wood and fertile meadows, and the sides of the valley, which are lifted out of the reach of the waters, present a continued scene of

thickly-scattered habitations, surrounded with little meadows and orchards, and half hidden in woods of oak and larch.

Whilst pursuing my course along this valley, the sun had reached the summit of Mont Blanc, the whole cap of which was now enveloped in a blaze of light. The effect of this brilliant sun upon the surrounding objects, at so late a period of the year, produced such a variety of striking and beautiful contrasts, that although I had by this time overcome in some degree the strong influence of first impressions at the sight of Alpine scenery, yet this was a sight of so much splendour, dread magnificence, and beauty, that I will confess I gazed around me in a state of rapturous ecstasy. The village bells, from their little narrow pointed steeples, glittering through the varying foliage of the steep woods of oak and fir, (it being the practice in many parts of Switzerland and Savoy, to cover the steeples of the village churches with plates of tin,) were now tolling the hour of mass, and this sound, which was gently wafted from various directions through the valley, was the only interruption to the stillness of the scene. The sun's rays were now directed into the valley, and were becoming even powerful.

In about an hour and a half I reached the romantic little hamlet of Chede, situated at the base of a lofty mountain, which closes the valley of St. Martin.

At first view it seems as if any further progress were impracticable, owing to the inaccessible appearance of this mountain, but on closer inspection, to the left of a deep ravine, down which the rapid Arve rushes in its narrow channel, a foot-path is discovered.

About half way up this steep and winding pass is a small lake, or, to use a more appropriate term, a pool of beautifully transparent water, pent up in a hollow between the mountains, and surrounded with stunted shrubs and water-plants. Here, sheltered from the hot sun, the weary traveller may find a resting place, and here he may let his fancy range at large, without fear of interruption, unless, perhaps, from water nymphs or mountain sprites.

After climbing this steep ascent, which presented at every step some torrent bursting from the rifted rock, or some cascade of melted snow gliding down the long pendent icicles from the heights above, the scene opens amongst the Alpine wilds.

The snow was already ancle deep, and the view before me was one vast frozen solitude, without a vestige of animal or vegetable life. In all directions crowds of Alpine heights appeared in grand and terrible confusion, and the utter stillness, which pervaded these high and dreary regions, threw over the whole scene a solemnity of character not to be described. I now felt as if I were indeed alone, as if I were beyond the world, for here nothing worldly seemed to be in view.

The inequality in the surface of the snow served pretty well to keep me in the right track, but sometimes this indication failed, and the direction of the mountains was my only guide. After pursuing my way for about two hours through this dreary and stupendous scenery, I gradually descended into the little valley of Servoz. Here the wildness of the scene is varied and relieved with habitations scattered amidst little fertile meadows and orchards, watered by the Arve. The small village of Servoz is situated in a hollow, and, apparently surrounded and shut out from all the world by the high snowy mountains, presents a most interesting and picturesque appearance. The frequency, however, of that frightful complaint called the goître, is no inconsiderable drawback

to the interesting character of this little Alpine valley.

Resting here a short time to recruit, I found a man who was on his way home to the valley of Chamouni; and, as he informed me that he was one of the guides of that valley, I took him into my service, and we pursued the remainder of the route together.

Leaving this village, the road pursues a straight line for a short distance across a fertile flat (though covered with snow) until it reaches a mountain torrent called Dioza, which presently falls into the Arve.

The road here crosses this mountain torrent over a covered wooden bridge, and passes to the right under a range of lofty and perpendicular rocks. My guide, however, now led me a little out of the road to the left, to point out a small stone monument erected to the memory of a young and too adventurous traveller, named Frederick Auguste Eschen, who, some years ago, found his grave at the bottom of a deep *crevasse*, or cleft in the ice, upon a neighbouring mountain, which, contrary to the advice and persuasion of his guide, he would persist in climbing.

The whole of the inscription upon this stone, which contains rather a longer private history than necessary to strangers, I did not copy, but the following useful warning with which it concludes I took down.

Voyageurs!
un guide prudent et robuste
vous est nécessaire;
ne vous éloignez pas de lui;
obéissez
aux conseils de l'expérience;
c'est avec un recueillement
mêlé de crainte et de respect
qu'il faut visiter les lieux
que la nature a marqués
du sceau de sa majesté
et de sa puissance.

We now resumed our road under the steep and lofty range of rocks which joins the stupendous mountain, forming one side of the dark and deep defile before us. The approach to this is through a thick wood, which occupies the narrow space between the precipices close upon our right, and the river's course upon our left.

As we advanced, the mountains on each side appeared to be drawing nearer and nearer to a meeting, until at last, emerging from the wood, these stupendous barriers are seen united, but for a dark and deep abyss, through which the

struggling waters of the Arve come tumbling down from the high regions of the upper Alps. Here a rude wooden bridge, called *le pont Pélissier*, crosses the foaming torrent, on the opposite side of which commences the steep mountain pass called "*les Montées.*"

A little to the right, and looking down from a high rock upon the dark and fearful gloom of this defile, are the dreary ruins of the castle of St. Michael, as my guide informed me, one of the most ancient of the castles of Savoy. After crossing this bridge the ascent immediately commences. This pass, being sheltered from the north wind by the opposite mountain, was at present but partially and slightly covered with snow, but the drippings from the rocks above, and the numerous small springs which find their course across the path being now converted into slippery sheets of ice, rendered no small degree of caution necessary to retain a footing.

This steep and slippery path winding up to a fearful and dizzy height, close upon the edge of the gloomy abyss already mentioned, from the dreary depth of which arose the stifled sound of struggling waters, and the whole of this dark chasm filled with black gigantic firs, rearing their stately heads in perpendicular array one

above the other more than half way up these mountains' sheltered sides, form altogether, in contrast with the snowy summits high above, a sight, in which the magnificent and beautiful is so incorporated with the sublime and terrible in nature, that for the first few moments the eye gazes unconsciously around, and the mind of the spectator may be said to be lost in emotions of awe and wonder!

After about three quarters of an hour of some exertion, we reached the highest point of the pass. Here I mounted upon a rounded rock of jasper, (as my guide called it, but now covered with ice and snow,) which overhangs the abyss, and from this elevated spot, I surveyed the scene of terrible magnificence around. Before me rose the dark stupendous mountain, which forms the opposite side of this ravine. There, near the summit, is just discernible a little wooden châlet, which, for a short period in the summer months, becomes the dwelling of the lonely cowherd, whilst his horned companions, by some means or other made to scramble up these heights, are grazing on the short but sweet pasturage, which most of these high sheltered mountains then afford.

Looking back upon my route, the whole valley of Servoz seemed to lie beneath my feet, and,

at the further extremity of a small valley before me, was just visible part of the little village of les Ouches, situated at the entrance into the valley of Chamouni. But the valley of Chamouni itself, running between two high ranges of snowy mountains, nearly at a right angle with the small valley before me, was not yet visible.

Having descended into the valley at the foot of this pass, and which, I think, was called by my guide the valley of Condamine, from a small village of the same name, we at length reached the village of les Ouches; and here I saw stretching before me, between the two lofty and parallel chains of mountains, the narrow little valley of Chamouni.

Finding it convenient to recruit after my long walk, I here shared with my guide a crust of bread, and the best bottle of wine which the village of les Ouches afforded.

I had already caught a glimpse of one of the glaciers of Mont-Blanc, called "*des Buissons*;" and feeling my strength and spirits rising with every glass, I ordered another bottle, and proposed to my guide that he should conduct me across this glacier, on our way to the village of Chamouni.

He doubted at first whether such an attempt at this period of the year would be quite prudent, there being already sufficient snow to hide the "*mauvais pas*;" but, however, by the time that we had seen the bottom of the second bottle, it was determined that we should ascend the mountain, and make a cautious survey of the ice.

I now filled a bumper for our pretty little waiting maid, to whom, whilst the family were at mass, the house was left in charge. With the bashfulness of one unused to meet with what are called acts of condescension, she advanced to receive the offered glass, and then, retiring a few steps back, this humble untaught lass, dropping a courtesy, welcomed me to Chamouni, with a gracefulness of manner that might have been called elegant in many a better educated Miss. I had now only to pay my small reckoning, and this done, we again set out.

Pursuing the road for a short distance up the valley, we diverged towards the cabin of my guide, which is situated at the foot of the mountain from whence our ascent was to commence. Here we rested to collect all our strength, which was now about to be required, and to provide ourselves with that useful implement on these oc-

casions, called the mountain bâton, which I now consented to adopt, in the place of my old companion the umbrella, before mentioned.

The appearance of this glacier, viewed from the bottom of the valley, is grand and imposing beyond description. The ideas suggested by this extraordinary sight are various, but the first which occurred to me was that of an enormous accumulation of water, broken loose from the vast cavities of these stupendous mountains, and suddenly, in the midst of its precipitous course, congealed into a mass of ice. This idea, however, is imperfect, and in some respects incorrect, as the surface of the ice does not present so much the appearance of rounded waves, as of lofty and sharp-pointed cones.

After grappling for some time with a very steep ascent along the edge of the glacier, over which my guide was making a careful survey, we at length reached the place where he thought it most advisable to attempt the passage across. Here we paused, and he now went through the preliminary of informing me, that the attempt which we were about to make must necessarily, at this period of the year, when many parts of the surface of the glacier were covered with frozen snow, be attended with some degree of

risk, but that if I would submit myself entirely to his guidance, he thought he could conduct me across in safety.

A certain sensation, which, to use a vulgar expression, may be called "a queer feeling," suddenly came over me on hearing this opinion, which, in fact, conveyed to my mind a degree of doubt, more than was agreeable upon a subject so vitally concerning me, and for a minute or two I paused to look around, without making any reply.

I know not exactly how to describe it, but when I thought of retracing my steps, and persuing the safer route, there uprose in my mind a certain feeling of opposition even to my own wishes, and almost before I was aware of it, I exclaimed, "*Eh bien! Monsieur le guide, allons donc.*" However, as I felt no sort of inclination to be leader in this expedition, I promised implicit obedience to his directions; and concluding by telling him, that if I were lost, the King of England would certainly cause him to be hung, we began our preparations for stepping off terra firma.

The sight was now one of extraordinary novelty and beauty,—blocks of ice, some vying

in whiteness and transparency with the purest crystal, some reflecting the deep blue of the unclouded sky, and others presenting the bright hues of richest emerald green, now rose before me in various shapes and sizes, and around, the enormous rents of unknown depth looked like so many yawning gulphs, ready to swallow up all who should have the temerity to approach.

My first essay, after stepping from the firm ground, was upon a flat block of ice, with a polished surface like a mirror, and for the first few minutes my legs moved in every direction but the right one, my boots unluckily being tipped and heeled with iron.

Having traversed, by means of frequent slips and slides, this large smooth block of ice, we came to a perpendicular descent of at least seven feet, and in full view, a few yards further on, of a spacious and profound chasm in the ice, or as it is here called, a "*crevasse.*" This, to one like myself, unaccustomed to such sights, was not a little fearful, and it appeared to me to be no less than a fatal impediment to our further progress, at least in that direction. To my guide however, this was a mere trifle, and his coolness and ingenuity somewhat surprized me. With apparent ease, he first lowered himself down this perpen-

dicular descent, and then drawing forth from his pocket a small hatchet, which he had brought with him from his cabin, he presently cut out resting places for the foot, and thus, with the assistance of his hand and my own iron-spiked staff, I also managed to descend without much difficulty. We now proceeded over some of the roughest and the smoothest road that I had ever before trodden in my life, and in order to avoid the numerous '*crevasses*' and '*mauvais pas*' with which we seemed to be almost surrounded, we shaped our course in various zig-zag directions. Some of these clefts in the ice are so narrow, that I was enabled to examine them without the risk of giddiness. They present many curious appearances; and not the least curious are the beautiful colours of the ice, which, from a bright emerald green, or azure blue, assume the various deepening shades until a certain depth, when all below is black.

Having arrived about mid-way across, the whole extent of this glacier, from where it first appears as rolling forth from behind these snowy heights to the bottom in the valley below, was now spread before my view in all its beauty, magnificence, and terror. Thus far, we had been rather ascending, and it now became necessary to pursue a course inclining downwards. This,

to me not yet grown expert, was attended with numerous difficulties, and the stiff oaken staff many a time bent under my lost balance; but however, with this assistance, and occasionally the strong helping arm of my expert guide, I reached the opposite land without harm, though not without some bruises, and highly gratified with the extraordinary scene which I had witnessed.

My descent into the valley was now amidst heaps of huge granite fragments, hurled down from above by avalanches and mountain torrents, and through a straggling wood of sturdy firs, which look as if they had weathered, as no doubt they have, the storms and adversities of many an age. During this part of my descent into the valley, I was surprized at the numerous rhododendrons, myrtles, and other evergreens which I observed around me, and even to the very edge of the glacier. But it was now becoming dark; and hastening onwards, about seven o'clock I reached the inn called the Union, in the little village of Chamouni.

Here I was agreeably surprized with an appearance of *propreté* and comfort, which I should have looked for only in an English house; and my host and hostess were not less surprized

at the appearance of a solitary stranger at this late season of the year. But in a few minutes all was bustle and activity, and presently a fine wood fire blazed upon the parlour hearth; in short, nothing could exceed the assiduous and respectful attention to my comfort, in the most minute particulars, which I received from these kind people.

By the time that I was dressed and comfortably seated before my blazing fire, a dinner was served up, consisting of all the luxuries which this valley now afforded, and in a style of neatness which would not have discredited the table of an English gentleman before his own fire side in England.

To instance an excellent bill of fare for this sequestered spot on so short a notice and in the winter season, I will here enumerate the dishes now set before me:— first then, a bason of vermicelli soup, after which a trout from the mountain stream; next in course, a piece of boiled chamois, a piece of boiled goat, and in case these should not suit an English taste, a piece of boiled mutton, with a dish of small, but very nice sort of carrot, and a dish of diminutive turnips excellently well dressed in milk. After

these came another course, consisting of a pickled trout, with several *fricassées* of I know not what, all very good no doubt, though I did not taste them. These gave place to a piece of roasted veal, and a roasted fowl, with three or four little dishes of pastry; and because I could not taste of all, my hostess would, notwithstanding my assurances to the contrary, continue to deplore either my loss of appetite, or that she should have nothing better to offer me. Several varieties of cheese and small cakes, with an excellent bottle of hermitage, and a no less excellent bottle of the purest water from the rock, composed my first repast in this sequestered little valley of the Alps.

In the mean time the moon had risen above the snowy heights on the opposite side of the valley, and her silvery light was now spread over the whole of the stupendous scenery before me. Whilst contemplating the splendour of this sight, seated near the cheering hearth, and over the remnant of my bottle, I observed my host looking stedfastly from the window as if something had arrested his attention. I enquired the cause, and he answered that he feared the wind had suddenly changed to an unfavourable quarter, as he saw the snow on the summit of Mont Blanc

drifting in a direction which augured ill. Hearing this, I jumped up; and he pointed out to me what he called the drifting of the snow, which appeared like a light vapour floating over the summit of Mont Blanc towards the north. But the moon was shining brilliantly clear, and not a cloud was to be seen beneath the deep blue sky; so resuming my seat before the fire, and finishing my bottle of wine, I dispelled all fears of foul weather, and was soon deeply occupied in reviewing the crowded and varied events of the day.

In about an hour afterwards, however, the wind began to howl amongst the mountains, and I found myself drawing nearer and nearer to the hearth, to pile up more logs of wood upon the fire. I had observed that the moon had disappeared, and that all abroad was darkness; but engaged in making my notes of the day, still I thought not of the weather.

In about another hour, however, the rushing of the wind, and the clattering of the hail against the windows, too plainly informed me of the change which had taken place.

The very idea of a change of weather just

now, was a reflection so disagreeable to me, that, taking up my candle, I retired to bed.

Monday, November 5. On waking this morning, great was my surprize; the whole of the valley was deep in snow, and in this change what a scene of wonder was now displayed! The sky however still bore a most threatening aspect, and I began to fear that I had arrived too late in the year for exploring these high regions.

After breakfast the heavy snow again began to fall, and continued without intermission throughout the day. This, however, afforded me the opportunity of rest, which was acceptable enough; and in contemplating from my window the grandeur of the scene before me, and in looking over a little cabinet in the village, containing specimens of the mineralogy of these mountains, the day passed too rapidly away.

I also amused myself for some time in turning over the leaves of a large book or Album in which the visitors to this valley, if they choose, record their names, as it seems most of them do, with some note expressive of grateful acknowledgment for the kind attentions of their host and hostess of the Union, accompanied frequently

with sentiments in prose and verse upon the scenery of these regions, as also with descriptions of achievements on the mountains, with plenty of caution and advice for the benefit of friends or strangers who may happen to follow, and find time and patience to read.

Amongst the names from the various nations of Europe which are here registered, the absurdities annexed are almost as numerous and as various as the names themselves.

In turning over the leaves, however, I met with many neat and well expressed sentences, both in prose and verse. But if the greater proportion of these be from the pens of English writers, it is also as certain that the English visitors have left behind them in this book more instances of extraordinary vanity, unblushing pedantry, and stupidity, than the visitors from all the other nations put together.

As I have already mentioned, some of the sentiments here recorded with the writers' names are well expressed; and as a poetical specimen, I took the trouble of transcribing the following, which, although without a name, bears, I think, evidence of being from the pen of no common writer.

"How many numbered, — and how few agreed
In age or clime, or character or creed!
Here wandering genius leaves an unknown name;
And folly writes, for others do the same.
Italian treachery, and English pride,
Dutch craft, and German dullness side by side:
The hardy Russian hails congenial snow,
The Spaniard shivers as these breezes blow—
Knew we the objects of this varied crew,
To stare how many, and to feel how few!
Here nature's child, ecstatic from her school,
And travelling problems that admire by rule;
The timorous poet woos his modest muse,
And thanks his stars he's safe from all Reviews;
The pedant drags from out his motley store
A line some hundred hills have heard before;
Here critics, too, (for where's the happy spot
So blest by nature as to have them not?)
Spit their vile slaver o'er some simple phrase
Of foolish wonder, or of honest praise;
Some pompous hint, some comment on mine host,
Some direful failure, or some empty boast:
Not blacker spleen could fill these furious men,
If Jeffrey's soul had perched on Gifford's pen.
Here Envy, Hatred, and the Fool of Fame,
Joined in one act of wonder when they came —
Here Beauty's worshipper in flesh or rock,
The incarnate fancy, or the breathing block,
Sees the white giant in his robe of light
Stretch his huge form to look o'er Jura's height,
And stops whilst hastening to the blest remains
And calmer beauties of the classic plains:—
And here, whom Hope beguiling bids to seek
Ease for his breast and colour for his cheek,
Still steals a moment from Ausonia's sky,
And views and wonders on his road to die —

But he, —the author of these idle lines,
What passion leads him, and what tie confines?
For him what friend is true, what mistress blooms,
What joy elates him, or what grief consumes!
Impassioned, senseless, vigorous or old
What matters— bootless were his story told;—
Some praise at least one act of sense may claim,
He wrote these verses, but he hid his name."

Seeing the name of one of our living poets to the four following lines, I transcribed them also, though if these were really written by him, they were surely never intended for the Album in the valley of Chamouni. Believing, however, as I do, that a liberty has been taken with the name subscribed, I shall not take the still greater liberty of quoting it in print.

—but here are the lines to speak for themselves,

" Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to play in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength
And age to wear away in."

And as a specimen of sentimental parody, which appears to be from the pen of the last poetical visitor to this valley for the year, I transcribed the following parody of some lines too well known to need a reference.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Yon steep where snows eternal reign around!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has toiled and tumbled up the slippery ground,
And having gained the top, what has he found!
Himself a mightier man he may have grown,
A little world his greedy view may bound,
But whilst he looks behind, now all alone,
He slips, and breaks his head, unpitied and unknown."

The particular object of this parody it is not very easy to comprehend, unless the intention be, some satirical allusion to sentimental enthusiasm and disappointed vanity.

Thus I hope I have made due acknowledgments for the amusement afforded me by the Album in the little inn of the valley of Chamouni, though I fear some apology is at the same time due for this unnecessary strain upon the reader's patience.

A great part of the evening was spent in the company of my host and hostess, and my guide (with whom I was so well satisfied, as to retain him in my service) was also of the party. From these good people I derived much information relative to this valley, the wonders of its scenery, its inhabitants, and even its natural

productions. I also heard with a considerable degree of interest, the particulars of various attempts to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, with an account of the last attempt and failure in August 1820, by a Russian gentleman of the name of Hamel, in company with two English gentlemen, Mr. Dornford and Mr. Henderson, attended by eight guides.*

After succeeding in overcoming what were considered to be the principal difficulties of the ascent, and having arrived within two hours of the summit, the whole number were overwhelmed with an avalanche, and five of the guides were buried in a profound *crevasse* in the ice. The three gentlemen were precipitated to a considerable distance, but escaped without injury, at the very brink of the yawning gulf. Of the eight guides, who were proceeding in a line one before the other, the six foremost were hurried away with irresistible force into the icy chasm, with the exception of the fourth guide, named Mathieu Balmat, who, it is said, possessing great muscular strength, had the presence of mind to plunge his bâton into the hard frozen

* I have since heard that this attempt was successfully made by an English gentleman accompanied by a small party in the summer of 1822.

snow in such a direction, that although overwhelmed and carried away to some distance, he succeeded eventually in resisting the violence of the falling mass, and thus probably saved his life. The two last of the guides precipitated were recovered from their frightful situation, owing to the immense body of snow which had been carried away with them, and which nearly filled up the crevasse; but the other three poor men were never seen again. The five surviving guides are now living in the valley, including the two thus rescued, it may be said, from the very jaws of death, Joseph Marie Couttet and Julien Dévoaussou.

During the evening the wind veered round, and over the summit of Mont Blanc the light vapour formed by the loose snow was just discernible drifting towards the south, a sure indication of fine weather. Soon the appearance of the sky was changed, and again a brilliant moon lighted up this little world of white. All around was bright, serene, and still, and the whole scene was one of sublime magnificence. Seated at my little window, I gazed upon this majesty of nature; and, without intending to use the exaggerated language of romance, I viewed the scene before me absorbed in awe and wonder, until the heaviness of sleep at length prevailed,

and looking at my watch I found it near the hour of one.

A thermometer of Reaumur which I had placed outside the window now stood exactly at 4° below zero, or 9° below the freezing point of Fahrenheit's scale.

Tuesday, November 6. Rose at day break. Thermometer of Reaumur in my bed room half a degree below zero. The atmosphere beautifully clear, and the sky of the deepest blue.

Set out before breakfast to climb Mont Breven*, directly in front of Mont Blanc, and the Glacier des Buissons. But the snow was now too deep to permit me to reach any considerable height; and even at the elevation which I did attain, the atmosphere was so highly rarified, as to render respiration painful.

As an instance of the present degree of cold in these elevated regions, I will mention, that whilst occupied in surveying from this mountain, at a considerable elevation above the valley, the grandeur of the scenery around, I inadvertently drew off one of my gloves, and placed the bare

* Calculated at 1306 toises (French) or 7836 feet (English) above the sea, and 4692 feet above the valley.

hand upon a projecting piece of granite; but presently I discovered the mistake, by finding my fingers adhering to this frozen rock with much the same sensation and effect as if it had been a piece of red hot iron.*

On my return to the village I found my guide and our attendant waiting for me, according to previous arrangement, and ready to commence the labours of the day.

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* The fact here mentioned, however strange it may appear to some, will be easily imagined by those at all acquainted with the principles of heat and cold, and conversant with the numerous and elegant experiments which have been made in artificial congelation.

For instance, the effect of the abstraction of heat from mercury, so as to reduce it to a solid state, is such that, if touched, a sensation would be produced upon the human frame similar to that produced by the hottest iron.

This similarity in the effect of heat and cold seems not to have been unknown to Milton, who in his "Paradise Lost" has said,

"———————— The parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire"—

So also in Virgil, Georg. i. 93.

Boreæ penetrabile *frigus adurat.*

And to go still further back for this allusion, in Ecclus. xliii. 20, 21. "When the *cold north wind* bloweth, and the water is congealed into ice, it devoureth the mountains, and *burneth* the wilderness, and consumeth the grass *as fire.*" See note in Todd's ed. of Milton's works. Parad. L.

At a quarter before eleven o'clock, the sun was in a direction just over the summit of Mont Blanc, and at eleven o'clock the rays began to descend into the valley. This being the signal fixed for our departure, and our preparations being all completed, we now sallied forth, three perfect mountaineering figures, each furnished with an iron-spiked staff, and fortified with a brandy flask slung round the shoulder, the third man carrying an extra bottle containing *l'eau de cérisses*, with a crust of bread, as a good precaution against the cold, and also a plank and rope in case such articles should be wanted.

The particular object of this expedition was to ascend Mont Flégère, a high mountain which closes the valley at its north western extremity.

Lofty as is the elevation of la Flégère, being calculated at 6600 feet above the sea, and 3456 feet above the level of the valley, yet it is one of the most accessible of this range of mountains. The calculation here given, however, I should say, is only reckoned to a cross which is fixed at little more than about two-thirds of the distance to the highest summit, the ascent beyond this cross being too difficult to be prudently attempted by any but those accustomed to such climbing.

At the time of our starting the sun's rays were beginning to warm the valley, and the thermometer of Reaumur now stood at 4° above zero.

Our road lay through the middle of the valley, which becomes narrower and narrower towards the extremity, the village of Chamouni appearing to be situated about the broadest part of the valley. As we advanced, I was surprized to see the ravages of the Arve, and the Arveigron; which last is a mountain torrent falling, at a short distance below its source, into the Arve. In some parts nearly the whole breadth of this valley is torn up, and instead of cultivated meadows, is seen nothing but a torrent's course filled with huge fragments of granite, and now even without water to hide this scene of waste and desolation, the river pursuing its course for the greater part of the year in a narrower channel. I talked to my guide, and afterwards to several other persons in the valley, about restraining these occasional inroads, and thereby recovering much valuable land, which appeared to me very practicable, but there was something in this not to be comprehended by these people. The answer of all was very similar to that of my guide, who merely said, "*Ah! ma foi, Monsieur, c'est bien possible peutêtre, mais cela ne vaut pas la peine.*"

Here and there however, in the midst of this torrent's desolating course, are several little islands, which, from the appearance of the small trees and shrubs thereon, are no doubt in the spring and summer months covered with rich verdure.

In about half an hour we had reached the foot of the mountain. The sun's rays now felt even comfortably warm, though I was surprized to see that the thermometer had risen to only 8° above zero.

For some distance the ascent was over a rough road, covered about ancle deep with snow, until we reached the first wood of firs, where the snow was up to the middle of the leg; and in passing through the upper wood, which is about two thirds of the height of our utmost ascent, namely, to the cross, the snow measured full up to the knee. As we approached to this spot, the ascent became more and more laborious, and the snow reached generally above the knee, though occasionally I found myself plunged suddenly up to the hip.

The thermometer had continued to fall gradually as we ascended, but soon after passing the last wood, the fall was more sudden and per-

ceptible, and the thermometer stood at one degree and a quarter below zero. The snow, as observed in the deep marks of our footsteps, here began to assume a beautiful light-blue shade.

Within a short distance of the wooden cross, now immediately before us, my attention was attracted to the opposite side of the valley, in the direction of the Mer de Glace, by a noise resembling the sound of distant thunder: "*Voilà une avalanche!*" cried out my guides, and not another word was spoken. My eye quickly caught the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and I now watched attentively the novel and majestic sight, apparently close before me.

The appearance, at first view, was as if the upper part of the high mountain upon which I was looking was in the act of sliding downwards. Presently, however, I distinctly observed a large body of snow gradually moving down the mountain side, and pitching from one precipice to another, until the falling body had so increased in magnitude of size, and velocity of motion, that at last it presented the appearance of a mountain overthrown; whilst the loose snow, rising high into the air like a lofty column of white smoke, marked the progress of the rolling mass. The noise had now become tremendous, and was accompanied with frequent crashes, like

the discharge of heavy cannon, producing an effect amongst the echos of these high and solitary regions, as if a thunder cloud had burst over them.

A large hollow space between the lower mountains of the valley received this avalanche; by degrees the white column which marked its course dispersed, and the noise gradually died away into the usual stillness of these scenes. This altogether, from the first notice until restored tranquillity, occupied, as I should think, about two minutes. The appearance of the fallen avalanche was that of the exterior section of a cone, the point of which reached to the top of the precipice against which the body rested. The tremendous crashes which I have before remarked were occasioned, as my guide informed me, by the blocks of ice torn up and precipitated with the falling body in its course.

In about five minutes afterwards, I heard the progress of another avalanche, but this was not visible to us. The sound seemed to come from the same mountain, but from the opposite side, and this fall had been hastened, no doubt, by the violent commotion in the air produced by the first.

During my ascent through these elevated regions, the only instance of animal life which I

had observed was in a small black spider, and this I saw running over the snow, just above the first wood. Besides this solitary little creature, no other trace of animal life could I discover, not even amongst the smallest of the insect tribes. At a short distance above the second wood, I found, lying dead upon the surface of the snow, a very small grey moth, and, at a still higher elevation, a small description of butterfly, also lying dead upon the snow.

It is a question which almost every one would ask, how do these little creatures contrive to reach such elevated situations? — and this is a question which seems to have occurred to the intelligent mind of that observant and enterprizing man M. de Saussure. I was so much pleased with the manner in which he satisfied his curiosity on this subject, that I will here give his simple and unaffected account in his own words.

" J'ai quelquefois été témoin de la manière dont ces insectes s'engagent sur les glaciers. En voltigeant sur les prairies qui les bordent, ils s'aventurent au-dessus de la neige ou de la glace; et s'ils perdent la terre de vue, ils vont toujours en avant, et ne sachant où se poser, pour peu que le vent les soutienne, ils volent jusques sur les sommités les plus élevées, où ils tombent enfin de fatigue, et meurent sur la neige."

At half past one o'clock we reached the lower summit, on which is fixed the cross. The thermometer was now about 2¼° below zero. The sun shone with glorious splendour, and over our heads, not a speck was visible beneath the wide expanse of deep ethereal blue. But here is a sight far beyond the power of language to describe, and I shall therefore attempt to mention only some of the most prominent objects which crowd before the view, and almost confound the senses.

After surveying the whole line of the valley, which lies in the direction of N. E. to S. W., being about eight miles in length, and from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half in breadth, the eye is raised towards the lofty summit of the Col de Balme, an enormous mountain which closes the valley of Argentière, almost in a line with, but high above that of Chamouni. From thence, in the same little valley, the eye rests upon the peaked points of the Aiguille de la Tour, beneath which is seen the Glacier de la Tour, and the small village of the same name. Approaching nearer, above a large wood of dark-tufted and weather-beaten pines, is seen the Glacier d'Argentière; and in the valley below rises the church spire, from the midst of the little village of Argentière. Coming still nearer,

before the view is the mountain called le Chapui,* which forms part of the barrier between the two vallies of Argentière and Chamouni. On the other side of this mountain, and near its summit, is an extensive plain of ice, called le Jardin ;† this is enclosed in every direction with steep precipices, excepting where it communicates with the immense field of ice called la Mer de Glace, which rolls down into the valley of Chamouni between the mountain called le Chapui,‡ and another high mountain called Montanvert,§ under the name of the Glacier des Bois, from the circumstance of passing in its course through several woods of fir. This was the magnificent object now immediately before me on the opposite side of the valley; but the Mer de Glace, from which this glacier issues, being much above my present elevation, was but just visible at its edge. Behind this glacier, and by the side of the Mer de Glace,

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* Quære, Chapeau.

† Calculated at 1414 *toises* (French) above the sea, or 8484 feet (English), and 5340 feet above the valley.

‡ 778 toises (French) and 4668 feet (English) above the sea, and 1524 feet above the valley.

§ 954 toises (French), or 5724 feet (English) above the sea, and 2580 feet above the valley.

rises to an astonishing height a narrow and pointed rock of granite called the Aiguille du Dru,* and a little lower down towards Mont Blanc is seen the still more lofty needle-pointed rock of green granite called the Aiguille verte,† amidst a crowd of other lofty and pointed rocks called generally les Aiguilles. Directing the eye still further down the valley, is seen another still loftier needle, called the Aiguille du Géant, ‡ rearing its sharp-pointed peak high above the stupendous Col du Géant, § round which rolls down from the sea of ice another frozen river, half hidden amongst woods of fir, called the Glacier des Buissons. Above this glacier rises in splendid majesty, like the hoary-headed father of the race of giants round about him, Mont Blanc!

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* Calculated at 1946 French toises, or 11,676 English feet above the sea, and 8532 feet (English) above the valley of Chamouni.

† 2,094 toises (French), or 12,564 feet (English) above the sea, and 9420 feet above the valley of Chamouni.

‡ 2174 toises (French) above the sea, or 13,044 feet (English), and 9900 feet above the valley.

§ 1763 toises, or 10,578 feet above the sea, and 7434 feet above the valley.

High as was my elevation above the valley, yet not the slightest approach had I appeared to make towards the summit of this stupendous object, nor could I observe the slightest diminution of height, or alteration of appearance, as viewed from my present situation, or from the valley 3456 feet below, a difference, in perpendicular measurement, of two-thirds of an English mile, all but a few yards! Still lower down the valley is seen another of the frozen torrents called the Glacier de Taconnay, and at a short distance further on, the little village of les Ouches marks the extremity of the valley, and the mountains beyond terminate the view.

Thus have I hastily enumerated some of the most prominent of the numerous and imposing objects here presented to my view, and but hastily, for besides the difficulty of directing the attention to particular objects in the midst of such a scene as this, the highly rarified state of the air at this late season of the year, and at this elevation, and the great depth of snow in which I was standing, together with the low temperature of the atmosphere (the thermometer, which was now exposed to the open air, having fallen to 5° below zero), rendered it prudent to descend much sooner than I could otherwise have wished. Twenty minutes was the extent of

time in which I had to see, to learn, and to write; and hours, or days, would be necessary to enable any one to describe minutely the wonderful magnificence of nature here displayed. I can say, however, pretty confidently, that such objects as are here mentioned are accurately noted down as they were presented to me, with such names as my guide distinguished them, and which subsequent information satisfied me were correct. The elevations here given of the different mountains may also be relied upon, being taken either from the calculations of that able geometrician M. de Saussure, or from the authority of some of the ablest men at Geneva of the present day. *

* It may not be uninteresting to some readers to offer here a few observations on the mode of determining the heights of mountains by the decrease of the mean temperature in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Although the gradation of cold varies to a certain extent with the seasons, yet such is the nice agreement on the whole between theory and observation, that, by the decrease of temperature as marked by the thermometer, the altitude of any place above the surface of the ocean may be pretty nearly ascertained. It is found from actual experiment, that it will be sufficiently accurate, in moderate elevations, to reckon an ascent of 540 feet for each centesimal degree, or 100 yards for each degree of Fahrenheit's scale, of diminished temperature.

Thus the temperature of a deep-seated spring in a meadow below Schwitz, near the margin of the branching lake of the forest cantons, has been ascertained by experiment to be only ten centesimal degrees, or $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ lower than the stand-

Descending into the lower regions, we crossed over to the opposite side of the valley, for the

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ard temperature of that latitude. This gives $3\frac{1}{2} \times 540$, or 1890 feet, for the elevation of the central valley of Switzerland above the level of the sea.

When the altitude above the sea is very considerable, however, a multiplier somewhat decreasing from 540 must be taken. But it is easy to show, that the same result very nearly will be obtained, by applying a small correction. This correction, however, it is not here necessary to enquire into, as it amounts only to $33\frac{1}{2}$ feet at the elevation of one mile; therefore, in ordinary cases it may be totally disregarded, and the allowance of 540 feet of ascent for every centesimal degree, or 100 yards for each degree of Fahrenheit, is a rule of easy recollection.

Since in ascending from the surface, the temperature constantly diminishes, there must in every latitude exist a certain limit of elevation at which the air will attain the term of congelation. The mountains likewise which rear their heads above that boundary are covered with eternal snow. In the higher regions of the atmosphere, especially within the tropics, the temperature varies but little throughout the year. Hence, in those brilliant climates, the line of perpetual congelation is strongly and distinctly marked. But in countries remote from the equator, the boundary of frost rises after the heat of summer, as the influence of winter prevails, — thus varying its position over a belt of some considerable breadth.

As this note is given for the convenience of those whose attention has not been particularly directed to this interesting subject, I will not here enter into any abstruse calculations, but give results in the following useful table, calculated from theoretical data, which are found to coincide with actual observation. This table, together with the above observations are extracted from an able review of the subject in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the title

purpose of visiting the source of the Arveigron This small river, which so soon mingles its

"Climate," where those who desire further information will find much learning in a small space.

Latitude.	Height of Curve of Congelation. English Feet.	Latitude.	Height of Curve of Congelation. English Feet.	Latitude.	Height of Curve of Congelation. English Feet.
0°	15207	31	11253	62	3365
1	15203	32	11018	63	3145
2	15189	33	10778	64	2930
3	15167	34	10534	65	2722
4	15135	35	10287	66	2520
5	15095	36	10036	67	2325
6	15047	37	9781	68	2136
7	14989	38	9523	69	1953
8	14923	39	9263	70	1778
9	14848	40	9001	71	1611
10	14764	41	8738	72	1451
11	14672	42	8473	73	1298
12	14571	43	8206	74	1153
13	14463	44	7939	75	1016
14	14345	45	7671	76	887
15	14220	46	7402	77	767
16	14087	47	7133	78	656
17	13947	48	6865	79	552
18	13798	49	6599	80	457
19	13642	50	6334	81	371
20	13478	51	6070	82	294
21	13308	52	5808	83	226
22	13131	53	5548	84	167
23	12946	54	5290	85	117
24	12755	55	5034	86	76
25	12557	56	4782	87	44
26	12435	57	4534	88	20
27	12145	58	4291	89	05
28	11930	59	4052	90	
29	11710	60	3818		
30	11484	61	3589		

waters with the Arve, rises at the lower extremity of the Glacier des Bois. The road to this spot was now extremely difficult, owing to the smooth coating of ice over the vast accumulation of granite fragments which mark this river's course, in the shape of large rounded pebbles, increasing to blocks of three, four, and five feet high. Notwithstanding all my caution in stepping upon these slippery stones from one to the other, I met with several severe tumbles; but, however, I reached the desired spot, and was amply recompenced by the curious and interesting sight before me. At the side of this glacier, which extends perhaps between two and three hundred feet into the valley, and about half way between the termination of the glacier and the base of the mountain, down which it pursues its frozen course, is a small cavern, arched by the hand of nature out of a large block of ice. At the bottom of this cavern the spring bubbles up, and is received in a small but deep bason formed out of the ice, and occupying the whole span beneath the arch. From this tranquil little pool the overflowing stream commences its rapid and rugged course towards the Arve, with which the Arveigron unites its milky waters at a short distance above the village of Chamouni.

It is a curious fact, and one perfectly well known and confirmed by all the inhabitants of this valley with whom I have conversed upon the subject, that these glaciers advance into the the valley during the winter and towards the spring, sometimes even at the rate of a foot per day, but that the ground thus gained in spring or winter is lost, or nearly so, in the hot weather of summer and autumn. In consequence of this movement, however, the appearance of the source of the Arveigron is subjected to an annual change; and, as I am informed, the arch of ice breaks up every spring or winter, according to the clemency or inclemency of the season, and again forms itself towards the latter end of autumn, varying its form, and sometimes in a slight degree its situation.

The surface of the ice towards the lower extremity of this glacier is scarcely distinguishable, owing to the great quantity of stones and rubbish heaped upon it by the avalanches; but even here, at the sides, where the huge masses have been thrust up and broken by the enormous pressure caused by the motion of the whole body of the glacier, the beautiful blue colour of the ice is still visible.

It was late when I reached my quarters at the village, and after furnishing myself with a comfortable change of dress, out of my little wardrobe, between six and seven o'clock I sat down, before a cheerful blazing fire of well piled logs, to an excellent dinner, and a good bottle of hermitage, with several varieties of '*les vins du pays.*'

The whole of this evening was occupied in recalling to mind and noting down the numerous and interesting objects which had crowded before me in the day. But the stupendous glaciers were uppermost in my mind, and I was led into some reflections upon the probable causes of their formation. For this purpose, however, and in order to acquire a correct notion of a glacier, it is first necessary to consider the situations of the mountains down which glaciers are found to roll.

It has already been remarked in the survey of to day, that behind the chain of Alps which forms the barrier on the eastern side of this valley, and at an elevation where water never falls but in a congealed state, is a long and narrow space between the mountains, which may be

called the frozen valley, and which runs parallel or nearly so, with the valley of Chamouni. This frozen valley therefore, in addition to the snow which it receives from the clouds, must be a receptacle for the avalanches continually falling into it from the steep mountains on each side; and from these sources of supply, especially from such a reservoir as Mont Blanc, it may easily be imagined, that the accumulation of snow pent up in this frozen valley, must be prodigious. So large a frozen body at such an elevation, and surrounded by frozen heights throughout the year, can only be affected by summer's heat, and even then the influence of the sun can be but weak, and gradual. Thus however, large beds or strata of this frozen mass become loosened, and, being put in motion by their own gravity, glide imperceptibly over the open and frozen course before them, clinging round all the neighbouring mountains, and filling up all the cavities in the way, until finding openings here and there along this pent up course, the moving body creeps to the edge of the precipice, and gliding over, obtains and keeps an accelerated motion, until at last it rests upon the level of the valley below.

The partial thawing, and subsequent freezing to which this moving body is annually exposed

in the higher regions, reduces the mass of snow into huge blocks of ice, and these pressing upon each other in their descent, are thrust up into all sorts of shapes and sizes, and accordingly as they are more or less exposed to the sun's rays, so do they become more or less transparent and beautiful in colour, or fanciful in shape.

This may serve to convey a pretty accurate idea of the nature and origin of the glacier, which, as may be supposed, when traced from the green meadows in the valley up the steep mountain's side three and four thousand feet above, and glittering under a bright sun in the clear atmosphere of these high regions, for grandeur and beauty of effect, is far beyond the power of description.

There is a question which has, I believe, been long debated, whether or not these glaciers are annually enlarging and extending. What are the arguments upon this question for or against, or what is the generally received opinion beyond this valley, I know not; but in preference to any theoretical reasoning upon the subject, I consulted with several of the oldest, and therefore probably the most experienced of the inhabitants, whether, within their recollection, there

had been any material alteration, in the appearance of these glaciers; and as they all confidently asserted that every one of these glaciers had very considerably advanced within their recollection, but that they had undergone no other material alteration; and as my guide, although a young man, pointed out to me to-day the advance made by the Glacier des Bois, even within his time, I must admit that I feel strongly inclined to believe such to be the fact. In the instance of the glacier just mentioned, this has advanced so far as to have prostrated the greater part of a wood of firs actually in the valley. The trees which have escaped this overwhelming mass are still seen on both sides of it, and my guide stated that he well recollected the time when trees filled up the intermediate space, now occupied by huge blocks of ice, piled several yards high, one above the other.

The further progress of this glacier, however, is not, as I should think, much to be apprehended; for I should imagine that it has projected so far into the valley, that the heat of the here concentrated rays of the summer's sun, would now begin to operate more forcibly upon the ice, than the cold which it would derive, at this distance, from its own great frozen source; and that,

consequently, this glacier has now obtained the furthermost point which it will ever reach.

With respect to the doubt which has been entertained whether or not these glaciers are annually increasing in size, otherwise than in extent, I could not learn any thing from the oldest inhabitants of this valley to lead me to suppose that any cause of doubt existed. Some of them will tell you, that there have been alterations in the appearance of these higher regions within their recollections, and that many parts which in their times were passable, are now impassable, owing to vast accumulations of ice and snow. These may be facts from accidental circumstances, but they are, in my opinion, very far short of any thing like proof.

That the glaciers may partially increase in one year and partially decrease in another, is highly probable, and thus their external appearance may be subject to change, but that they are undergoing a continued increase in bulk seems so contrary to common sense, as not to be easily admitted to belief, whatever facts or arguments might be offered in favor of such an hypothesis; for although a greater quantity of snow may fall in one year than another, which shall cover a

greater extent of surface, and thereby increase the cold of the atmosphere around, yet the consequence of this must be a greater extent of surface for the sun's rays to act upon, and the other consequence follows, of a greater dissolution of the snow; so that one season with another the loss will ever be equal with the gain, and even the smallest progressive increase effectually prevented.

Whether or not there are any substantial objections to be urged against this solution, I have not much reflected; but if I were ever to hear any offered by a supporter of such an opinion as that the glaciers must necessarily increase in size some little every year, I would then resort to the unanswerable argument *ab absurdo;* for, as Dr. Moore has observed in his Journal, in considering this subject, if the annual increase were ever so small, it would be but a simple calculation to ascertain in how many years the world would be converted into a ball of ice; and so settling this controversy in my own mind, I retired to bed.

Wednesday, November 7. Rose at seven; morning beautifully clear, and thermometer at my window just 1° above zero.

After breakfast I spent a quiet day in visiting more minutely the upper part of the valley, and its various little hamlets, and in contemplating at my leisure the stupendous scenery which here rises in every direction, fatiguing the mind even with the variety of its wonders. The more the mind dwells upon this scenery, the more wonderful and stupendous does it appear, until at last the spectator, like Rasselas in the enchanted valley, may fancy himself shut out from all the world.

The day was principally passed amongst the inhabitants of this part of the valley, whom I found occupied at their different works, and in visiting their humble habitations. I thus picked up some information as to the nature of the occupations, the system of agriculture, and the mode of life of these quiet, civil, and inoffensive people. I discovered no want of natural shrewdness, but the effects of poverty, some bigotry, and a vicious and oppressive government are apparent.

Most of their habitations, or rather cabins, bespeak more wretchedness than need be, and the chief blessing of life which they seem to enjoy, but which, perhaps, supplies the want of all the others, is contentment. This great bless-

ing they seem fully to possess; and although they cannot help now and then groaning under the hard restrictions and oppressive taxation of their government, yet so highly do they appear to prize their little valley and their frozen mountains, that as long as these remain to them, no privations seem too great for them to bear.

On my way back to the village I met Julien Dévouassou, one of the guides who so narrowly escaped death in the last attempt to ascend Mont Blanc. He is a young man, and son-in-law of Dr. Paccard of this village, whose name is celebrated as the first daring adventurer who gained the summit of Mont Blanc.

In Julien I found a superior sort of person. He seemed well acquainted with the valley and all its neighbouring mountains, as well as with the geology, mineralogy, and botany of these high regions. I also received from him some particulars of the unfortunate catastrophe in which he participated and so nearly suffered.

After dinner I had an interview with the other guide, Joseph Marie Couttet, who narrowly escaped death on the same occasion. As I had sent to request him to call upon me at the inn, I now had a bottle of wine placed for him, and

in conversation upon various subjects we passed together a great part of the remainder of the evening.

This singular character is in appearance about eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age, short in figure, but a model of human strength, with a countenance most expressive of that shrewd intelligence which a short conversation is sufficient to discover. I had previously to this interview heard an extraordinary account of the daring hardihood of this man, and I fancied that I could see his character stampt upon his face.

He is considered even by his hardy companions to be so utterly unacquainted with fear, that his coolness in the midst of danger is not even by them attributed so much to courage, as to a total indifference to consequences. But so much does he seem to be regarded by the inhabitants of this valley, that all whom I have heard speak of him allude to this part of his character with mournful regret, as certain before long to bring him to an untimely end.

I learnt from him that he had served in the French *chasseurs à cheval* in Italy, and it seemed as if, in this man, the recollection of more active life had caused something like a distaste to

his quiet agricultural pursuits in this sequestered spot, and as if it were the want of stronger stimulants to live, which drove him to seek dangers amidst these snowy mountains.

His father was one of the guides who ascended Mont Blanc with M. de Saussure, and this son has twice performed the same feat.

I now led him to detail all the particulars of the failure in the last attempt, and his account accorded precisely with what I had already heard.

He described to me his situation in the *crévasse* into which he fell, as he imagines, between thirty and forty feet. But such was the precipitancy of his course, that he was deprived of all sense until he discovered his situation, entombed alive at this depth beneath the snow.

In answer to my enquiry as to the state of his feelings on this discovery, he replied, and I will give his own words, for they do not bear translation: — "Ma foi! je dis, c'est fini pour moi, je suis perdu, voilà tout!" But though the hope of escape was gone, the eagerness for life remained, and perhaps with him now increased.

His first efforts, as he describes, were to disengage himself from the spot where he found himself tightly jammed between ice and snow. Having succeeded in this, and finding to his surprize that his bones were whole, hope came to aid his renewed efforts, and gave him force sufficient to struggle and make way up the side of the *crévasse*, and through the enormous weight of snow above. These efforts brought him nearly to the spot where Julien Dévouasson was similarly situated; but he was now too much occupied with effecting his own escape to think of offering any assistance to a companion in misery.

Julien having been the last precipitated, was not so deeply buried as the others, and by his own efforts he succeeded in extricating himself from this icy gulf, amidst the hurrahs of the remainder of the party, who had given him up, with his unfortunate comrades in the *crévasse*, as lost. Bruised, and exhausted with fatigue and cold, he was however not so much exhausted as to forget to mention that whilst in the *crévasse* he felt a motion in the snow beneath him, as if some one were struggling like himself at the work of extrication. This recollection, perhaps, saved the life of poor Joseph Marie Couttet, for instant search was made, and he was dragged out,

yet many feet beneath the snow, quite senseless, and of a colour between black and blue. Further search, with every possible exertion, was made for the other three guides, but in vain!

As an instance of a bold and generous character, what I had already heard, though he himself did not allude to it, I will here mention the following particulars: —

As soon as this poor fellow, Joseph Marie Couttet, had recovered his senses, and learnt that three of his companions were still missing, not all the persuasions of the party against the utility of further search could induce him to abandon the attempt, and he actually again descended into the icy chasm, pushing down his mountain-staff into the snow in all directions, and hallooing at the other end of it, in the forlorn hope of conveying sound to the unfortunate men below. The other guides, seeing the danger of their present situation from another avalanche, which every moment was expected, prudently and properly (knowing that any further efforts to recover the lost men must be in vain, and that life in their situation must long since have been extinct,) hurried or rather forced away the rest of the party, with the exception of M. Hamel, who determined upon stopping

to assist in the further search; and it was not until every effort had been made, and every ray of hope extinguished, that these two joined the party, far advanced on their return. All was now despondency in the remnant of this little party, and poor Mathieu Balmat, who had saved himself by his own muscular strength, was in a state bordering on distraction, his brother, Pierre Balmat, being one of the unfortunate men left behind. All seemed oppressed with sad reflections; all but Joseph Marie Cöuttet, he alone amongst the number seemed to have recovered a usual state of feeling, and, as they describe him, whilst the others were reviewing this mournful disaster, he joined not in the conversation, but, although he spoke not a word, he went whistling onwards, apparently as unconcerned as if nothing had occurred.

I was so struck with the strange mixture of feelings which seemed to constitute the character of this man, and with the perfect simplicity and *sang-froid* with which he related this event, that when he left me I put these particulars in writing.

After listening to this account, I asked him if he would attempt the ascent with me next summer. "Tres volontiers," was his reply;

"quelquefois, avec la précaution, le danger n'est presque rien — et pour monter au sommet du Mont Blanc, ou pour aller à la messe, ah! ma foi, c'est la même chose pour moi."

With respect to the different phenomena observed on the summit of Mont Blanc, he answered my various questions without hesitation.

He described the electricity in the atmosphere on the summit of this mountain, as observed in his last ascent, to be so great as to cause some apprehension of danger. (A similar observation is made by M. Hamel, in an account of his attempt and failure to ascend.) He also described the appearance of the detached pieces of granite which are found on the summit of Mont Blanc, vitrified on the surface, and through to the opposite side, with small dark-coloured or white drops corresponding with the grain of the granite.

This has been a subject of some discussion and doubt amongst the scientific of Geneva; but the received opinion is, I believe, that of M. de Saussure, who first discovered this appearance, which is, that these pieces of granite are detached and vitrified by lightning.

It is only upon or near the summit that these pieces of granite have been found.* I after-

* This, according to De Saussure, is not quite correct; and as, upon such a subject, the humble guide is not very good authority, I will here quote the philosopher's own words, from the account of his ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc.

" Après quelques momens de repos, Marie Couttet (the father of my present companion,) et deux autres allèrent sur le dôme du Gouté, chercher des pierres couvertes de bulles vitreuses que j'ai décrites (Voyages aux Alpes, t. ii. 1153.) Ils en rapportèrent de fort belles, et une entr'autres bien remarquables, en ce que les bulles, parsemées à sa surface, sont d'une couleur analogue à la partie de la pierre correspondante, noirâtres ou verdâtres sur la hornblende, et blanchâtres sur le feldspath; ce qui demontre bien qu'elles ont été formées par une fusion superficielle du rocher, et que c'est par conséquent la foudre qui les a produites. En effet, quel autre agent auroit pu produire cet effet à la surface d'un rocher isolé au milieu des neiges? Les rochers accessibles les plus élevés au nord au-dessous de la cîme sont ceux dont la surface est parsemée de bulles vitreuses, et dont j'ai pour la première fois donné connoissance dans le second volume, 1153; (Voyages dans les Alpes) mais qui méritent une description plus exacte.

" 1°. Granitelle (*siénit de* Werner) composé pour la plus grande partie de feldspath blanc, presqu' opaque, a cassure lamelleuse, mais peu distincte, et de hornblende d'un noire verdâtre, lamelleuse, assez brillante, en crystaux, souvent isolés, quoique de formes mal determinées, de la grandeur d'une à deux lignes. La fusibilité de ce feldspath est la même que celle de celui que j'ai decrit. (Voyages dans les Alpes, 1990); et celle de cette hornblende, est de 94 degrés de Wedgewood, répondant à un globule du diamètre 0.6.; elle se comporte sur le sappare comme celle des rochers du

wards procured from my informant a specimen which he had himself picked up on the rounded cap of Mont Blanc, and this specimen precisely corresponds with the description here given.

As to the appearance of the summit of Mont Blanc, according to his description, it is a large rounded cap of granite, covered with hard frozen snow, and across this cap extends a ridge of snow, but lying at so steep an inclination as not to be accessible. The walk round the upper

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(vid. Voyages dans les Alpes, 1990,) mais dissout avec un peu plus d'effervescence.

" 2°. Le même granitelle, mais où la hornblende domine, n'y ayant que très-peu de feldspath. Cette pierre prend dans quelques places une texture schisteuse.

" 3°. Schiste d'un gris verdâtre, tendre, composé de cornéenne, ou suivant Werner, de hornblende schisteuse, à schistes fins; ici droits, là ondés, un peu brillans sur leurs grandes faces; et de feldspath blanc en larmes très-minces, entremêlées avec la cornéenne; souvent ce schiste se trouve adhérant aux Nos. 1. et 2.; il est fusible en globules d'un verre verd de bouteille clair, mêlé de taches blanches du diamètre de 0.7., ce qui indique le 81e. degré.

" C'est principalement sur ce schiste que l'on voit les bulles vitreuses; elles sont, les unes d'un verd assez clair; les autres, d'un verd de bouteille foncé; mais on trouve aussi la hornblende pure et noire, et là les bulles sont noires. On les trouves aussi, quoique plus rarement, sur le feldspath blanc, et là elles sont blanches et un peu plus translucides que la pierre d'où les a soulevées le calorique degagé par la foudre."

circuit of this cap he describes as occupying about ten minutes of time.*

I endeavoured to procure from him some notion as to the depth of the snow upon the summit of Mont Blanc, but upon this point I could gain no satisfactory answer.†

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* On this subject it may be more satisfactory to have M. de Saussure's description, and I here therefore give his own words from his account "De l'Ascension sur la Cîme du Mont Blanc:" —

"On ne trouve point de plaine sur la cîme du Mont Blanc, c'est une espèce de dos-d'âne, ou d'arrête allongée, dirigée du levant au couchant, à-peu-près horizontale dans sa partie la plus élevée, et descendant à ses deux extrémités sous des angles de 28 à 30 degrés. Cette arrête est très étroite, presque tranchante à son sommet, au point que deux personnes ne pourroient pas y marcher de front; mais elle s'élargit et s'arrondit en descendant du côté de l'est, et elle prend du côté de l'ouest, la forme d'un avant-toît saillant au nord. Toute cette sommité est entièrement couverte de neige: on n'en voit sortir aucun rocher, si ce n'est à 60 ou 70 toises au-dessous."

† De Saussure himself was unable to answer this question, for in his publication already alluded to he says,—

"On a souvent témoigné la curiosité de savoir qu'elle est l'épaisseur de la calotte (cap) de neige qui recouvre la cîme du Mont Blanc. Mais il n'y a aucun moyen de s'en assurer; il faudroit pour cela que cette calotte fût coupée à pic dans quelqu'une de ses parties; mais c'est ce qui n'est point; elle descend de tous les côtés par des pentes plus ou moins prolongées, et qui ne montrent distinctement nulle part l'épaisseur de la neige."

In answer to my enquiry respecting the degree of heat necessary to boil water on the summit of Mont Blanc, he said that no one had ever yet been able to procure fire by any other means than by the ignition of spirits; but that within five or six hours distance from the summit, where he and his party had passed a night, they had with some difficulty made a fire and boiled water; but that the operation of boiling there was much slower than in the valley, and that the temperature of the water when at a boiling state, was, by a thermometer of Reaumur, about 69 degrees. This is 11 degrees below the usual temperature of boiling water, which on Reaumur's scale, is at 80 degrees.

I was pleased and surprized at the accuracy of this man's statement upon such a subject, knowing it to accord so nearly with the celebrated experiments of De Saussure and Gay-Lussac, which set this long doubtful point at rest.*

* As it may be amusing to some to compare this statement of the humble peasant with the result of the accurate experiment by the enlightened philosopher, I will here give de Saussure's own words. After describing the apparatus constructed for this purpose, which was a lamp upon Argand's principle supplied with spirits of wine, he thus continues:

With respect to the effect of the rarity of the air upon the human frame at the summit of Mont Blanc he described this to be so great, that almost every motion of the body produced extreme lassitude and fatigue, and that, beyond a certain elevation, after every half a dozen steps it was absolutely necessary to stop in order to draw breath, but that as soon as the body was in

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" Je m'assurai à plusieurs reprises que mon thermomètre montoit exactement à 80 degrés dans l'eau que je faisois bouillir dans cette bouilloire, quand le baromètre étoit à 27 pouces. Je portai ensuite cet appareil au bord de la mer; et là, le baromètre étant à 28 pouces, 7 lignes, et 82 160°. de ligne, l'eau bouillante prit une chaleur de 81°. 299. Enfin, sur la cîme du Mont Blanc, le baromètre étant à 16 pouces, 0 lignes, et 144, 160 de ligne, la chaleur de l'eau bouillante ne fut que de 68°. 993; ce qui fait une différence de 12°, 306. L'esprit-de-vin brûla très bien, mais il fallut une demi-heure pour faire bouillir l'eau, tandis qu'au bord de la mer il ne falloit que 12 ou 13 minutes, quoique la chaleur dut y être de 12 degrés plus grande. A Genève, il faut 15 ou 16 minutes."

Upon the other point, however, that no one has ever been able to procure fire upon the summit of Mont Blanc but by the ignition of spirits, the peasant and the philosopher are rather at variance; for De Saussure says,

" J'avois fait porter un réchaud et du charbon pour le cas où la lampe viendroit à se déranger, je ne m'en servis pas pour mon expérience; mais nous en fîmes continuellement usage pour faire fondre de la neige, et avoir ainsi de l'eau, dont nous étions tous extrêment avides. On étoit obligé d'animer continuellement le charbon, par le moyen du soufflet, sans quoi il s'éteignoit au moment même."

a quiescent state this sensation of lassitude was instantly removed.*

* This statement is entirely confirmed by that of De Saussure in the account of his ascent, as will be seen by the following extract. " Sur la fin j'étois obligé de reprendre haleine á tous les 15 ou 16 pas; je le faisois le plus souvent debout, appuyé sur mon bâton, mais à-peu-près de trois fois l'une il falloit m'asseoir, ce besoin de répos étoit absolument invincible; si j'essayois de le surmonter, mes jambes me refusoient leur service; je sentois un commencement de défaillance, et j'étois saisi par des éblouissemens tout-à-fait independans de l'action de la lumière, puisque le crêpe double qui me couvroit le visage, me garantissoit parfaitement les yeux. Comme c'étoit avec un vif regret que je voyois ainsi passer le tems que j'ésperois consacrer sur la cîme à mes expériences; je fis diverses épreuves pour abréger ces repos; j'essayois par exemple de ne point aller au terme de mes forces et de m'arrêter un instant à tous les 4 ou 5 pas, mais je n'y gagnois rien; j'étois obligé au bout de 15 ou 16 pas à prendre un repos aussi long que si je les avois faits de suite; il y avoit même ceci de remarquable, c'est que le plus grand mal-aise ne se fait sentir que huit ou dix secondes après qu'on a cessé de marcher; la seule chose qui me fit du bien et qui augmentât mes forces, c'étoit l'air frais du vent du nord; lorsqu'en montant j'avois le visage tourné de ce côté-là et que j'avalois à grands traits l'air qui en venoit, je pouvois sans m'arrêter faire jusqu'à 25 ou 26 pas."

Upon this subject he also remarks, " de tous nos organes, celui qui est le plus affecté par la rareté de l'air, c'est celui de la respiration. On sait que pour entretenir la vie, surtout celle des animaux à sang chaud, il faut qu'une quantité determinée d'air traverse leurs poumons dans un tems donné; si donc l'air qu'ils respirent, est le double plus rare, il faudra que leurs inspirations soient le double plus fréquentes, afin

Amongst other questions I happened to ask him if he had ever observed any thing like a

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que la rareté soit compensée par le volume. C'est cette accélération forcée de la respiration qui est la cause de la fatigue et des angoises que l'on éprouve à ces grandes hauteurs. Car en même tems que la respiration s'accélère, la circulation s'accélère aussi. Je m'en étois souvent apperçu sur de hautes cîmes, mais je voulois en faire une épreuve exacte sur le Mont Blanc; et pour que l'action du mouvement du voyage ne pût pas se confondre avec celle de la rareté de l'air, je ne fis mon épreuve qu'après que nous fûmes restés tranquilles, ou à-peu-près tranquilles, pendant 4 heures sur la cîme de la montagne. Alors le pouls de Pierre Balmat * se trouva battre 98 pulsations par minute; celui de Têtu, mon domestique, 112; et le mien 100. A Chamouni, également après le repos, les mêmes, dans le même ordre, battirent 49, 60, 72. Nous étions donc tous là dans un état de fièvre, qui explique et la soif qui nous tourmentoit, et notre aversion pour le vin, pour les liqueurs fortes, et même pour toute espèce d'aliment; il n'y avoit que l'eau fraîche qui fit du bien et du plaisir, et il fallut, comme je l'ai dit, du tems et de la peine pour allumer du charbon qui servit à fondre de la neige, seul moyen que nous eussions de nous procurer un peu d'eau; car si l'on mangeoit de la neige, on augmentoit son altération, bien loin de l'appaiser. Quelques-uns des guides ne purent pas supporter tous ces genres de souffrances, et descendirent les premiers pour regagner un air plus dense. Cependant, lorsqu'on demeuroit dans une tranquillité parfaite, on ne souffroit pas d'une manière sensible.

J'ai même observé sur ce sujet un fait assez curieux, c'est qu'il y a pour quelques individus des limites parfaitement tranchées, où la rareté de l'air devient pour eux absolument insupportable. J'ai souvent conduit avec moi des paysans,

* This was the father of the unfortunate man whose bones are now bleaching in one of the icy chasms near the summit of Mont Blanc.

reddish appearance in the snow of these high regions. "*Oh! qu'oui,*" was his immediate reply; "*on trouve la neige rouge dans les creux de quelques uns de ces montagnes; cela n'est pas rare.*" He then went on to say that this appearance was to be found only in particular situations, at very high elevations and where the snow lies in a horizontal direction; that he did not recollect ever to have seen this appearance upon a decli-

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d'ailleurs très-robustes, qui, à une certaine hauteur, se trouvoient tout d'un coup incommodés, au point de ne pouvoir absolument pas monter plus haut, et ni le repos, ni les cordiaux, ni le desir le plus vif d'atteindre la cîme de la montagne, ne pouvoient leur faire passer cette limite. Ils étoient saisis les uns de palpitations, d'autres de vomissemens, d'autres de défaillances, d'autres d'une violente fièvre, et tous ces accidens disparoissoient au moment où ils respiroient un air plus dense. J'en ai vu, quoique rarement, que ces indispositions obligeoient à s'arrêter à 800 toises au-dessus de la mer; d'autres 1200, plusieurs à 15 ou 1600; pour moi, de même que la plupart des habitans des Alpes, je ne commence à être sensiblement affecté qu'à 1900 toises; mais au-dessus de ce terme, les hommes les plus exercés commencent à souffrir lorsqu'ils se donnent un mouvement un peu accéléré. La nature n'a point fait l'homme pour ces hautes régions; le froid et la rareté de l'air l'en écartent; et comme il n'y trouve ni animaux, ni plantes, ni même des métaux, rien ne l'y attire; la curiosité et un désir ardent de s'instruire, peuvent seuls lui faire surmonter pour quelques instans les obstacles de tout genre qui en défendent l'acces."

vity; that it was generally found covering some large *plateau* of snow which was partly sheltered by a neighbouring mountain, that it was always found partially and in broad streaks, covering the surface of the snow from a quarter to half an inch in depth, and that underneath, the snow was of its usual whiteness; that as to the cause of this red appearance he had always supposed it to have been produced by the wind, but that he had never thought much about it. From what he compared the colour to I should suppose it to be rather of a brownish than a clear bright red.

I afterwards enquired of several persons in the valley upon this subject, and they all confirmed the statement here given. Recollecting the surprise and difference of opinion manifested amongst the *savans* of London concerning the red snow brought home by captain Ross from the high northern latitudes, I was desirous of procuring a specimen of the red snow from these Alpine heights, but the situations where it is found being now inaccessible, I was obliged to be satisfied with the authority of those who had seen it.*

* Although the fact of red snow may be a novelty to us, it is a fact with which we might long ago have been ac-

Thus passed away a great part of the evening in the company of this humble and singular character, from whose conversation I am not ashamed to say I derived information as well as amusement. There was a display of character in this man, which struck me as highly singular. Here was all that natural simplicity of manner which might be expected in one who had never been beyond the sequestered valley in

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quainted, having been noticed many years since by De Saussure. But for the benefit of sceptics I will here give his own account in his own words: —

"Avant de quitter ces neiges j'observerai que cette poussière rouge que j'ai trouvée en si grande quantité sur les neiges du Mont Brevent et du St. Bernard, et qui m'a donné des indices d'une nature semblable à celle de la cire, ne se voit nulle part à une hauteur supérieure à celle de la cabane construite l'année précédente, environ 1440 toises au dessus de la mer. J'en trouvai plus bas; d'autres en avoient observé à de semblables hauteurs, mais point au-dessus. Les neiges du haut sont de la plus parfaite blancheur, et si dans quelques endroits on voit de la poussière à leur surface, c'est une poussière grise, que les vents détachent des rocs du voisinage. Cette observation confirme ce que l'analyse avoit indiqué, c'est que cette substance est une poussière d'étamines et non un résultat de la décomposition de l'eau ou de l'air; comme quelques physiciens avoient été tentés de le conjecturer." *

* In a late publication by Mr. Bakewell I see a similar notice on this subject, presenting the same extract from de Saussure. But, however, as the above was written by me long before I had seen or heard of Mr. B.'s book, I do not consider it necessary to suppress or vary my original remarks.

which he was born; but yet there was all the shrewd observation of one who had seen much of the world. Here was all that appearance of strength and activity of body and mind which bespeaks the full enjoyment of life, but yet there was all that carelessness of one who had become indifferent how soon he quitted it.

He seemed to be well pleased with his reception of this evening, and I promised to avail myself of his services on some of my further expeditions amongst the mountains; upon which we parted, and by the time that I had reduced these results of our conversation into writing, it was past the usual hour of bed-time.

Thursday, November 8. The weather still beautifully clear, and the thermometer (Reaum.) placed outside the window remained pretty stationary, being, during the night, as long as I had opportunity of observing, between 6 and 7 degrees below zero, and at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, between 2 and 3 degrees below zero. As morning advances, the thermometer gradually rises, but as soon as the sun appears over the summit of Mont Blanc, and the rays are directed into the valley, which today, according to time here, was at a few minutes before eleven o'clock, the thermometer rises

rapidly until it reaches between 7 and 8 degrees above zero, from whence it soon begins to fall.

At ten minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon, I watched the sun directly over the mountains on the opposite side of the valley. In a few minutes more the rays were only visible on the summit of Mont Blanc, and at a quarter after three the sun had entirely set to the inhabitants of this valley. About the period of the shortest day, therefore, it is evident the sun's arc must be so low, that for a few weeks the sun cannot be visible to the inhabitants of this valley longer than an hour in the day, and this, as I am informed, is according to the fact. Very soon after the disappearance of the sun the thermometer undergoes a rapid change. But, however, such is the purity of the atmosphere in this elevated valley, and so protected is it in all directions from the wind, that the cold is by no means unpleasant to the human frame in good health, at least according to my own feelings, for during my stay here I neither had with me, nor had I occasion for any addition to my usual clothing, which was close, but rather of a light nature, excepting as regards the feet, which required additional warmth as a protection against the snow.

I will close this subject with one other remark, which is, that during my stay in this valley I have not once observed the slightest appearance of dew. By way of experiment I exposed to the whole of the evening and night air a piece of highly-polished steel, but in the morning this showed no sign whatever of rust, or even of moisture.

But now to proceed with my Journal.—This day was principally devoted to visiting the lower part of the valley, and the little hamlets which are scattered over its flat surface, or which hang upon its steep sides.

All these hamlets are inhabited by peasants, most of whom cultivate their own little plot of ground, which, with a wooden cabin and its contents, two mules, and a small herd of goats, generally constitutes the whole of each man's property and stock. Oats, barley, and hemp seem to be the principal artificial produce of this valley, and even of these are raised but scanty crops. Wheat, they say, will not always ensure them a return of the seed put into the ground, and it is, therefore, cultivated in very small quantities.

From what I was able to collect, however, the mode of farming here is bad enough. It is a continual system of cropping, with but little means of replenishing; and when a spot is so exhausted that it will not yield back the seed thrown in, it is given up to nature, and another piece is taken in hand which is just recovering from similar treatment.

The manure afforded by so small a stock is necessarily scanty, and this is all the dressing that the land receives; which rather surprised me, having observed that coal crops out of the lower mountains on the western side of the southern extremity of the valley, and that on the same side, not far distant, calcareous rock is found in abundance; though, to be sure, the coal is in a situation rather difficult of access.

It seems they are acquainted with the art of burning lime here, though this is effected in a very rude manner; but when produced it is applied only for the purposes of building, and therefore very seldom wanted, as their buildings are constructed almost entirely of wood. On suggesting the great advantages to be derived from the use of lime as a manure, these were admitted as very probable, and the principal

objection against the practice seemed to be the want of sanction by custom.

All the wood, of which there is a plentiful supply on the western side of this valley, belongs to the King of Sardinia, but for nine *sous* any of the inhabitants are permitted to cut and carry away a very stately tree; and so in proportion according to the girth, up to three *francs*, for which sum they may take their choice of any tree in the woods, and many of these firs are of enormous dimensions.

The dwellings here, as I have mentioned, are constructed almost entirely of wood, and even the roof is formed out of small thin pieces of fir, cut out into a rounded shape, resembling little tiles. The style of architecture resembles that of some of the Swiss cantons, excepting that the cottages of this valley are altogether of a very inferior description, both as to exterior appearance and internal comfort. The inhabitants appear to be a hardy race of people, but of mild and inoffensive manners; and, enjoying few or none perhaps of what are called the luxuries of life, they seem to be perfectly contented with their lot. Their shrewdness of remark, and general acquaintance with the different

productions and various phenomena of these high regions did certainly surprise me; and although the facility of my intercourse with them was in some degree impeded by the intermixture of a *patois* dialect with their language, yet I am quite ready to admit that most of the facts here related respecting this valley, and which did not come under my own personal observation, are derived from these sources of information; and for my own part, until these high regions are better known, these are the sources of information in which I feel inclined to place the most reliance.

Amongst other subjects of my enquiry to-day was that of the birds and animals here found.

Of the eagle tribe which abounds here, I was informed that there are five different species, some of which are of great size and strength. One of them in particular, but not the largest of the species which is found only in the highest and most solitary regions, was described as being extremely powerful and ferocious. This, I apprehend from the description, is the bird generally known by the name of the Griffin of the Alps, although it did not appear to be here known by such a name. But there is another species here, the most dreaded of all, as being

the most frequently found amongst the haunts of men; this is called the "lammergeyer," or vulture of the lambs, the terror of all the shepherds and goatherds of these Alpine valleys.

The principal animals of the chase are the Chamois, the Bouquetin, and the Marmotte; but, it is here said, that all these animals are becoming every year sensibly reduced in number. The Bouquetin in particular has already become rare, and is now seldom seen but quite in the interior amongst the mountains, and upon elevations inaccessible to man, from whence, like the Chamois, they keep constant guards to look out for and give notice of the approach of danger.

The Bouquetin, as well as the Chamois, is of the antelope species, and though rather larger than the Chamois, yet in every other respect resembles it, with the exception of the horns, and these are of such enormous size as to excite astonishment that they could possibly be borne upon so small a head. I since saw one of these animals which had been shot, and the horns were indeed prodigious. The horns of the Chamois form only one simple curvature over the head, but those of the Bouquetin rise in a more upright direction, and are twisted like a corkscrew.

The Marmotte is an animal still found in great numbers amongst the crevices of these rocks in which they live. They are hunted here principally for food, but use is also made of the skin, which is thickly covered with hair of a dusky white. These animals being now in a torpid state, I did not meet with any of them, but of their skins I saw several about the houses of the peasantry.

With respect to bears and wolves, these animals now, it seems, very rarely make their appearance here, and then only in the severest weather of winter.

Thus passed away a great part of to-day in visiting and conversing with these humble people.

During the evening, whilst seated before my little parlour window, and musing on the bright moon's silvery light, which now overspread the rounded summit of Mont Blanc, my thoughts after much ranging, at length became directed to a definite object, and one naturally suggested by the sight before me. This was concerning the relative height of Mont Blanc with that of Chimboraço, and becoming interested with the

subject, I entered into the following calculation, and observations thereupon.

According to M. de Humboldt, the summit of Chimboraço is 3267 French toises, or 19602 feet above the level of the sea. But, according to the same able geometrician, the plains of Quito upon which this mountain stands, are about 1500 toises, or 9000 feet above the level of the sea.

To obtain therefore a correct notion of the height of this mountain from its base, the elevation of the plain from which it rises should be deducted from the aggregate of the elevation of the summit above the sea: thus,—

	Toises.
Chimboraço above the sea.....	3267
Plains of Quito above the sea.....	1500
The elevation of Chimboraço from its base,	1767 toises, or 10602 feet.

According to the calculation of M. de Saussure the elevation of the summit of Mont Blanc above the sea is 2450 French toises, which is 817 toises less than the actual elevation of Chimboraço. But the elevation of the valley of Cha-

mouni from which Mont Blanc rises, should also be deducted: thus—

	Toises.
Mont Blanc above the sea.....	2450
Valley of Chamouni above the sea.....	524
The elevation of Mont Blanc from its base....	1926 toises or 11,556 feet.
Elevation of Mont Blanc above its base.....	1926
Do.....Chimboraço .....do.....	1767
	159 toises.

Thus Mont Blanc, as it appears to the eye of the spectator in the valley, is 159 toises, or 954 feet higher than Chimboraço!

But to show by another mode of calculation the difference between the actual elevation of these two stupendous mountains, Chimboraço may be considered as rising in perpendicular height above the level of the sea 3 miles, and 1254 yards, and Mont Blanc as rising in perpendicular height above the sea 2 miles and 1380 yards. Thus appears a superiority of actual elevation in favour of Chimboraço of 1634 yards, or 1 mile, less 126 yards!

I should here remark upon these figures that, for more convenient reckoning, I have reduced

the French toise into French feet, and that in reducing these into English miles, I have taken the French feet as English measurement. The difference however is so small as not to be of much importance in a general calculation of this nature; the Paris foot being to that of the English foot as 4263 to 4000, or about 16 to 15. The French toise contains 6 of their feet, and nearly corresponds with our fathom; the length of the French toise being to the English fathom as 1065 to 1000, or as 213 to 200.

Friday, November 9. Took an early ramble before breakfast. The morning was brilliantly clear; not a cloud or vapour was to be seen under the deep blue vault of Heaven, and the air, more bracing than cold, now floated gently through the valley with a feeling of purity the most refreshing.

As I passed by, a cottager was opening the door of a shed which afforded nightly shelter to his flock of goats, and presently, with their little bells tinkling at their necks, out they all bounded to seek the scanty bits of vegetation which appeared above the snow. Soon they spied out some small straggling bushes, and these, before many minutes, were stripped of

their few remaining leaves. Here and there the cottage lasses were occupied in rolling up the snow into large balls, which were finally deposited one at each corner of the patch of ground thus cleared, and tolerable grass was then discovered. The scene altogether, at this early time of morning, was full of novelty and beauty. All nature around was glittering in her frozen garb, and every animate object which here met the eye seemed as if enlivened by returning day; no sound (save of the little tinkling goat bells, and now and then the distant barking of a dog) disturbed the calm serenity of the air; Echo herself seemed as if still asleep within her icy cave, and man had hardly yet commenced his daily occupations.

The curious and beautiful appearance of the snow in this valley is also worthy of remark. The ground was now covered about a foot deep, but the upper surface consisted of large light flakes beautifully arborified, and sparkling as if composed of innumerable small crystals.

After breakfast I set out for another ramble amongst the mountains, — but the majestic grandeur of the scenery amidst which I passed the day— how shall I attempt description!— Mont

Blanc, and the lofty pedestals which support its mighty base, looked down upon my labours of to day. Through the deep snow I pursued a long and laborious ascent until the valley lay at a fearful depth below me; but the heights above seemed scarcely to have altered in appearance, and the summit of Mont Blanc seemed rather to have receded than approached. The snow however, on this more exposed side of the valley, became too deep to permit even curiosity to urge me higher, and I was now without a guide. I seemed already shut out from all mankind; I felt delight at the idea that I stood in the midst of these eternal snows unheeded and alone, and I derived pleasure even from the fancy that I was, perhaps, just then at a higher elevation than any other human being in the world. Not a sigh was audible in the gently floating air, no sound could here ascend from the little valley beneath, the solemn silence of the grave now reigned around, and no sign of life, animal or vegetable, was visible! But deep in snow, Alps upon Alps are seen rearing their terrific heads into the skies, as if proclaiming through the stillness of desolation, the Omnipotence of the Creator! The whole was a scene of unutterable and awful majesty, good for the human mind to dwell upon.

Descending by the side of the Glacier des Buissons on my return homewards, the rays of the sinking sun, which had already disappeared to the valley, were still lingering on the upper part of this glacier, and the effect produced upon the ice was more brilliant than I had yet ever witnessed. The high pointed peaks, rising above the snow which now covered the whole surface of the glacier, presented the soft colour of pale emerald green mingled with frosted silver, and this hue so delicately beautiful, was contrasted with the dark blue ice of the deep gulfs which yawned in all directions around these high piled frozen masses.

At a lofty elevation above this glacier, and aspiring to the summit of Mont Blanc, is seen the stupendous and round-topped mountain called le dôme du Gouté, which, still glittering in the sun's bright rays, might now (to compare large things with small) be likened to a vast cupola of gold! But fancy has soared too long and high, and it is now full time to clip her wings and bring her to the earth again.

At the spot where lately stood the little hamlet des Buissons, situated near the foot of this glacier, I stopped to view the ravages here made by a torrent, in the month of August last.

A great body of water, bringing with it huge rocks and heaps of rubbish, suddenly rushed down from the mountains above, and, passing along the side of this glacier, and through a wood of firs, prostrating every thing in its course, carried away most of the houses of the hamlet des Buissons, and the whole of a small adjoining hamlet, with the exception of one cottage, which yet stands in the midst of a scene of ruin, forming absolutely a pitiable sight.

The owner of this little hut had just returned home from his day's work as I was passing by, and he was now standing at the door with all his family, consisting of his wife, several little ragged children, and a dog, to look at the stranger. I addressed some observation to him, and before we parted, I received from him the following particulars of this catastrophe.

It occurred late in the evening, towards the latter end of the month of August last, and, as he described, the scene of horror was so great with the roar of the rushing waters, and the falling of the enormous stones, that he feared he had lived to witness, to use his own expression, '*le dernier Jour.*' In a few minutes, every habitation, with the exception of this solitary cottage, which was protected by some strong fir-

trees, was swept away, and a few broken spars and planks scattered over a scene of ruin and desolation, were the only vestiges of this unfortunate little hamlet. It providentially happened that warning was given of the approaching danger, and one life only was lost.

I asked this sole remaining inhabitant, if he did not fear to continue in a situation of such danger; but he replied, that his little hut had been protected when all the others were swept away, and that the same Power, if it thought fit, would continue its protection.

Whilst talking to this man, and contemplating the scene of ruin around me, I heard another avalanche. The sound seemed to come directly from above, and was like a tremendous and long continued crash of thunder. Such, thought I to myself as walking away, such are some of the drawbacks to the delights of a residence in an Alpine valley! and so let every one endeavour to assure himself, that thus it is in every state in life, — the good and the evil are weighed out pretty much alike to all! But I had lingered long upon my way, and the dusk of evening drawing round me, I hastened to gain my quarters at the village, where I arrived "though weak with toil, yet strong in appetite."

Nearly the whole of the remainder of the evening was spent in conversation with my host and hostess, M. Charlet and his sister, and with an old man, their grandfather, who would recount over and over with delight all his recollections "*touchant ce brave et grand homme, M. de Saussure,*" and his bold adventures in this valley. All this was not only amusing to me, as varying my solitary evening hours, but I thus also derived much, to me, interesting information about these high Alpine regions.

With respect to these kind people themselves, I could hardly say too much in return for their attentions. Though in a humble rank of life, and much secluded from intercourse with the world, yet they shew signs of education, and their ways of thinking, as well as of expression, raise them much above the common class. It seemed as if they thought that a lonely stranger visiting these inclement regions in the season when all other visitors deserted them, had a stronger claim than usual to hospitality and attention; for certainly no endeavour was spared to render my stay agreeable, and to assist me in all the objects of my visit.

Saturday, November 10. Set out this morning early upon another long and laborious ex-

pedition, but now accompanied by my guide. Having reached the further extremity of the valley, we ascended the mountain which separates the valley of Chamouni from that of Argentière. Down this steep barrier, in a deep gulley formed in the rock, pitches the noisy Arve, and close along the edge of its rapid course winds the steep path. Having gained this barrier's height, the little valley of Argentière lies before the view, and behind, the whole valley of Chamouni stretches beneath the feet.

The valley of Argentière is at a pretty considerable elevation above that of Chamouni, and is so closely hemmed in on either side by lofty mountains, that, too narrow for a valley and too broad for a ravine, it may more properly be called a defile between the Alps. Here however, as my guide informed me, is found, during a few of the early summer months, an excellent short pasturage, and the cheese made here is said to be superior to that of the valley below.

It seems as if there were something in the herbage upon these higher mountains, just below the regions of snow, peculiarly grateful to the animals which there feed in the early part of the year, for we find that all the finest cheeses which are made in Switzerland, such as the

Chapzagar and Gruyère, are brought down from the higher Alpine vallies.

About midway in this narrow valley or defile, is the small village of Argentière, sheltered and protected from above by a lofty climbing wood of strong dark tufted firs, and forming, with its little steeple from amidst a cluster of wooden cabins, an interesting object in this sequestered spot.

Near this village descends the Glacier d'Argentière, and high above rises the lofty peak called the "Aiguille d'Argentière."

Higher up is the Glacier de la Tour and its little village of the same name, and in a mountain above, rises a small spring about the size of the palm of the hand. This is the source of the river Arve, which, receiving many tributary streams in its way, becomes one of the chief contributors to the Rhône, soon after that river issues from the Lake of Geneva.

On my return I visited the cabin of a Hunter of the Alps, and I could as well have fancied myself in the hut of one of the hunters north of Hudson's Bay. The habitation of this hardy sportsman is perched upon the steep declivity of

a mountain high above the village of Argentière. It is a little wooden building, now half buried in the snow, with long pendent icicles hanging from the projecting eaves. The exterior of this hut was in perfect unison with the present appearance of the truly Alpine scene around, nor was the interior in less appropriate character. The entrance is through a narrow and dark passage, which leads to another and still darker passage, at a right angle with the first. At the extremity of this second passage is a door which opens into the principal, or, as I could discover, the only apartment. One little window, more than half blocked up with snow, would have left this room in darkness, but for the aid of some dying embers on the hearth, which afforded just sufficient light to enable me to look around.

The room is in form an oblong square, neither large nor small. At the upper end is the spacious hearth, before which was a three-legged table and a wooden stool, and at the side near the lower end, and opposite to the window, is the door opening from the dark inner passage. To the left of the hearth, in one corner of the room, was a low pallet, raised a few inches from the floor of stone and clay; by the bed side was a large wooden box, and in the opposite corner,

to the right, stood a chest of drawers. Within and around the ample chimney were suspended bags of grain, dried herbs, dried meat, and various other articles.

Over the chimney were ranged a few culinary implements, and two large guns. In another part of the room hung several other instruments of the chase, and amongst these a ladder; beneath which, lying on the floor, were ropes, grappling hooks, mountain batons armed with iron spikes, and a few rough articles of dress.

By the side of the door was a wooden clock, and near this a wooden crucifix, under which, nailed to the wall, was a little pewter vessel, intended for the holy water, (not that it now contained any, or that there was the least appearance of any ever having been there,) and beneath this, shut up in a small glass case to represent the Holy Virgin, was a little waxen doll, decked out in tinsel garments something the worse for wear, and shewing the tarnish of many a year. Heads, horns, and skins of the chamois and the bouquetin, with other trophies of the chase, hung round the room in all directions, and two rude seats in addition to the wooden stool, three-legged table, pallet, and chest of drawers, complete, I believe, or pretty

nearly so, the inventory of furniture, and finishes this picture of the interior of an Alpine Hunter's hut.

Of the Hunter himself I have not yet spoken, and here description will be much more difficult. I can say that his appearance was that of a middle-aged man, short and robust in make; but of the expression of his countenance, half hidden in a head of long black hair, or of the rapidity and extreme brilliancy of his dark eye, under the shaggy and projecting eyebrow, I am unable to create even a faint idea; the inimitable pen of the great unknown master in description might succeed, but mine here drops powerless from my hand.

If, however, the future visitor to this valley should feel any curiosity to see this man, and he should chance still to be in existence, the name by which he is here known is "Le Chasseur à l'œil de Chamois." His devotion to his mode of life, as is generally found amongst this race of people, appeared to be earnest in the extreme. To him the dangers of the chase seemed to be delights; and nothing, I believe, that could be offered would prove sufficient inducement to withdraw him from this pursuit.

To form any idea of the dangers amidst which the Alpine hunter lives, it is necessary to have seen the places over which he pursues his nimble game. The mind unaccustomed to contemplate these frozen precipices must shudder to think that they are ever trodden by human footsteps; but here it is the chamois hunter passes days and nights, finding his bed upon the icy rock, surrounded by mountains apparently inaccessible, in the midst of avalanches, and in regions where rain never falls but in the shape of snow.

As descriptive of the character of this hardy and intrepid race of people, I will here quote the answer of a young hunter of the Alps to M. de Saussure:—

"Mon grand-père est mort à la chasse. Mon père y est mort, et je suis si persuadé que j'y mourrai, que ce sac que vous me voyez, monsieur, et que je porte à la chasse, je l'appelle mon drap mortuaire, parceque je suis sûr que je n'en aurai jamais d'autre. Et pourtant, si vous m'offriez de faire ma fortune, à condition de renoncer à la chasse au chamois, je n'y renoncerois pas."

Two years afterwards his young widow mourned his untimely death.

Having a strong inclination to see a specimen of the mode of pursuing game in these high regions, I proposed to this "hunter with the chamois' eye" that I should accompany him to-morrow upon an expedition for this purpose. He smiled, and replied that the hazard was now too great for himself to venture on; after hearing which, not even the wish, I believe, ever again crossed my mind.

In answer to my enquiry, he mentioned about two hundred paces as the distance at which he could kill with tolerable certainty. He always uses a single ball, and his gun when he fires is rested upon the rock. This, the extreme weight and length of the piece seems to render absolutely necessary. From what I could learn, the mode of pursuit is that of skulking day and night about the mountains where the animals are expected to pass, as the system of moving always in herds, and of keeping continual watch, prevents a more open plan of attack.

After spending some time in the company of this hardy hunter, we parted, each I believe well pleased with the interview.

I was much struck with the whole appearance and mode of life of this man, and he appeared

gratified by the interest which I took in the subject which most interested him; but my offer to submit myself to his guidance amongst these snowy mountains, and to brave the fatigues and dangers of the chase at this season of the year, seemed quite to win his heart.

We now returned towards the barrier which separates the two vallies, and from thence, turning suddenly to the left, we began the ascent of the steep and lofty mountain called Le Chapui. From the summit of this mountain is seen nearly the whole extent of the Mer de Glace, which was now the object of my curiosity; although, as my guide informed me, this extraordinary sight is seen in a still better point of view from a neighbouring mountain, called Montanvert, the ascent of which, however, he did not now deem it prudent to attempt.

After a long and fatiguing ascent, owing to the great depth of snow, we attained an elevation corresponding with the height at which the glacier rolls forth from the frozen sea. The sight from hence was terrific and imposing, but desirous of gaining a more extensive view over the Mer de Glace, I urged my guide to lead the way up still higher. He remonstrated, but curiosity is a powerful and

stubborn enemy to deal with, and we proceeded. I soon found, however, that in my survey from below I had under-rated the difficulties of this part of the ascent. The whole of the steep side up which we were now climbing was covered with fragments of granite of all shapes and sizes; and these, although deep in snow, and so tightly frozen together as to afford some convenience to the footing, yet, every now and then, gave way under our weight, and rolling down to a fearful depth, sometimes pitching over into the glacier, caused such a clatter, as more than once to make me pause, and wish myself safe back. At last, however, the difficulties so fast increased upon me, that I came to a stand-still, with the determination to proceed no further; but looking up I saw my guide high above me to the left, climbing with slow and careful steps, and the object of this enterprize so near before him, that to renounce and to return, after so much toil and trouble, no,—I could not do it—the sacrifice seemed greater than the risk; so dropping upon hands and feet, in this manner I proceeded, and attained the highest summit of the mountain, and dearly as the view from thence was bought, yet, I believe, that at that time I considered myself repaid.

The greater part of the Mer de Glace was now beneath my feet, and its frightful gulfs yawned under me: blocks of ice, heaped one upon the other in endless varieties of fantastic shapes, now rose before me, and the idea presented to the imagination by the whole, was that of a stormy sea suddenly arrested in its fury and fixed by frost. In every respect, save in the dead stillness which here reigns around, this vast frozen body may be likened to the stormy ocean; and the large loose pieces of granite which lie over this slippery surface, every now and then rolling into some icy chasm with hollow and prolonged noises, the silence which ensues becomes more marked and fearful by the contrast.

The appearance of the glacier also, from this elevation is most imposing. The whole at once lies under view, and it seems as if the frozen sea bursting its bounds threatened to overwhelm the valley below. But the imagination may be worked upon until it becomes distempered, and lest this should be thought to have been the case with me, I will commence my descent into the lower regions.

This, however, was not so easily to be done as said, and never again shall I forget, that in

climbing a mountain the time for descending must arrive.

Preparing myself for this purpose, I started back with feelings nothing short of horror at the sight before me, and it was long before I could persuade myself that I really had ascended in the direction down which I now turned my terror-stricken gaze. I appeared to be standing upon the edge of a precipice, bounded at a fearful depth below by the glacier's terrific course into the valley.

I felt like a person about to attempt a desperate undertaking with the consciousness that failure must ensue, or like what I could suppose the feelings of a person looking down from a window on the third story of a house on fire just before he leaps; in short, I do not know that I was ever in my life so sensible to the sudden stroke of terror as when I looked down in the direction in which my guide told me that I had ascended, and in which I must now descend.

The recollection of De Saussure's account of his descent from the summit of Mont Blanc occurred to me, and I now felt intimately acquainted with the feelings which he so expres-

sively describes even after all the dangers which he had surmounted in his ascent. I recollected also his account of the effect which the sight before them had upon one of his hardy guides, who, when he looked down in the very same direction in which he had ascended, burst into tears, and for a few minutes was reduced to a state of childish helplessness through fear. I did not positively stand and cry, but only perhaps because I knew that tears could not avail me. But what was now to me of more importance, I also recollected De Saussure's advice, founded on his great experience on these occasions; which is, to mark well, before you set out, the route to be pursued, and having regarded carefully "les mauvais pas," and having accustomed the eye to the sight of these, then, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping the eye within the circuit of a few steps, and fixing your bâton firmly before you, to proceed fearlessly. These directions he then impresses in the following forcible manner, and in something like the following words, which I recollect from the little moral sentence with which he concludes. — " Mais si l'on ne peut pas supporter la vue du précipice et s'y habituer, il faut renoncer à son entreprize; car quand le sentier est étroit, il est impossible de regarder où l'on met le pied sans voir en même tems le précipice;

et cette vue, si elle vous prend à l'improviste, vous donne des éblouissemens et peut-être la cause de votre perte. Cette regle de conduite dans les dangers, me paroît applicable au moral comme au physique."

My guide also gave me good advice, particularly about the management of the bâton, upon which much depends, and having pointed out to me the best line to be pursued in a spiral direction, I felt satisfied that all had been done for me in the way of assistance which could be done, and that for the rest I must depend upon myself alone.

It will be sufficient to say that we descended without accident, and that, as is often the case, the danger in reality proved much less than in apprehension. The great depth of snow upon the upper part of this mountain gave an appearance of greater precipitancy than really existed, and the uneven surface underneath assisted considerably to secure the footsteps. However, it was with no little satisfaction that I gained the more regular descent, and my guide with some share of personal feeling seemed to participate in my joy, for he now confessed that this was the second time in his life that he had ascended to the summit of this mountain, and the first

time at so late a period of the year, although I incline to think that the depth of snow aided rather than impeded our descent.

We now made the best of our way towards the village, but night-fall overtook us before we reached our quarters.

After dinner, and my usual cup of coffee, I found myself so far recovered from the fatigues of the day as to be tempted by the brilliancy of the night again to wander forth.

The appearance of the heavens was now a sight of the most sublime magnificence. The moon and stars shone with a brilliancy known only in the pure atmosphere of Alpine regions, and all the heavenly bodies were now seen magnified to more than twice their accustomed size. But what is peculiarly remarkable during the fine weather of this season of the year in these high regions, is the appearance of the sky at night. Not a cloud in form even of the lightest vapour was now visible, and the sky which in the day time was of a dark blue, was now a black of the deepest dye. It was as if a canopy of black velvet had been drawn over heaven's vault, and had shut out the sky from view; so that the moon and stars appeared, as they really are, sus-

pended in the ether, there being nothing distinguishable in substance or in colour above, below, or round them.

This extraordinary intensity of shade in the appearance of the sky, day and night, is caused by the great purity and transparency of the air in these elevated regions at this period of the year; and it is a peculiarity noticed by De Saussure, who thus accounts for the singular phenomenon of the appearance of the stars in full day to an observer on the summit of Mont Blanc. On this subject he adds, however, that the observer should be entirely in the shade, otherwise, that the glare around dissipates the weak light of the stars.

The train of thought naturally suggested in contemplating the moon-light in a winter's night upon the Alps is, perhaps of a pleasing sombre cast, but to a lonely stranger, far away from country, home, and friends, such a sight as this is calculated to give rise to many reflections of a deeply interesting and impressive nature; such were now my feelings, but tinged rather with a musing melancholy.

Various conflicting thoughts now crowded upon me. The recollection of country, home,

and friends, together with the long interval which had elapsed since any tidings of these had reached me, seemed to call me into the world again; but yet, I felt myself like one spell-bound in regions of enchantment. I had made arrangements for my departure from the valley early to-morrow morning. I wished to quit, but the anticipation of that period filled me with feelings partaking of regret. Conscience, like the Mentor of Telemachus, whispered me to go; my wishes and anxieties urged me to depart, and yet I lingered in suspense and doubt!

To-morrow, however, by the break of day, was the time fixed for destroying this delusion; and as it was now near the hour of midnight, I bent my steps towards the village, consoling myself in some degree for the time already spent amidst these snowy mountains by hoping that it had not been spent without, at least, some good result. For, as Cicero has said, so I seemed now to feel, — "Omnia profectò, cum se à celestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsiùs magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet" — "that the contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs!"

Sunday, November 11. Breakfasted this morning by candle-light, and at seven o'clock set out on foot on my return to Geneva. Alone, and heavy at heart I set out; for I felt like one about to quit, as he believes, for ever, scenes become endeared to him by recollections the most pleasing. If I had not enjoyed the advantage of a companion, and a friend with whom to share the toil of climbing many a steep ascent, and the delight of witnessing from thence the awful grandeur of the scene displayed, yet had I at least the satisfaction of feeling that my pleasures and caprices in no way interfered with those of others. When upon the snowy mountain top, the very thought was to me a feeling of delight, that I was there alone, and putting no one to pain or inconvenience, — that I was there free as the air which blew around me. Then only could my fancy take her flights without restraint; then only it was she seemed to whisper that I was high above all the inhabitants of the earth, and whether it were so or not, I never paused to doubt, for it was my will and pleasure so to think, and there was no one present to dispute. It was a whisper that seemed to conjure up a charm which wrapped itself around the soul to free it from its earthly bonds, and this incorporeal part being thus let loose, then seemed to soar with fancy in its course over the

snowy heights to heaven, until, wearied by the flight, they both returned to their narrow empty cage, which stood ready to receive them on the mountain top. These may be called reveries, delusions, phantasma of the mind, no matter what, being now, when in the world again, no less absurd than indescribable! But, at the time they consoled me for the loss of society and friends; they compensated me for many bruises, for much pain and labour, they cheered me when a solitary being in the midst of scenes of fearful desolation, and warmed me when deep in snow upon the frozen Alpine heights. But why should I dwell on feelings selfish and unsocial such as these! Reader, I crave your pardon, and will proceed upon my way.

Behold me, then, arrived at the little village of les Ouches, for there, upon a bridge which crosses one of the smaller mountain torrents, I took my seat, intending to take my farewell view of Chamouni.

Eager to carry away with me a lasting recollection of this valley, my eyes again roamed over all its interesting objects; each seemed to present something new and wonderful to arrest and to divert the attention; and whilst yet I lingered here, the sun began to gild the snowy summit of

Mont Blanc. This was a sight on which I had not yet so often looked that I could now behold it with indifference. Wrapt in admiration, I lingered here to gaze upon the heavenly splendour, and sublime magnificence before me—too long I lingered, and too much admired!—lost in the delusions of imagination, I felt unable to proceed; I looked back, and my steps followed where my wishes led; I retraced my way to the little village inn, feeling like the school-boy, whose persuasions, after long entreaty, have wheedled from mamma, "*one more day.*"

I determined, however, that as I could not part under the light of day, I would take the opportunity of stealing off under the veil of night, and thus compensate myself in some degree for this deception, by witnessing the majestic scenery of my way by moonlight. The village folks, neatly dressed in their best attire, were now hastening in all directions to the parish church at Chamouni, and I found plenty of companions on my road.

At half past nine, I reached my old quarters. Many and hearty were the congratulations of my host and hostess on this unexpected re-appearance. The dying embers on the hearth were soon restored to blazing logs, and another break-

last was quickly spread before me, which, as my first had been rather a hasty meal was now quite acceptable.

After breakfast I looked into the church, and so great was the crowd, that for some time it was really only looking in. At length however, I succeeded in gaining access, and time enough to hear the principal part of the sermon. The priest delivered his discourse extempore, with so much energy and fluency of expression, and yet with such propriety of manner, that I confess I was surprised. The subject matter of the discourse was plain; excellent Christian principles were well urged, but the imperative duties of regular attendance at mass, and frequent confessions, were enforced in language too strongly tinctured with the violent and intolerant spirit of the Roman Catholic faith.

After the conclusion of this discourse, commenced the ceremony of high mass; but I had too often witnessed these mysteries to have any curiosity to gratify, and therefore I took the opportunity, when the priest descended from the pulpit, of emerging from the religious crowd in which, for above an hour, I had been closely packed.

The situation of this church is extremely beautiful, just at the outskirt of the village, and on the rising ground which leads to the foot of Mont Breven.

Along the extensive base of this high mountain was my favorite walk, it being immediately before Mont Blanc. The sun was now directly over this mighty giant of the Alps, and its head was hidden in a blaze of light.* All the valley now reflected from its snows the brilliant rays, and the scene was of such dazzling brightness as to be painful to the sight. The warmth of the sun was also just now considerable, but on reaching the steep ascent of Breven, I found shelter and a resting place under a flat projecting rock.

Here, already high above the valley, with a yet powerful sun over head, and with snow beneath my feet, I sat, still wondering and admiring.

Presently, the crowd issuing from the church, threw life into the quiet scene before me, but being far out of reach of sound from below, and men and women being objects at this distance but indistinctly visible, the scene was only changed into a moving panorama.

* Dark with excessive bright.
Paradise Lost, b. iii. l. 380.

Here, in the full enjoyment of the most uninterrupted indolence, basking in the sun's warm rays, and gazing upon the frozen scene around me, I passed the remainder of the day. But the thought that the sun was now shining for the last time to me in Chamouni, mingled with my meditations somewhat of a parting melancholy. I felt as a lover parting with his mistress, and taking out my pocket-book, I there inscribed, as thus I sighed my last farewell.

" O, Chamouni! thou fairy snow-clad maid,
(For to what else can I thy charms compare?)
And must I say farewell! — Alas! farewell
To those calm hours of solitary peace
In which alone, unheeded and unknown,
My eyes have revelled o'er thy naked form;
Where, hidden from the world, its noise and cares,
Between the rising of thy snowy breasts
A pillow and a resting place I found.
From thee, fair maid, my wandering steps I turn;
But yet, once more, my lingering farewell —
And oh! thou soft'ner of the spell-bound soul,
Tho' now we part, perchance no more to meet,
Yet, in the strife of life's more sober cares,
My busy memory will thy form restore,
Which space nor time can hide or snatch away.
If e'er the phantom, borne on fancy's wing,
Should realize a visionary hope —
If ever I should catch the flitting light
Which hitherto hath led me on my way,
And proved a guide as cheering and as dear
As that to the benighted lonely wretch,
From cottage streaming in one friendly ray;

If then I may have clasped the airy form,
Which, in my sleeping or my waking dreams,
Is ever floating in my fancy's eye
Till scared away by cold reality, —
Then to thy fairy haunts will I return,
And that great void which tinges o'er with gloom
The path of him who walks alone through life,
In me enlightened with a heavenly flame
To cheer, protect and guide me on my way, —
Then will I climb thy snowy heights again,
And sing their wonders in a livelier strain.
Till then farewell! fair white rob'd maid, farewell!"

The mind bewildered in following the mazy flight of fancy, may imagine any thing: so it was now with me. No sooner had I sighed forth this farewell, than methought I saw before me rising from the snow, a lovely female figure clad in white, and looking like the spirit of the valley invoked from her crystal cave. Methought I saw her wave her fairy arms, whilst floated in the air towards me, in softest sounds, but in an offended tone of voice, the following words —

Stranger, stranger, haste thee away,
And yield not to thy fancy's sway;
Life is but short, and man was born,
For action in his early morn.

Stranger, stranger, haste thee away,
Nor dwell with me another day;
Pursue thy course — the world regain,
Then may'st thou see me once again.

"Stranger, stranger, yield not to fears,
I shall be here some thousand years;
I've told thee the truth, and now, I say,
Speed thee well, and haste thee away."

With these last words the figure seemed to melt into the ambient air, and a gust of wind rushing suddenly past me, I awoke as from a reverie or dream.

The sun had disappeared, but its lingering rays were still visible upon the snowy summits. I felt as if rouzed from a state of stupor,—as if suddenly inspired with a desire to descend into the world; and now, better satisfied with myself, I pursued my course towards the inn, to prepare once more for my departure from the enchanted valley.

Having already warned my readers of a besetting sin, "the aptitude to be thrown into a state of admiration," I will here deprecate the more sober smile of my sedate friends, who, with uplifted hands, will exclaim with wonder at seeing these my lucubrations in print, by craving their indulgence, and at the same time reminding them that I leave them in the quiet possession of their studies. Let them cull their sweets from the rich mines of ancient classic lore, the treasures of Euclid, or the ponderous tomes of never-ending disputation, moral, physical, or

metaphysical. I only claim the privilege of seeking my hone in other fields, and of plucking a daisy wherever I may chance to find one that suits my fancy. There may be future time for gravity amidst the severer duties of a busy world; and if it be a flattery, it is a harmless flattery, that the light ephemera which have floated in the morning of life before a distempered vision, will not obscure the sunshine of a later day.

That I am not singular in those impressions of wonder and admiration which I have humbly endeavoured to transfer to my readers, by attempts at a description of this stupendous imagery, may be seen in the writings of many, whose reputations as poets have placed them beyond the reach of chilling ridicule; and, if proof be wanting, no where, perhaps, can it with more success be sought for than in the writings of an elegant poet of the present day, who, on the first sight of the hoary giant of the Alps, burst into the following apostrophe:—

"Mighty Mont Blanc! thou were to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.

" Nor ever, were I destin'd yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
The ecstasy that thrill'd me then!"

After dinner I arranged my small wardrobe, and the numerous little packages which had accumulated upon me during my stay here, containing specimens of various productions of these regions, such as crystals, fossils, stones, and plants, not forgetting to mention chamois' heads and horns. Thus loaded, and by no means lightly, I was all prepared, waiting only for the rising moon.

At ten minutes past seven o'clock a bright and lovely moon peeped over the summit of Mont Blanc.

In spite of all the apprehensions and remonstrances of my kind host and hostess, added to those of my guide, who, having heard of my intention, had come for the express purpose of averting it with fearful tales of slippery paths and fathomless precipices, I persisted in my determination of tracing my path on foot, alone, and through the night, over these snowy mountains.

Speaking of my guide, I will take this opportunity of mentioning his name, for the purpose of remarking, that if any one into whose hand this recommendation may chance to fall should ever have occasion for a guide in the valley of Chamouni, he may find as good, but not a better guide than Jaques Simon. This was the man whom, by chance, I found at the little village of Servoz, and who, from thence, accompanied me on the remainder of my way to Chamouni, and there continued with me in the character of guide.

Joseph Marie Couttet, however, from his intimate knowledge of these mountains, his presence of mind and coolness in the time of danger, all so often proved, is here admitted to be the most important personage to possess on any expedition into these high snowy regions, when dangers are expected to be encountered. But, indeed, all the guides of this valley whom I have seen, struck me as being a fine and hardy race of people, possessing much quickness of intelligence, and more general information about these regions and their natural productions, than might have been expected, most of these men being able to give the scientific name for any botanical or geological specimen here commonly found; they are, besides, civil, attentive, and unsparing in

their pains to gratify the curiosity of the inquisitive traveller, and certainly, as far as I have seen, much less greedy after gain, than the inhabitants of the more frequented parts of the country.

Most of the strong young men of this valley lay aside their farming occupations in the summer months, to pick up a little profit as guides; and they have a curious custom amongst themselves, of giving to each a surname expressive of his character, or in allusion to some feat performed in this capacity; such as *le Chamois, l'Aigle, l'Oiseau, le Géant*, &c., and the father of them all, Pierre Balmat, '*dit Mont Blanc*,' from the circumstance of his being one of those, and now the only surviving guide who first ascended that mountain with Dr. Paccard, and afterwards with M. de Saussure.

But to quit this digression—my faithful attendant Jaques Simon, finding me resolved, now urged that I should permit him to accompany me at least over what he called '*les mauvais pas*;' and that I might not think this offer made from any interested motive, he assured me beforehand that he would accept no other recompence than the satisfaction he should derive from seeing me in a safe road.

I almost felt inclined to yield, but looking out, the lovely moon dispelled all doubts and fears, and I determined to enjoy my moonlight walk alone.

My hostess now seeing me take up my hat, hastily brought me a dish of strong coffee, which she had already prepared, to keep me, as she said, from falling asleep upon the snow; in return for which, and all her kind attentions, I bequeathed to her, in case of my body being discovered at the bottom of a precipice, or frozen upon the mountain-top, whatever money, goods, and chattels might be found upon me, and loaded with blessings and adieus, at twenty minutes past seven o'clock I made my first step towards Geneva.

In the village were assembled many of its inhabitants to see the English stranger set out on foot and unattended, to cross their snowy mountains in a severe November night.

With most of these *braves Chamouniards* I had by this time become acquainted; and with many a hearty shake of the hand, and amidst many a cry of "*Adieu, Monsieur! adieu! bon voyage, et le bon Dieu vous benisse!*" I bade

good-bye to the peaceful little village of Chamouni. — But, I will confess, that, as I turned my back upon this humble village, my feelings brought something like a blush into my face, for I was just then thinking, that after home and a few friends, the warmest and most friendly reception which I had ever met with, had been from strangers in this sequestered spot!

The way was now clear before me, and all around was tranquil.

My course to and through this valley I have already attempted to describe; but now, in the stillness of night, under the pale moonlight, how shall I by words convey even a faint idea of the magnificence of nature here displayed.

Quitting the village, I pursued the narrow road through the centre of the valley. No human voice or cry of animal now disturbed the stillness of this scene; no sigh was audible in the lifeless air, nor any sound, save that of my own solitary footsteps, and the very moon-beams seemed asleep upon the snowy heights around.

Having arrived opposite to the Glacier des Buissons, I crossed the Arve over a rude Alpine

bridge, which, shaking under every step, reminds the traveller of the roaring torrent under him.

Here, upon this trembling bridge, I paused to take another farewell view of Chamouni. Immediately before me was the Glacier des Buissons, reflecting from its crystal surface the silvery rays of light; above, in solemn majesty, appeared the prince of all the Alps, Mont Blanc; lower down glittered another of this monarch's frozen streams, the Glacier de Taconnay; and beneath me were the moon's pale beams dancing on the rapid waters of the Arve. The appearance of the snow was that of an infinite number of minute crystals, and the crowd of sparkling heights around me seemed to realize even more than the brightest imagery of eastern tale.

Having reached the village of Les Ouches, here willingly would I pause again, could I hope to convey any adequate notion of the scene before me. The mountains which bound the valley at this extremity are of prodigious magnitude, and form a sort of amphitheatre, in which this village stands. But now so deeply was this little cluster of habitations buried in the snow, that, but for the more prominent object, the church, which viewed under the pale moonlight presents the appearance of an ancient tower, I

could not have traced even a recollection of the place.

Quitting the village of Les Ouches, the path turns to the right from the valley of Chamouni, and soon leads to the little village of Condamine. Here all seemed hushed in sleep, save two, and these were a young lass leaning out from her low chamber window, to hold soft converse with a youth below. Not wishing to interrupt, perhaps, a song of love, I passed by with an exchange only of the usual short but friendly greeting.

My way now lay pretty evenly before me, through the little valley of Condamine, though occasionally hidden in the dark woods of fir, which here and there stretch down the mountains' sides into the valley's plain.

Near the extremity of this valley, where it becomes suddenly contracted by the approaching mountains, the path makes a deep pitch into a small ravine, formed by a mountain torrent. This spot was well in recollection, nor had I forgotten the rude bridge here, in passing which, even by the light of day, I had found occasion for all my steadiness of step. With a few slips I descended to the bottom of the ravine, and

there the light was just sufficient to enable me to distinguish the rustic bridge, which, no doubt, had last been trodden by myself. The chief supplies of water being now stopt, this torrent presented only the appearance of a stream rapid enough to break through the loose ice about the centre, there shewing the shallowness of the current.

And now to describe the bridge, which may be done in a few words, for it was nothing more than a single prostrate fir, with a little of its rounded surface cut away. Rude, however, as it was, I was thankful for the prudent caution which had placed it there, and my only thought was how to get at it, the access being down a steep declivity, covered with one slippery sheet of ice. By cautious steps, however, and with the assistance of my umbrella, which again served me for a mountain staff, I gained this simple bridge.

To avoid a wetting, I had now only to preserve my balance by a steady head. In this I succeeded tolerably well, until I had just passed the centre, when, alas! the treacherous tree making an inclination on one side, in the twinkling of an eye I found myself astride it, with

my feet dangling in the water. In this easy situation I remained some minutes to recover my surprize, and enjoy a hearty laugh; and then drawing one leg over, I pursued my way through ice and water to the opposite bank. Having gained the opposite side, I gradually emerged from this dark ravine, and presently arrived at the foot of the pass called Les Montées, already mentioned.

Here, from an elevated path, I paused to look back upon this little valley. The scattered woods of fir clinging to the snowy mountains, and stretching down into the valley's plain, were like so many blots heightening by contrast the glittering scene around, and for some distance back the eye could trace the river's winding course till lost in the dark abyss beneath. But turning to behold the way before me, how changed the scene! The brilliant lights of night served now but to make visible one black impervious mass of tall majestic firs, from the dark mountain top on either side to the gloomy bottom of the deep defile. The roaring noise which rose from this black chasm proclaimed aloud the struggles of the constrained torrent of the Arve, and by the help of the moon's beams I just caught here and there a glimpse of the foaming water in its rugged course.

The dark and stunted woods, high up the lofty snow-clad mountain, and the tall gigantic firs far down in the deep abyss were now discernible, but in the direction of the path before me all was one black mass, where, as it seemed, no ray of light could penetrate to make even "darkness visible,"

Notwithstanding that I felt pretty confident in my recollection of this pass, and notwithstanding the feelings of awe and admiration with which I surveyed the solemn and imposing scene before me, yet I will confess, that the specimens which I had already had of the slippery state of these high frozen paths, the fearful gloom into which I was about to enter, with the roaring torrent beneath, to remind me what might be the consequence of one false step, altogether brought so forcibly to my mind the difficulties and dangers presented by my guide, as to give rise to what might be called prudential considerations, but what in truth was something very much like fear.

To remain here until the return of day,— that were to resolve upon being frozen to death, what then was to be done? Should I return? this prudence urged, but vanity forbade. Between such champions, need it be said which triumphed! — I proceeded.

The bright moon was now half over the highest point of the huge dark mountain which forms the opposite side of the ravine, but it was easy to foresee that, as I advanced, even this moiety of the moon must soon be lost to me behind the mountain top. The stars, however, shone with a brilliancy unknown in the lower regions, and in these I placed great trust.

The first part of the ascent is not very steep, so that without much difficulty I reached the spot where I was to take a temporary farewell of every ray of light. Here for a few minutes I paused again to gaze upon the fearful gloom before me. The moon, as I had calculated, was now to me entirely hidden behind the opposite mountain, but the bright and glittering stars, or, as our greatest poet has more simply and expressively described them, "the blessed candles of the night" yet threw their mild light around me.

Almost under my feet, but at the bottom of the ravine, some hundred fathoms low, the impetuous Arve was rushing with a stifled noise along its unseen course, and from this black abyss the tall dark firs, up-lifting their stately heads, looked like so many gigantic inhabitants emerging from their gloomy dwellings. In

short, I saw around me so many strange fantastic figures, that, although I knew them to be formed by a distempered fancy in the "deluding vision of the night," yet in good truth I found my fears so much encouraged with this pause, that, without further reflection, into the deep gloom I plunged.

For the first few minutes, with outstretched hands I felt my way through what is called *pitch darkness.* Not the most minute ray of light was visible before me, or from above. With slow and cautious steps, however, and by the help of hands, there was not much difficulty in keeping within the path, and as I advanced, the eye becoming more accustomed to the gloom, could now and then catch from some peeping star a friendly ray. Advancing further, the stars became more frequently visible through openings here and there in the black tufted foliage, and shewing me occasionally my path, shewed me also how much greater was the danger in apprehension than reality. After about half an hour thus varied between utter darkness, and now and then a cheering ray of light, I spied before me the boundary of darkness, and presently emerging from the gloom, I found myself again under the protection of the stars. From hence the ascent becomes more steep, and owing to the

slippery state of the path, oftentimes were my steps re-traced. At length, however, I reached the highest point of the pass; and there resting upon the jasper rock before mentioned, I surveyed the astonishing and fearful scene around me, above me, and below me.

The worst part of the road, as I suspected, was yet to come; and this, experience soon verified. With slow and cautious steps I commenced this precipitous descent, and my umbrella in the place of a mountain staff was now in great request. Soon the appearance of the path became truly alarming, not only from its narrowness and extreme rapidity of inclination, but from the whole being covered with one long continued sheet of ice smooth as the surface of a looking-glass. By a sort of instinct, my first care was to stick as closely to the mountain side as possible, or rather, to keep as far as possible from the edge of the fearful precipice close upon my right; for, calculating upon many slides as inevitable, my only hope was so to direct these as to keep myself out of the torrent's course below.

All my precautions, however, had like to have been in vain; for, with my first slip, down the

frozen path I shot prostrate and helpless, and with the swiftness of "an arrow from a Tartar's bow." Chance alone now guided me, though, but for my umbrella, when and where I might have stopped is more than I can say. Pressing against the ice the pointed ferrel of this my anti-romantic mountain implement, by degrees I checked the rapidity of my progress, and the ground favouring, at length I succeeded in clinging to the rocky side upon my left, but sorely bruised, and needless to say, some little terrified. Thus, however, the principal difficulty of my route was passed. The remainder of the way being less steep, a footing was more easily preserved, although still upon ice, excepting where the tall dark firs (now become the most agreeable objects which could be presented) threw around their sheltering gloom.

Occupied about myself, I found neither time or opportunity for the further contemplation of this terrific and imposing scenery; and to say the truth, I had been for some time past wishing myself safe out of it.

I will therefore suppose myself once more upon the bridge over the Arve, at the foot of this mountain pass. There resting myself, I sur-

veyed for the last time this dark ravine, and tracing with my eye the perilous and painful path which I had just traced on foot, aching as I was with bruises, I felt that I had no reason to complain.

My route was now through the thick wood already mentioned between the high range of rocks and the river Arve.

When far advanced into the interior of this gloomy wood, a circumstance occurred which I must here stop to notice.

In consequence of the bodily exertions which I had lately undergone, and the awkward positions into which I had been thrown, my under garment had worked itself into an uncomfortable and rope like band around my body, and having, as already stated, received various bruises, and particularly an uncomfortable scrape along my side on the occasion of my last slide, I took the opportunity of a spot where an opening between the dark branches afforded me the necessary light, and where a fragment of a rock provided me a resting place, to drop my outward garments for the purpose of a more convenient arrangement of my under one; and in order to enjoy that sort of satisfaction which we all know is to

be derived from the inspection of any causes which produce uneasy effects upon our exterior frame.

In this situation, resting against the fragment of the rock, thoughtless of the nipping air, as of every thing else perhaps but that about which I was then occupied, I was startled by the sight of some dark moving object at a short distance on the path before me. Further observation convinced me that this was no phantom of the imagination; and hastily adjusting my dress with all that alertness of suspicion which makes the solitary traveller in the dead of night amidst such scenes as these expect to find a foe in every living thing, I drew from its hiding-place my constant and close companion in all these rambles, my Malay knife. Thus prepared, I stood ready to receive a friend or enemy.

The light which here entered from above was so sparing that the object was but indistinctly visible; and whether it were man or animal I was, as yet, quite unable to determine. Whatever it was, however, it presently approached sufficiently near to enable me to observe that it had veered off from the centre of the road to the deeper gloom at one side, where it had become stationary. I felt so impressed with the belief

that danger was at hand, that retreat was impracticable, and that upon myself alone I must rely, that my strength and courage, neither, perhaps, at other times great, seemed now as if screwed up to a higher pitch than I had ever before known them. In this situation, with my eye steadily fixed upon the dark object before me, I busied conjecture respecting its material substance, shape, and nature.—That another solitary being like myself should be found in such a place, and at such a time of an inclement night, was very improbable; besides the height did not seem to correspond with man's usual stature.—A domesticated animal was not likely to have strayed so far from home amidst such scenes as these.—Bears, as I had been told, were but rarely found amongst the mountains of this neighbourhood, and fortunately, choice generally keeps these rude visitors to the still higher regions.—The more probable idea of the wolf, a not unfrequent companion to the lonely traveller over these high mountain paths, was painful, but the object before me was too dark for the tawny wolf; besides it seemed as much afraid of me as I of it. Meanwhile, I could distinguish that the object moved; but what most perplexed me was, it appeared now to have decreased in size. Further conjecture seemed useless, and having already spent some minutes in a state of sus-

pente by no means entertaining, I determined to satisfy my curiosity; and accordingly, keeping in the middle of the path, with my eye stedfastly fixed upon the black thing before me, I made the first advance. On approaching a little nearer, I was relieved at least from some portion of my apprehension, by distinguishing, under the broad black hat of the country, a human visage. In a stentorian voice which made the mountains ring again, although not quite in unison with my real tone of feeling, I now cried out, '*Qui va là?*' Immediately rose up before me through the gloom a human form; but it answered not, or if it did, no answer reached my ear. I felt my courage rising, and in a voice of bold authority again I cried, '*Qui va là?*' This brought an answer, but in a tone of voice which satisfied me that I had been the cause of at least as much fear as had been caused to me. We now approached, each still a little suspicious of the other, but a short explanation soon removed our mutual distrust. A humble peasant was on his way home to the little valley of Condamine, and, seeing a white object floating in the dark path before him, he had construed so unusual an appearance into some supernatural visitation, the effect of which had been more violent upon the nerves of this hardy Savoyard than would probably have been caused by the appearance of the

most relentless of the terrestrial enemies of mankind.

After the merriment of this poor fellow, upon the satisfactory explanation of the white object, had somewhat subsided, his surprize at meeting a solitary traveller and a stranger amidst these wilds at such a time, seemed in degree little less than his late alarm. I also in my turn expressed surprize at meeting him, but he was provided with his mountain bâton, and was well acquainted with every awkward steep, as, he added, every one had need to be who ventures here in night at this season of the year. However, I thought it as well to put him on his guard against '*quelques mauvais pas*,' after which we each pursued our solitary course with mutual farewells and good wishes, expressed according to the custom of this people, with all the earnestness of parting friends; and these to me, I will confess, were now pleasant sounding words, even though spoken by a humble peasant whom I had never seen before, and in all human probability should never see again. Pursuing my road through this wood without any further adventure, I crossed the covered wooden bridge over the mountain torrent called Dioza, which, at a short distance below, falls into the Arve. From hence the view opened over a little plain of snow, hemmed in

on every side by the stupendous Alps, and at the extremity of the straight path before me stood the little village of Servoz.

Passing through this small cluster of habitations, now as silent as the wilds around, I entered the more narrowly confined part of the valley. Here was a scene still more solemn and impressive. The snowy heights on either side obstructing the moon's silvery light, threw over this sequestered spot a melancholy gloom, and every now and then the hootings of the owls resounding through the death-like stillness of these high solitudes, startled me with the unusual loudness of their sad discordant sounds.

Quitting the valley of Servoz, I ascended again into the high and wild scenery of the mountains. As I have already endeavoured by description to convey some idea of the savage wildness here displayed, I shall now only observe, that the difficulty which I before experienced in pursuing the track amongst the windings of these mountains, was nothing in comparison to what I now experienced by the deceiving light of night, and with the snow at least two feet deeper on the ground. Many were the steps retraced; and but for the recollection of various objects which served me now for guides, I might have wandered

until — at least longer than would have been agreeable even to the most romantic lover of wild scenery. At length, however, after tracing my dreary way through these high frozen regions, sometimes above the knees in snow, and sometimes along the slippery and narrow edge of the deep chasm torn by the furious waters of the Arve, I succeeded in reaching again my favorite little lake.

Here in this sequestered spot, once more I paused to rest myself — here once more I paused to gaze upon the surface of this small sheltered pool; but its sparkling water was now changed to a glittering sheet of ice and snow, and all its stunted shrubs around now drooped with pendant icicles.

The biting air hastened me away; and bidding farewell to all the mountain sprites which hold their dwellings here, I commenced the long and steep descent to the little hamlet of Chede, and the valley of St. Martin. The mountain sprites however seem not to have had me in their kind keeping, for scarcely had I taken my last farewell look, when a false step rolled me many yards below on hands and knees. But this, though a mischievous, was a harmless trick; and in course of time, without further accident, I descended upon the little hamlet of Chede, at the

foot of this defile; and now once more I found myself in the open valley of St. Martin.

Here, in these more habitable regions, I had expected to have found the way more comfortable; but sad was the disappointment, for over the flat surface of this valley hung a dense mist, so cold and penetrating, that the keen air of the snowy heights which I had lately trod, to me was summer's warmth compared with the temperature of this frozen fog. On a sudden all the bright luminaries of night had disappeared, but yet the dense medium which hid these from the view was so illumined, that there was no lack of light, although no objects were discernible beyond a few yards round me. Here now was the commencement of the miseries which awaited me. Here now, enveloped in this mist, to me

> " ——————————comfortless
> As frozen water to the starved snake,"

I first became sensible of the bitter cold. Here I first discovered the real inconvenience of the many bruises I had received, and here my spirits first began to flag.

After a long and painful march through this valley, here and there by the ravaging Arve torn

up and rendered a wide waste, I reached the little village of St. Martin. Here the fog was partially dispersed, and resting on the bridge which communicates with the opposite village of Sallenche, I could yet see Mont Blanc, rearing its lofty summit far above all the other snowy tops.

Just before me, on the opposite side of the Arve, was the village of Sallenche, under the shelter of a high range of snowy mountains, and close at my side the little village of St. Martin, overhung by the enormous Mont Varen, with its needle-pointed top, piercing, as it seemed, the very atmosphere of the starry world above.

The village clock now struck two, and this rousing me from a reverie, I put my stiffened limbs again in motion, towards the dark valley of Cluse now straight before me. Here the moon and stars were again visible, though with diminished splendour, for still the whole scene was shrouded in a misty vapour.

Arriving before the cascade already mentioned, called Nant d'Arpenaz, and resting my aching limbs upon a huge block of granite, I once more paused to trace down the lofty and perpendicular side of the dark mountain close before me,

the long line of foam, white as the Alpine snow, to where it falls from rock to rock into its deep overflowing pool, and from thence along its gently sloping channel into the Arve below. The pale moon-beams just shone upon the upper part of this stupendous rock, and the contrast between the soft silvery light above, and the gloomy shade below, with the elegance of the falling water, notwithstanding my present painful condition, still kept alive romantic feelings.

Six leagues, comprising all the difficult passes of my route, were now got over, but nearly twelve more leagues yet lay between me and Geneva. This, in my present crippled state, was appalling enough, but there was no time for doubting or repenting; already the frozen mist had formed itself upon the exterior surface of my clothing into a sheet of ice, and it was but too apparent that this, if I remained here, would, before morning, become my winding sheet.

Crossing the other mountain torrent which forms the smaller cascade, called Nant d'Orli, presently I reached the little village of Maglan. Here my footsteps awakened a watchful cur, which soon raising a host of others, the noise became so clamorous that I expected nothing less than to see the whole village in alarm. How-

ever I hastened onwards at my quickest pace, but long after I had escaped from this scene of tumult, I could hear the responsive barks across the valley, reverberating and dying away amongst the distant mountains. Some way further on, I observed in the road before me and near his master's house, a huge dog, which, probably, had been roused by the clamour of the village curs. No sooner did this animal espy me, than forward he came bounding, and with a bark so loud and gruff, that almost at the same instant my dagger was unsheathed and firmly grasped. The animal approached to a respectful distance, when seeing me at a standstill, he also became stationary; I then advanced, he also advanced; and thus in a quiet friendly way we proceeded, until he arrived before his master's gate, where he took his stand. I now passed him, and without further ceremony we parted.

Balme was the next hamlet through which I passed, but here all was fast in sleep. My situation was now becoming rapidly worse; my frozen boots, although long ago so broken as to have little left of their original shape, were nevertheless become so tight, that, could I have succeeded in several attempts to release myself from them altogether, thankfully should I have

abandoned them in the road; and added to these miseries was the greatest of all, the consciousness that a torpor was stealing over me which required my utmost exertions to resist. In this state I reached the small town of Cluse. So absolutely wretched had my condition now become, that pausing, I considered whether or not I should here give in, and seek relief. Had I just then seen a human being, or an open door in the silent and deserted little street in which I stopped to look around for help, pain and wretchedness would have overcome a sinking spirit. But all here was dreary and silent as the grave! Shame at my own weakness urged my benumbed limbs again to motion, and the hope that by the time people were stirring I should reach Bonneville to breakfast, only three leagues further, lighted up the few remaining sparks of strength and spirits, and these encouraged me to proceed. Crossing the Arve where it rushes down a dark defile of huge calcareous rocks, looking like a boiling torrent of white muddy water, I left the little town of Cluse behind me.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and the hope that daylight and the cheering sun would soon come to my assistance, supported me upon my legs, and pushed me on when every other aid seemed wanting. But it was the spirit struggling with the body; and the conflict, becoming

more and more violent, threatened the extinction of both combatants. My blistered and swollen feet were becoming insensible to pain, an overwhelming stupor pervaded me, and all my efforts were unavailing to keep my heavy eyes from closing. The conviction that yielding to sleep would now be fatal, kept me on my legs, and with closed eyes still I went shuffling on, though every now and then starting with terror at finding that I had been asleep, even whilst in the act of walking. In short, all that I had now left for my protection was, the consciousness of my danger.

The extraordinary power of sleep over the human frame when exhausted with fatigue and benumbed with cold, is not to be imagined by those who have never experienced it. It throws over every faculty such a helpless childishness, that with incapacity to exertion the very wish to exert is wanting, and this even whilst the mind is strong enough to perceive, that by bodily energy alone the approach of death can be averted.

In one of these struggles of the mind which startled me from my walking sleep, I came to a full stop, in the utter abandonment of hope. All confidence in my own exertions to keep myself

awake was lost, and the keenness of the air was increasing with the advance of morning, added to which, a still more dense and penetrating fog was overspreading the horizon of these lower regions.

It would be, however, but an indifferent recompence to the reader, if any such there be who has followed me thus far, to detain him with a narrative of all the personal sufferings which I endured, and even the dangers which I escaped during the remainder of my route to Geneva. Further, therefore, I will not trace my way in this forlorn condition. It shall suffice to say, that between nine and ten o'clock in the morning I entered the little town of Bonneville, so benumbed by cold, drowsiness, and pain, as to be scarcely conscious of my state of misery, yet still able to read and understand the friendly notice, "*Ici on loge à pied, et à cheval.*" My hostess started with surprize at the sight of the strange figure before her, but soon recognizing me, every aid was quickly in request.

I proceeded into a room where there was a good sized looking-glass, and here I saw reflected a figure more pitiable than ever the knight of the woeful countenance presented. A correct description of this apparition is not easily to be

given; but for a caricature picture of King Frost, the most facetious imagination could scarcely have designed a more appropriate outline.

There were his two eyes, each peeping through a ring of ice, with long eye-lashes and thick shaggy eye-brows powdered with hoary rime, and from his frozen locks hung numerous small pendent icicles. On his head, what seemed to have been once a small round military cap, looked now like a little crown of ice; and on his kingly person, a short scanty coat of parson's grey was metamorphosed into a tight frozen vest of virgin white. From his distended pocket on either side peeped forth, as emblematic of his snowy kingdom, a chamois' horned head, and in his hand he held a frozen sceptre, in French called *parapluie*, and in English, *umbrella*.

I now applied myself to the renovation of exhausted nature. Some good cheer and a comfortable warm room, with two hours of rest, did much towards restoring strength and spirits. But yet I was in a crippled state, and five long leagues were still between me and Geneva,

What now was to be done? No vehicle was here to be procured for money, at least none in which I could be conveyed, and to remain

in this wretched place, unprovided with the many comforts of which I now stood so much in need, presented but a cheerless prospect. The whole day, and only five leagues more before me, was the more pleasing prospect of the two, and that I, by some means or other, must reach Geneva before night, was accordingly determined.

At twelve o'clock I was again equipped, and preparing to sally forth. My good hostess, with uplifted hands, followed me to the door, giving vent to her surprize in exclamations, which, little as I then felt inclined to be amused, could not but force from me a smile: — "*Mon Dieu! Monsieur, tenez vous! vous allez marcher encore à Genève! Sacristé, cela vous est impossible!*" and so forth; but I was already *en route*, when her last retiring words, "*Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! voilà un vrai Anglais,*" seemed to express the *ne plus ultra* of headstrong obstinacy.

The remainder of my route was sufficiently distressing; much more so, even, than I had calculated upon; but at six o'clock in the evening I reached my old quarters in Geneva, where, after procuring such restoratives as best accorded with my condition, I rolled into bed, and in a few minutes all my miseries were forgotten.

The three following days were devoted to the recovery of my strength and to the review of past events.

Friday, November 16. Finding myself still in a shattered state, and having been recommended to a house where I should meet with more comforts and attentions than I received in my present situation, I removed to the residence of Madame Guillebert, Place de Bel Air, where I fixed my quarters *en pension.*

Here I was agreeably surprised to find myself introduced to Comte B——, who was no other than the young German in whose favour I had been somewhat prepossessed by the affair in the coffee-room at Lausanne. He had also fixed his quarters here during an intended residence of some weeks at Geneva. As we occupied adjoining apartments, we soon became better acquainted with each other, until at length the similarity of our views drew our acquaintance closer.

As my crippled state kept me for several days much within doors, I shall here suspend my daily journal until I considered myself again firm upon my legs. The intervening time afforded me opportunity for seeing more of the interior of this town, and for availing myself of a

few introductions into the society of Geneva. Upon this subject much has often been said, and my little experience therefore will not add much information. I was on the whole less gratified with what I saw of the society of Geneva than I had expected. There is no want of courtesy, but this is so mixed with cold and formal ceremony, that there is not sufficient even of the appearance of cordiality to make such courtesy welcome. I may have formed a hasty opinion, and I may be mistaken, but the impression which I have received certainly is, that the society of Geneva offers little inducement to an Englishman to fix his residence there.

Saturday, November 24. Being now pretty well recruited, I accompanied Comte B— on a visit to Ferney. This is a small village prettily situated at a short distance from Geneva; but independantly of the interest which attaches to the favourite residence of Voltaire, Ferney, perhaps, possesses fewer causes of attraction than many of the neighbouring villages.

There is, however, it must be admitted, a peculiar sort of pleasure experienced in visiting the spot where a great genius passed a portion of

his life; in walking over those same walks where he has walked and meditated; in sitting in that same chair where he has sat; in looking on the very table and desk on which he wrote some of his most celebrated works, works which may be said to have revolutionized the opinions of men over the four quarters of the globe; in short, in examining the most trivial objects which to him were once familiar. — There is in all this, whether we disapprove of the man for the false and mischievous principles which he so widely disseminated through the world, or whether we admire him for the successful exposure of the fanaticism, bigotry, and ignorance of the times in which he lived; still there is in all this something pleasing to the imagination, something which seems to make us more intimately acquainted with his private character than before, something which seems to bring us nearer into his actual living presence. But in similar degree are the feelings excited by similar scenes, with reference to all the departed great, whether in a good or evil sense. — Who ever visited the humble residence of our own immortal bard, and seated himself in his oaken chair, without experiencing a certain mental excitement? And who ever looked upon a spot where any thing remains calculated to re-

cal to mind acts of desperate enormity, without also being sensible of a certain mental excitement, perhaps in similar degree? Whether the subject be good or evil, the feelings are excited by retrospection; and these in either case, if not strictly speaking pleasurable, may perhaps be called gratifying. —I am not one of the admirers of Voltaire, but such were my feelings in visiting his residence at Ferney.

The rooms which he principally occupied are, as it is said, preserved as nearly as possible in the state in which he left them. An old domestic pointed out to us the various favorite objects of his former master, and even his favorite pictures still hang upon the walls. Here is seen, prominent amongst the number, a portrait of the great Frederick, his patron and admirer; also a picture painted under his own eye, and according to his own directions, representing his *beau idéal* of female loveliness; and in another frame is represented, Freron in the hands of demons undergoing the punishment of flagellation.

Here, then, in these three pictures, it may be said, are described three of the striking characteristics of Voltaire; — vain of the admiration of the great, — warmly alive to female beauty, —

and bitterly sarcastic against those who ventured to attack his literary fame.

Adjoining his usual sitting room, was his bed-chamber, and here is seen the low and humble pallet upon which he used to rest. Around this once hung, suspended in the French fashion from the ceiling of the room, a curtain. But this has been so snipped and twitched by visitors, that only a few dangling shreds are now remaining, and these, as it seems, are spared only because out of reach.

However varied may be the feelings excited by the contemplation of these domestic scenes, there is, I think, one feeling with which all visitors must go away alike impressed, and that is, the indifference here manifested to what are usually considered the luxuries of life. The rooms which Voltaire principally inhabited are upon the ground floor; and in all these not only are there no traces of finery, but most of the articles of furniture are humble, and the whole appearance bespeaks even a want of comfort. The house itself is large, and is built in the style of the old French château. The grounds around are also extensive, and are laid out in the old-fashioned way, with long and

straight avenues of trees; but the view from hence is beautiful, and from some parts are seen the glaciers of Savoy. Close adjoining the house is a small church, the most remarkable characteristic of which, as it struck me, is the prominent inscription just beneath the little steeple, "Deo erexit Voltaire."

Sunday, November 25. This morning I accompanied a young clergyman to his church at the small town of Carouge, situated about half a league from Geneva. The congregation was protestant, but the form of service differed from our established form, and the sermon was delivered extempore. Seldom, however, have I heard a more sensible and eloquent discourse from the pulpit than on this occasion. But pulpit eloquence is not uncommon amongst the Protestant clergy of Geneva; and it seems to be duly appreciated by the inhabitants, amongst whom I think it is evident, even to a hasty observer, that a strong and pure feeling of religion exists.

Carouge is an industrious little town, beautifully situated on the bank of the Arve, in the midst of orchards and fertile meadows, and surrounded by elegant villas.

The whole of the afternoon was spent in a ramble about this interesting neighbourhood. The weather was delightfully fine, and the scene was still enlivened by crowds of gay and happy-looking bourgeois.

The most prominent object from Geneva is the stupendous Mount Salève, and of this I was now gratified with a nearer view. The base of this mountain, which covers many leagues, extends within about half a league of the town of Geneva. For a considerable distance the rise is gradual, after which the ascent appears more and more steep to the summit, and in some directions so abrupt as to appear scarcely accessible to human footsteps. In various parts, however, the summit is easily accessible; and as the height of this above the lake is reckoned at 3072 feet, the view from thence over the surrounding country must be exquisitely grand and beautiful. The base of this mountain is tolerably fertile, and is cultivated to some extent; but from where the more abrupt ascent commences, the white calcareous rock appears, producing by its nakedness a striking contrast with the scenery around. A great variety of petrifactions and plants are said to be here furnished for the gratification of the naturalist.

Having planned a little excursion round the lake of Geneva, and into the Valais, to be carried into execution as soon as I should find myself sufficiently recovered from the effects of my late expedition, that period seemed now to have arrived, and the continuance of the fine weather, which could not at this season of the year be calculated upon, urged me to delay no longer. I therefore determined to set out to-morrow morning; and having been recommended where to apply for a good steed, named Waterloo, from the circumstance of his having served on that glorious field, I this evening agreed with the owner for the hire of Waterloo as long as I might have occasion for him, at four *francs* per diem.

Monday, November 26. The weather still favored to the utmost of my wishes. At an early hour I mounted my gallant steed, and with a small portmanteau buckled to my saddle, I set out upon my route.

Having already traversed the northern side of the lake between Lausanne and Geneva, I now directed my course along the southern margin.

So much has been so often said about the beauties of this lake, that the language of description

is exhausted. My endeavour shall therefore be to restrain myself as much as possible from entering further upon a topic, which perhaps, after all, is more gratifying to the recollections of the writer, than amusing or instructive to the reader. The numerous little towns and villages scattered along the margin of the lake, it is also unnecessary to mention. These altogether form a striking and beautiful feature in the scene, but taken in detail, they, perhaps, would not bear particular description.

The first town of any importance through which I passed is Thonon, the little capital of the province of Chablais, in Savoy. The situation of this town is remarkably beautiful, standing in the midst of orchards and meadows, and upon the very edge of the lake, which here making an extensive sweep, presents its broadest expanse.

About half a league further on, I turned out of the road to catch a glimpse of the ancient Chartreuse de Ripaille, pointed out to strangers as having acquired some celebrity from being the place of retreat to one of the early dukes of Savoy, who abdicated in favor of his son, to pass here in seclusion the remainder of his days. Nor can there be imagined, for a retreat, a more lovely spot than this. The venerable building

stands as if in the midst of smiling pleasure grounds, and its dark walls are reflected from the bright surface of the lake. It is perhaps true, that the stranger does gaze upon this spot with increased interest when he recollects, that the charms of nature here displayed tempted a sovereign prince to forego the homage of men, to renounce the pomp of power, and to spend the remainder of his days in humble quiet and seclusion.

Whilst gazing on this lovely scene, the sun was sinking in a blaze of golden splendour, too powerful for human eye to dwell upon, and behind was left a train of colours more bright and beautiful than human imagination could conceive. Last of these bright colours was an emerald green of brilliant hue, fading in the distance till lost in the rosy tint of the horizon. By degrees grey twilight invaded and chased away these gaudy colours, but for some time afterwards a long and lofty line of snow marked through the rosy mist the widely stretching chain of Jura, and this only yielded to night's mantle with the appearance of the evening star.

So long I lingered here, that the remainder of my way was now by star-light.

Returning into the road, I passed over a wooden bridge of prodigious length, which crosses the river Dranse. This river here rushes into the lake with great noise and violence, through a channel of extraordinary width, filled with stones and huge fragments of rock, and presenting a curious scene of devastation in the midst of the most beautiful fertility.

Between seven and eight o'clock I reached Evian, a small town situated on the water's edge. Here I found comfortable accommodation for the night at the house of Madame Thomas, with an additional advantage in the lively conversation of her pretty daughter, to help away the lagging hours of evening.

Tuesday, November 27. Before sunrise I was again upon my route along the border of the lake. The grey dawn of morning still overhung this beautiful expanse of water, and the little towns and villages on the opposite side were here and there but indistinctly visible through the soft silvery mist. Before me, although more sparingly than on the other side, little villages and scattered cottages are dotted along the water's edge, and where the sloping ground hid these occasionally from my view, light vapours dancing above the

chimney tops marked out the sequestered little dwellings.

About two or three leagues from Evian is the most beautiful and romantic little village of Meillerie, the favorite spot of Rousseau, and the delight of his Heloïse. Nor is it possible to imagine any thing more lovely than this scene. The sun now threw over the whole a cheering glow, and the expansive lake reflected from its smooth surface the rays of dazzling brightness. On the opposite side, rising in the midst of vineyards, were seen the towns of Lausanne and Vevey; and higher up, under the shade of the dark neighbouring heights, were seen, as if rising from the water, the gloomy towers of Chillon. Close upon my right, lofty and precipitous rocks of black marble hemmed in the narrow, and here elevated road, and close upon my left I looked down upon the water gently rippling amongst the rocks beneath. No wonder that the soul of Rousseau should have been charmed on such a spot as this!

A short way further on, where the ground slopes towards the lake, I passed above the little village of Meillerie, situated on the margin of the water. Here seemed the very spot to seek for Julie; but alas! I saw only a few ragged children,

who came running up into the road to beg from the stranger a few *batz*. There was, I will confess, something in this reality of life which produced upon my feelings an effect which might, and not improperly, be compared to that produced upon the ear by discordant sounds after sweetest harmony. For some time past my steed, finding me indifferent, had proceeded at a pace suited to his own convenience; but now, flinging out into the road a handful of small copper coin, I gathered up the reins, and Waterloo, taking the hint, set off at a full trot.

About a league further, near the extremity of the lake, is the village of St. Gingoulph, situated on the water's edge, and at the foot of a steep mountain with two lofty peaks called "les dents d'Oche," calculated at 5655 feet above the lake. This village is divided into two parts by a torrent, which forms the boundary line between Savoy and the Bas-Valais.

About a mile and a half further is the little village of Boveret, just below which the Rhône falls into the lake.

Passing Boveret, the road turns suddenly to the right, and the view now extends over the wilder

country of the Bas-Valais, between two chains of bold and lofty mountains.

Here I continued my route along the western bank of the Rhône until I reached the town of St. Maurice. The situation of this town is very remarkable: the enormous rocks of the Dent-de-Midi to the south, and those of the Dent-de-Morcle to the north, (so called, no doubt, from the resemblance which these pointed peaks bear to the tooth of an animal), here approach so nearly, that the Rhône issues through a gorge so narrow, that the gate upon the bridge effectually shuts up the whole Valais. This bridge, which crosses the river with one arch, is beautifully constructed with stone, and bears the stamp of great antiquity. From the number of ancient remains found in and about this town, it is also evident that the Romans were acquainted with the importance of its situation. The town itself, which is built in this pass, consists of one narrow street, hemmed in on one side by a lofty and perpendicular rock, and on the other side closely bounded by the river. The importance of this spot, therefore, as a military post, may be imagined. Here I stopped to dine, and thus I had a little time to spare for a more particular survey of this scene, which is no less picturesque than curious. However, wishing to reach

Martigny to-night, I had yet some leagues before me, and horse and rider being sufficiently refreshed, I was again upon my route.

Passing through the town of St. Maurice, the road ascends, and gradually opens into another and a wider valley, presenting a scene of savage wildness, and pent up between two parallel ranges of black and barren mountains.

Here, on the left bank of the Rhône, down the precipitous side of a dark and lofty rock, falls the admired cascade called Pissevache. The wildness of the surrounding scenery tends much to heighten the effect of this beautiful object, and the more it is contemplated, the more will it be admired. The height of this cascade is reckoned at about 300 feet, but the body of water, which is considerable, extends over a large space, and thus, perhaps, in appearance reduces the height of the fall. Whilst watching the numerous little streams down the steep side of this dark rock, the last rays of the setting sun died away upon the mountain top, and twilight soon yielded to a brilliant night.

But I loitered here so long that I became susceptible to the keen wind which was rushing through this upper valley with extraordinary

violence, although not a cloud was visible beneath the deep blue sky. The day throughout had been beautifully fine; and in the morning, when I was upon the border of the lake, not a breath of air was stirring. As I advanced into the first valley, after quitting the lake, the wind seemed as if gradually rising until it blew fresh and strong; and as I advanced into this upper valley, the wind rushed along with the violence of a hurricane. What caused me some surprize at this circumstance, and has induced me here to notice it, is the fact, that throughout the day not a cloud was visible; but the lower temperature of the atmosphere around the lake may, perhaps, afford a satisfactory explanation of this rush of air from the higher regions, where the lofty mountains are covered with perpetual snow. In this instance, as in all cases of the kind, which I have had frequent opportunities of observing, the current seemed to set in from the higher regions.

It was late when I reached Martigny, and after taking care of myself and my horse, and concluding an agreement with a guide for conducting me to the monastery of St. Bernard, I found myself quite ready for a night's rest.

Wednesday, November 28. Set out this morning by star-light, accompanied by my guide, for the monastery of St. Bernard; an expedition, at this period of the year, unusual, and, as I was informed, somewhat adventurous. The prospect of a little adventure, however, no very formidable obstacles having been suggested as likely to occur, rather heightened than abated the interest which I felt in this excursion; and as my guide informed me, though whether truly or not I need not venture an opinion, that I was the first person whom he had ever attended on such an expedition as the present, at this late period of the year, I will presume that the appearance of these elevated regions in the depth of winter may be a subject carrying with it a degree of interest even on the score of novelty, and I will therefore dwell with some minuteness on my route. To commence then with a short description of the town of Martigny, or rather of what remains of it, for the greater part a short time ago was swept away by a frightful inundation. This town is situated at the entrance into the valley of Martigny, on the right bank of the river Dranse, which, just below the town, falls into the Rhône.

The valley of Martigny, which is said to have once possessed a fertile plain, is now a scene of

desolation, and the whole, inclosed between lofty and dreary mountains, presents an appearance approaching even to the terrific. Over the whole surface of this valley huge fragments of granite, masses of rock, and heaps of rubbish meet the eye, and only here and there, at the foot of the mountains, are any traces of cultivation left. As we proceeded over this track of desolation, which but too plainly marks some fatal catastrophe, I was curious to learn the cause, with the circumstances attending it, and as my guide was an eye-witness, and nearly perished on the occasion, the following particulars, which I collected from him, may not be uninteresting.

About six leagues from the town of Martigny, in the valley of Bagnes, which is closely confined between two high mountains, a branch of the river Dranse rushes through a deep and narrow defile. Five years previously to this accident, the ice of a neighbouring glacier, having reached the bottom of this defile, began to form across it a sort of bridge, which gradually raised itself high above the valley. During the spring of 1818, the natural arch, which left a passage for the Dranse, was entirely obstructed by the glacier, and the water of this rapid river, thus pent up in the valley, soon formed a lake, calculated at be-

tween ten and twelve miles in length, 100 to 700 feet in breadth, and on an average 200 feet in depth. That a body of water so immense could not long be supported by a barrier of ice was evident, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country did all in their power for lessening the dreadful consequences expected. With great difficulty and danger a channel was formed for facilitating the escape of some portion of the water, and the level of this lake was thus reduced between forty and fifty feet. The course which the inundation must take was also evident, there being only one, namely, down the valley of Bagnes, through the valley of Martigny, into the Rhône, and thence into the lake of Geneva. All precautions were therefore taken by the inhabitants along this line of country for ensuring their own escape in the moment of danger, and for rescuing such of their property as was moveable. Guards were stationed day and night upon the summits of the mountains around the impending danger, provided with muskets to enable them to communicate to others stationed on the heights along the line, the moment of the bursting forth of this tremendous body.

At half past four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of June, 1818, these fatal signals

echoed along the line of mountains. What must then have been the scene of horror and confusion may be left to the imagination. I will confine myself to the facts which were related to me. Presently a darkened atmosphere and a frightful rushing of the wind through the valley of Martigny, warned the inhabitants to fly to the neighbouring heights, and in "*cinq quarts d'heure*" from the discharge of the first signal, (to use my guide's own expression as to time,) the people of Martigny looked down upon the destruction of the greatest part of their property and town.

My guide, who appeared to be a sensible and observant man, pointed out to me in our route his situation at this fearful period. He informed me that he was conducting through this part of the country an English gentleman, and that they were then both of them pursuing their way along the left bank of the Dranse, at the extremity of the valley of Martigny. As my guide informed me, the first notice of approaching danger was given by his mule, the same on which he now rode. But I will here give his own account, as closely as translation into English will permit.

There, sir, is the spot where we received the first notice of the danger which was coming

upon us. It was first signified to me by this dear brute, who, suddenly setting up his large ears, and lifting high his head to snuff the danger, stretched out his tail, and set off, full gallop, as if the devil were behind him, to that place (pointing to it) which, as you see, is the only accessible part of the mountain. There, with all the fury of an animal struggling to escape from death, he scrambled with me on his back high up that steep precipice, where, as if knowing himself to be in a place of security, he bent down his head, and turned his tail towards the danger. By this time I was well aware of what was coming, and confiding in the sagacity of my mule, that we were now out of the reach of harm, I dismounted, and stood to view the scene of horror before me.— O sir! I tremble whenever I think of what I then saw and felt. The whole valley appeared as if filled with one black cloud, and, with a noise such as they may expect to hear who live to witness the last day, I saw sweeping down the valley a black mass in the form of a pyramid, the base of which reached from one side of the valley to the other; and under this moving pyramid the loftiest and strongest firs were like so many feathers. As this fearful object passed beneath me, the rushing of the air was so violent that I could scarcely keep my footing or draw breath. In a few

minutes the black cloud with the moving pyramid had passed away, and nothing but the wreck of mountains, forests, and villages was visible upon the deep water which now filled the valley.

Such was the description given to me by my guide, but with many more details concerning this extraordinary catastrophe. The height of this pyramid of water he pointed out to me by means of the firs which, from their situations on the declivity of the mountains on each side, had escaped. This height, to judge by the eye, could not be less than 300 feet; a measurement in some degree confirmed in my own mind by a conversation which I afterwards had with some inhabitants of the town of Martigny, who described the top of this moving pyramid as being on a level with their church clock, which is reckoned at sixty toises, or 180 feet high, and there the valley is more than twice the width of that part in which I fix the height of the water at 300 feet.

My readers will surely ask, as I did, what became of our countryman; I will therefore inform them, as my guide informed me, that this gentleman, as soon as he observed the extraordinary appearances which announced the approaching danger, flung himself from his mule,

and trusting to his own activity, saved himself by scrambling up a high and steep acclivity above the road. In a few moments afterwards the poor mule on which he rode, and which also belonged to my guide, was swept away, and never seen or heard of more.

But to proceed with my route. At a short distance up the valley of Martigny, we passed on the right the dark defile of Forclaz, leading to the vallies of Argentière and Chamouni over the Tête-noire or Col de Balme. It may here be worthy of remark, as conveying some idea of this extraordinary country, that I was now not more than about six leagues distant from my favorite valley of Chamouni, but to have reached that spot at the present season of the year, it would have been necessary to have retraced my way to Geneva, and from thence to have proceeded by my former route, a distance altogether not less than one hundred miles!

About two leagues further we reached the little town of St. Branchier, situated in a hollow at the foot of two vallies, the Val de Bagnes, which branches off to the left, and the Val d'Entremont, which ascends to the right. Through this last valley was our road. Here the scenery becomes beautiful and imposing in the extreme. On the right

are enormous rocks of granite and calcareous formation, the snowy tops of which the eye can scarcely scan, and on the opposite side are a range of mountains cultivated to their very tops, over which are thickly scattered the wooden huts of the peasantry, in the midst of vineyards and corn fields. At a profound depth at the bottom of this valley rushes the branch of the river Dranse, which rises near St. Bernard, forming, over the immense rocks of granite and other rocks which here obstruct its course, a long continued series of cataracts and little waterfalls.

Here seems to be displayed every description of scenery calculated to astonish and delight the human mind. Here are brought at once before the view the highly cultivated, the picturesque, the sublime and terrible. Here are to be seen the rich corn-fields, the glowing vineyards, the shady orchards of almond and chesnut trees, and the dark mountain forests, though little besides the hardy fir remained to vary the wintry garment which now overspread the scene. But if much of the picturesque and beautiful were lost, the sublime and terrible were heightened in effect. Here were still seen the torrents rushing forth from black and fearful gulfs into the river Dranse, which roars from the bottom of

its deep abyss, sometimes pent up between the rocks so closely as to leave but a few feet for the passage of the struggling waters, the dark mountain forests now form a striking contrast in the whitened scene, and all around, the Alps present their lofty heads with increased grandeur and sublimity.

From the situation of this valley, the rays of the sun in summer must here be so concentrated that the heat must be extreme, and, indeed, the inhabitants describe it as being sometimes almost insupportable. The wine of this valley is highly esteemed, and the fig-tree here flourishes in great perfection. Most of the hedges here, I observed, were formed of Barbary trees, which, although now leafless, were still covered with their small crimson fruit. Game of all sorts, as I was informed, abounds here, and numerous flocks of Ptarmargans, or, as they are here called, *Arbennes*, now inhabited the snowy mountains around. The *Coq de Bruyère*, which I suppose to be the bird once common in our own country under the name of the Cock of the Wood, is also said to be plentiful. Partridges, woodcocks, snipes, &c. and white hares, are abundant. Eagles also of various species are said to abound here. The animals which find refuge in these

rocks and mountains were also described to me as numerous and various, but the names given to many of these conveyed no information to me. Amongst the glaciers and snows of the Alps, a solitary bear is occasionally seen, though rarely; but the wolves are here spoken of as much too numerous, and the ravages which they commit in this valley in the winter season seem to cause some uneasiness to the inhabitants.

A countryman complained to me that a few nights back he lost six sheep by these depredators. During the rigorous season they become emboldened by hunger, and approach the haunts of men, but even then they decline to attack man, unless very hardly pressed, though if a child be in the way, this is too delicate a morsel to be refused. As we proceeded, my guide shewed me where he was one evening last winter joined by a wolf, who closely accompanied him along the road for more than a league. He was upon the same mule on which he now rode, without any other means of defence than a small stick, and he described the wolf as keeping close by his side even to the entrance of the little village where I shall presently arrive, called Liddes.

He said that the animal made no attempt to attack him, but trotted quietly by his side, ready to pounce upon his mule the first false step it made, and, to translate into plain English his expressive language, — my poor mule, who had once saved my life, now again shared all my terror and danger, and trembled under me, whilst I, although in a cold winter's evening, was all of a sweat, and the hairs of my head stood on end with fright.

But this is another digression. Arriving at the village of Orsières, the road makes another sudden turn to the right, and we now commenced another long and steep ascent. From here opens to the right the Val de Ferret, forming another dark defile between the mountains.

About a league further is the village of Liddes, famous for excellent wine, cheese, and many other good things. Here we stopped to refresh, and on no account should the traveller fail to ask my good host of the little wooden cabin from which projects the sign of "The Union," for a bottle of his best old *Mauvoisin*, a rich and curious wine, said to be made only in this and a few of the high neighbouring vallies.

As the road was not expected to be accessible to my horse more than two or three leagues further, our host recommended that we should let one of his men accompany us to where we dismounted, in order to bring back our steeds, which he promised to take good care of, until our return, this being the last place on our route where accommodation for man or horse was to be procured.

The matter being so arranged, and the account settled, it remained only to gratify my host by inserting my name and the date of my visit in his stranger's book, for that, among the names of the many nations of Europe there enrolled, my name would stand remarkable, as being written by one on his way to the monastery of St. Bernard at a later period of the year than any traveller whom he had ever known, the muleteers and natives of the mountains only excepted. With this preface my host, with much gravity, handed me his book of record, and there I inserted my name, my country, the day of the month, and the year.

Whether by accident, or by a sudden impulse of that common failing of our nature which so often acts upon and regulates even the most

common occurrences of our lives, called vanity, I will not say, but certain it is, that these stand recorded in my good host's book in characters of unusually large dimensions. I had now only to receive my good host's wishes for my safe return, and exchanging Adieus, I remounted Waterloo, and was again upon my route.

Our way was now up a continued and arduous ascent, and we passed through several little hamlets consisting of small wooden huts, each slightly raised from the ground on four posts or fir-trees, and exhibiting in every part nearly all that simplicity of design which is supposed to have belonged to the earliest habitations of men.

About two leagues distant from Liddes is the little village of St. Pièrre, the last, dirtiest, and most wretched of the villages of the Valais. Here we dismounted to cross a tottering wooden bridge over the Valsoré, a mountain torrent which rushes with great violence into the Dranse, at the bottom of a deep and fearful-looking chasm in the rocks. The ascent now became so steep and slippery, that it seemed to me not only imprudent but cruel to impose upon our four-footed companions the hazardous and painful task of climbing further.

The horse and mule were therefore assigned over to our attendant, and seeing them on the other side of the bridge in safety, we parted. Relieved now from the care which my horse had for some time past required to keep him upon his legs, my whole attention was directed to the wild and extraordinary scene before me.

Soon the scanty appearance of vegetation announced our approach into the regions of perpetual cold. Broad sheets of ice, which mark the course of the mountain torrents in the summer season, now crossed our path. Proceeding a little further, even the hardy fir was seen only in some of the dark and deep ravines amongst the mountains, and a little further, even this last effort of vegetation disappeared. Here we entered upon a wider and more gradual ascent, called "The valley of Desolation."

To present to the reader's mind some notion of this spot, I would refer him to Milton's description of the state of chaos, — "forlorn and wild, the seat of desolation."

The snow here was not deep, and wherever the ground was visible there was seen the frozen peat of dark brown colour, and the whole sur-

face was thickly strewed with fragments of grey granite, the wreck of ages, rolled down from the mountains on either side. — In short, this is a scene of more utter desolation than the mind can picture to itself, or the pen describe.

> "No vernal blooms these torpid rocks array,
> But Winter lingers in the lap of May!"

The only objects which the eye could here look upon with pleasure, were the numerous cascades now transfixed in ice, and these indeed, preserving all the elegance of falling water, though motionless, formed beautiful and striking contrasts with the dark and rugged steeps down which they hung.

At the extremity of this valley of Desolation rise the stupendous Alps, and here the world seems to terminate, for beyond nothing is visible but snow and sky. On the left rises Mont Velan, and on the right Mont Baraçon, like two enormous portals to this stupendous barrier. The height of Mont Velan above the sea is calculated at 10,332 feet, and down the lofty sides of this majestic object rolls its imposing glacier, but now nearly hidden beneath the depth of snow.

Over Mont Baraçon, forming the opposite portal of this apparently insurmountable barrier, we now commenced our formidable ascent.

At first view, the appearance of the way before us was truly appalling, and to me it seemed absolutely impracticable; but my guide, accustomed to such sights, gave me fresh confidence, and at half past two o'clock, we began to climb.

The great depth of snow, however, which at first sight gave to these stupendous heights an appearance of precipitancy so fearful, I soon found rather aided than impeded our ascent, for our deep footsteps afforded us additional security, and, by pursuing a winding course, the difficulties which I had anticipated were much reduced. This winding path being formed principally by Bonaparte, has received the name of Marengo, having been made for facilitating the passage of his troops and artillery over these Alps previously to that memorable battle, so fatal to the Austrian power in Italy.

All the circumstances attending this wonderful and successful undertaking are carefully treasured up in the recollection of the inhabitants of the Valais.

During our slow and laborious ascent, my guide amused me with several interesting particulars and simple anecdotes relative to that event. He informed me that he had been hired by Bonaparte himself, at Martigny, in the character of guide, and that the troops being considerably in advance up the valley, Bonaparte set out to join them, accompanied by this sole attendant. He also informed me, as an important fact, that Bonaparte gave him twenty-five louis d'ors for the purchase of the mule upon which he rode on the occasion. I felt a sort of curiosity about all the particulars, however trivial, relative to this extraordinary character, which fell under the observation of my guide; but I could learn very little worth relating, for it seems, the great man afforded very little for his humble attendant to observe upon. The day was wet and dismal, and the first consul, habited in a small grey outside coat, with his usual three-corner'd hat, seems to have trotted silently along; most probably absorbed in meditation upon present plans and future glory. Occasionally, and in a few rapid words, he would demand some information about the country, and then jog on again in sombre silence. Deep gloom marked his whole demeanour, and the swarthy complexion which he had received during his late expedition into Egypt, gave to his naturally stern countenance,

an appearance of ferocity, as my guide described, fearful to look upon. The only observation, as far as I could learn, with which my guide was honoured by Bonaparte, was when he descended, dripping wet, from his mule, at the village of St. Pièrre, where, in a wretched little habitation, which my guide pointed out to me as we passed by, Bonaparte took up his lodgings for the night. There doffing his three-cornered hat to shake off the rain, he held it forth, exclaiming in his usual hurried manner, "*Voici! ce que j'ai fait sur vos montagnes, — j'ai gaté mon chapeau neuf — bah! j'en trouverai un autre de l'autre coté.*"

Thus in simple *bavardage* we beguiled our way. We had now reached the rough stone wall which marks the commencement of the extensive territory belonging to the monastery of St. Bernard, and soon we arrived at the little stone hovel built by the charitable monks, as a temporary shelter for the traveller in the time of sudden danger. To this spot every day during the rigorous season comes one of the domestics of the monastery, accompanied by two or three of the great dogs so celebrated for their sagacity, in order to render assistance to any traveller in distress.

Close adjoining this stone hovel is another, where are deposited the remains of those for whom assistance comes too late. I looked through the little grated window, and saw heaps of human bones and sculls; but one look, and that a hasty one, was enough to satisfy my curiosity there.

Having halted for a few minutes at this resting place, we again proceeded. I had not advanced far from the charnel-house just mentioned, when, ascending a steep acclivity, which presented one smooth sheet of ice, and after having by great care nearly attained the top, my feet suddenly slipped from under me. Whether fortunately or not I cannot say, but it so happened that I pitched upon my head, and was unconscious of any thing further until I found myself lying at the bottom of this steep, with a severe bruise on my nose and forehead. My guide, I believe, did his best in coming to my assistance, but as he was helping me up, I observed a smile upon his face. One is little inclined to brook jesting when smarting under pain, and particularly when that pain is occasioned under circumstances like the present. But I had nothing to say, although I felt as if it would have given me no small satisfaction to

have seen my guide pitch into the ravine close by, even though I were left to pursue the remainder of my way alone.

After some rubbing, I again set out, taking care this time to avoid the *mauvais pas*, by making a little circuit which my guide had prudently taken, and had advised me to take in the first instance. The ascent now became extremely difficult and laborious. In many places the path was over a narrow ledge of hard frozen snow, at the edge of a deep ravine, down which the river Dranse pursues its rapid course, deeply buried under ice and snow, and in other places, where the surface of the snow was not sufficiently hard to bear our weight, we plunged knee deep. But these were trifles which more than compensated for any little inconveniences by heightening the novelty of my situation. What was most important, the weather still continued all that I could have wished, and the brilliancy of the atmosphere, now illumined by the golden rays of the bright setting sun, produced an effect upon this little world of snow, inconceivably grand and beautiful. Even my guide declared that he had never beheld this scenery more imposing than at present.

In the course of our march, talking of the extraordinary violence of the storms which frequently burst over these high regions, my guide related many curious particulars of several of these fearful visitations which he had himself experienced at different periods of the year; he having been once in the employ of the King of Sardinia, for carrying government dispatches across this pass. These accounts, however, are too long to be here detailed; and indeed, they would lose much of their effect, if told any where but upon the Alps. It may also be thought that guides' stories are not much to be relied upon; and most probably these people, like the rest of mankind, are apt to exaggerate in their accounts of any thing which appears to them wonderful or terrible; but nevertheless, in my opinion, it is from this sort of persons that the most correct and particular descriptions relative to the phenomena in these high regions are to be procured. I therefore do not withhold my guide's account of some of the extraordinary phenomena in the weather which he has witnessed amidst these Alps, because I think such authority too doubtful to be quoted, but because I am fearful of being led into a still longer digression than the present.

Of all the dangers to which the traveller is here liable, my guide spoke of the dense and sudden fogs which frequently overspread these high solitudes, as being the most fearful.

As an instance of this danger, he related to me his situation last summer upon these Alps, in company with three foreigners whom he was conducting. As he described, in the space of a few minutes they could not distinguish one another at the distance of a yard apart, so dense was the cloud in which they were enveloped. In this situation, to have remained stationary would have been to incur the risk of being frozen to death, to have proceeded thus blind-fold would have been to incur the still greater risk of being dashed to atoms. In this dilemma the reader may be curious, as I was, to learn how the party effected an escape. I will therefore give my guide's own account.

—Well knowing and confiding in the sagacity of my mule, I demanded of the three gentlemen if they would submit themselves entirely to my directions, otherwise that, in such an extremity as this, each must seek his own safety as he might think fit. Fortunately they yielded up their discretion, and trusted to me only for their

escape. I then directed each to take hold of the other's skirt, and the foremost to take fast hold of my coat. The usual injunction on all these occasions was then given, that utter silence must be preserved, after which I laid firm hold of the tail of my faithful mule, and the animal, conscious of the trust reposed in him, with slow and cautious step led on the line of march. Having proceeded in this manner for some distance, I calculated, by the direction which we had taken, that we must be within hearing of the monastery. I therefore came to a halt, and gave the order for a general halloo. This was repeated many times, when at last a responsive but distant halloo reached our ears, and acted upon us all like a reprieve from death. I now advised that we should remain stationary in the hope of aid. Time passed heavily along, and no aid arrived. We renewed our halloos, but no responsive answers again reached us. We began to fear that assistance could not be sent, when at length a rustling was heard at a distance in the snow. The sound approached, and in a few minutes more several of the great dogs of St. Bernard came bounding round us. But these sagacious animals came unattended; for now, not even a holy monk dared venture forth to save a fellow

creature. The dogs, however, gambolling around us, led the way, and our four-footed guide following them, we resumed our former plan of march, and thus we all arrived in safety at the monastery.

Such was my guide's account of this adventure, from which may be learnt the importance of being attended, upon all expeditions of this kind, by a prudent and experienced person; for in these high snowy regions, however beautiful may be the weather at setting out, its continuance can never be calculated upon long together with any thing like certainty. This warning, the reader will perhaps accept as some excuse for another long digression.—But to proceed. We had now arrived at the mark erected by the monks to guide the traveller to the monastery, when the usual route, owing to the depth of snow or badness of the weather, is impracticable or too dangerous to be attempted. This mark is a black hand fixed upon a post, and points in a direction where, in the time of deep snow, a route may be pursued with less danger from the avalanches. However the weather being beautifully clear and calm, my guide thought that there was little cause for apprehending any danger of this sort, for although the snow

was here in many places knee deep, yet the surface was tolerably hard frozen, and we therefore pursued the usual and more convenient route. Convenient, however, is here but a term of comparison, for I soon found the exertion of extricating my legs from the great depth of snow, into which at every foot-step we plunged, painfully laborious. Proceeding a short distance further we reached what is considered the most difficult and dangerous part of the ascent. This is called the pass of Mont Mort, and the appearance here was so remarkable, that I must attempt to convey some idea of it by description.

The path before us, cut out of the steep mountain side, was now, owing to the depth of snow, scarcely visible, and probably would have been entirely hidden but for the ravine immediately beneath which marked the line. This ravine, at the bottom of which the Dranse pursues its course, was already nearly filled with fallen avalanches. On the opposite side rises the enormous and overhanging mountain called Mont Mort. This spot during the winter and the early part of spring is mostly to be feared, for here the overwhelming avalanches are then very frequent, and the scared traveller, hemmed in on either side by inaccessible mountains, seeks in vain

a place of safety, so that all who venture through this pass during the winter or the early spring stake life upon a chance. Life, however, is but a lottery to all, and we are all apt to reckon on good luck. Thus it is that here many lives are yearly lost, from which this fatal spot derives its name. But as already mentioned, there seemed to be at present no immediate cause for apprehension. The evening was beautifully serene, and not a breath of air was moving. However the usual caution on these occasions of strict silence was observed, for much snow was now hanging on the steep acclivities around.

Having made a turn which brought us nearly out of this defile, high before us, between two lofty peaks, appeared the monastery of St. Bernard. The contrast of the dark stone walls of this gloomy building with the whiteness of the world around, together with the dead stillness which reigns over this strange scene of desolation, strike the mind of the stranger at first view with feelings which it would be difficult to describe or to define. In short, the fixing of a human habitation in the midst of such a scene as this seems almost like a species of impiety. It seems as if man had said, here, in these dreary regions, where perpetual and inclement winter

has pronounced that neither animal nor vegetable life shall endure, yet here will I fix my dwelling, here will I eat, drink, and be merry.*

It was just five o'clock when we reached the monastery, and I sent my guide in to crave the benediction of its holy inhabitants, and what just then was to me of more importance, the hospitality of their house. In the mean time four of the celebrated dogs bounced out, and scampering round me, tossed up the snow with every demonstration of greeting that dumb animals could make. Presently two of the holy brotherhood appeared before the door in their dark monastic dress, one hand crossed upon the breast holding their sugar-loaf cap, and the other extended to receive me. But how can I say enough of my reception here! Amazed, and curious as they seemed to know what could have brought a solitary stranger amongst them in such a season, yet not a question was asked, but with hasty congratulations on my safe arrival, they ushered me quickly into their apartment, and bringing out a bottle of l'eau de cérisses,

* The elevation of this monastery above the sea is calculated at 7476 feet; the highest habitable spot, probably, in the world, being one mile and a half perpendicular height, less 148 yards.

helped me to a plentiful libation of this warming cordial.

In a few minutes, however, the sudden and extreme change of temperature to which I was now subjected obliged me to quit the room; and, accompanied by two or three of the brotherhood, I proceeded to inspect this sombre dwelling. But there is little here requiring particular description, the whole building being erected in the old monastic times, and according to the usual style of architecture observed in these religious edifices, of long dark passages, gloomy corridors, and large and cheerless rooms with small grated windows. Here every thing presents a comfortless and chilling aspect, to me even more comfortless and chilling than the scene around, because more dark and dreary, and the long line of abbots, staring from their dark frames ranged in chronological order along these gloomy walls, rather adds to than relieves the melancholy effect which the whole is calculated to produce upon the mind. In addition to which, a disagreeable and unwholesome smell pervades this sombre building in every part.

I was by no means surprized to hear from the inmates of this inclement dwelling, that if by good luck they lived here through 20 years,

their constitutions were then generally broken up with all the infirmities of old age, and that, no longer able to endure the rigours of this climate, they were obliged to pass the short remainder of their days in the vallies below. During the winter season, only the youngest and the strongest remain in the monastery, and at present the number of these was only eight.

After having inspected the principal part of this building, one of the brothers who attended me, and who appeared to be the superior *pro tempore*, proposed, if agreeable to me, a short walk before supper, to shew me the wonders of the surrounding scenery at this season of the year by moon-light. Gladly I accepted the invitation, and we accordingly set out together.

The air was now intensely cold, but the night was beautifully serene, and the moon and stars shone with a brilliancy known only in these high regions. Here every thing which meets the eye is wonderful and terrible. Here in all directions rise a crowd of snowy peaks, and the spectator when he looks around feels as if standing on the highest accessible pinnacle of the world.

Just below the monastery, on the side of Piedmont, is a small circular lake, now present-

ing the appearance of one solid piece of ice. Round the edge of this frozen basin, which may be about half a league in circumference, is a narrow path cut out of the surrounding mountain. Here through the deep snow we directed our steps, and at a short distance beyond this lake we crossed the artificial line which marks the commencement of the territory of Piedmont. But the whole is upon the same scale of vastness and sublimity; and as the wonder and magnificence of this scene is beyond the limit of human imagination, so is it beyond the power of description.

Astonished by the extraordinary novelty of this sight, and highly interested with the account of these regions from my friendly attendant, time passed away unheeded by me, and our walk was lengthened beyond our original intentions. However, the usual hour of supper being already past, it became necessary to retrace our steps, and this we did in the strict sense of the word, there being now no choice of way. But the little which I had seen only increased my curiosity to see more, and the young monk promised to be my companion again on a further excursion to-morrow morning. During our return, amongst other subjects, the great dogs of the monastery, four of which were gambolling around

us in the snow, afforded an interesting topic of conversation; and indeed the numerous instances related of the extraordinary sagacity of these animals, in discovering and aiding human beings in distress amidst these frozen regions, are calculated to excite feelings of lively interest in the mind of every one. So remarkable is said to be the instinct of these animals in discovering and rendering assistance to travellers when lost amidst these snows, that it seems almost as if this were a sort of succour sent by Providence to man at times when human aid could not avail.

In appearance these dogs come nearer perhaps to the large Danish breed than to any other: their hair is smooth, and the colours are various. To man, these dogs appear to be most docile and submissive, though their strength and activity, when they wage war against the brute creation, must render them formidable antagonists. It sometimes happens that a solitary and hungry wolf will attack one of these dogs, if met singly; but when the victor comes back, as he generally does, grievously wounded, the wolf is always found dead. These combats however are not spoken of as of frequent occurrence, as most probably both parties are in general equally desirous of avoiding a meeting. The number of

these dogs now remaining, as I was informed, if I recollect rightly, is only seven. It is needless to say how inestimable they are considered by the monks.

On reaching the monastery, we found supper waiting our arrival to be served up, and after a few minutes of prayer, a sufficient variety of well filled dishes smoked upon the board.* Now all monkish reserve was laid aside — all was high conviviality — all seemed to be very hungry, and an ample supply of good wine made us all appear sufficiently thirsty. Various were the topics of conversation; and politics and religion afforded us numerous points

* It is a curious fact, and one worthy of remark, as stated to me by the monks in answer to my enquiries on this subject, that such is the diminished pressure of the atmosphere at this elevation during the winter season, that the highest temperature to which they can raise boiling water is 72° of Reaumur, which is equal to 194° on Fahrenheit's scale; and that, in consequence of this reduced heat, and the frozen state of their provisions, they had much difficulty in sufficiently cooking their food. In proof of this they informed me that their cook was now obliged to put into the saucepan between four and five o'clock in the morning the meat and vegetables which furnished their breakfast at midday, and that even then these were scarcely ever sufficiently boiled to their liking.

for discussion. But although our arguments came to the usual conclusion of confirming each party in his own opinion, yet in justice to the holy brethren I should say, that their manner throughout was marked with temperance and decorum. I expressed my hope and reliance that all religions upon the face of the earth, if conscientiously followed according to the forms and ceremonies required by each, would lead to the same great result. The monks joined with me in the hope, but added their firm belief that the highest heaven would be assigned only to the good worshippers in their, the only true religion. Much pleased to hear from the inhabitants of this dreary cloister more tolerant and enlightened principles than I had been for some time past accustomed to hear from those professing the Roman Catholic faith, I would not carry this discussion further, but turned it into another channel. Here I had to maintain the novel argument, that the reign of our great queen Bess was less stained with bigotry and cruelty than the preceding reign of her wretched and misjudging sister. On this subject of opinion we were much more widely at variance than on the former, but however I succeeded in my object, of drawing my hospitable entertainers into a conversation which interested them and amused me. All our conversation, however, was conducted

with the most perfect good humour, and on the part of the monks with an extreme mildness though cheerfulness and vivacity of manner. It was now past ten o'clock, and I was given to understand that the conviviality of the evening had led these holy men to transgress more than an hour beyond their usual time for retiring to rest, as it was their practice to rise always at four in the morning to commence the duties of the day. A short prayer was now repeated, after which I was conducted to my chamber for the night.

The appearance of this chamber was well calculated to recall to mind the romances of monastic times. The numerous doors and sliding panels, the dark and spacious wainscoting hung round with sombre portraits of the early inhabitants of these cloistered walls, the large unwieldy oaken bedstead, and two huge and creaking chairs, all declared the antiquity of the apartment, and led the mind into reflections upon the gloomy monkish times.

But I was now more inclined for sleep than for contemplation, and the room was bitter cold and cheerless, for although upon the broad hearth were piled a few large logs, yet these burnt so slowly and so dimly as to afford neither warmth.

nor comfort. I therefore laid myself down upon my hard mattrass, and in a few minutes more imagination was at rest.

Thursday, November 29. As I had requested, at half past three this morning I was awakened by a tapping at my door. It was an effort, but I immediately jumped up to prepare myself for the adventures of the day. The intensity of the cold, and the dreariness of the scene around me, just made visible by the dim light of a twinkling taper which was burning in my chamber, produced altogether an effect which seemed to chill the very soul. When drest, I threw open the casement of my room. The soft and brilliant lights of night reflected by this little world of snow, the deathlike stillness which here reigns around, and the absence of all signs of life, presented a scene of such imposing grandeur, that the mind, however accustomed to the sight, can hardly dwell upon it without a sentiment of awe. Such were my feelings now, and with the same feelings I viewed the wonders of nature in the valley of Chamouni.

But the piercing coldness of the air interrupted my meditations, and closing the casement, I quitted my chamber to seek the common apartment of the monks. With some difficulty I re-

traced my way through the gloomy corridors and long dark passages into the apartment where I was first received, and there I found the cowled brethren all assembled round a well-heated stove, and deeply engaged in study.

They rose to receive me with the usual salutations, and after a short conversation upon their mode of life, and the nature of their studies and occupations, I was conducted by my former attendant into a part of the building which contains the museum belonging to the monastery.

Here I hastily looked over an interesting collection, chiefly confined to the natural productions of the Alps. Also a small cabinet of Roman coins, and other antiquities, most of which are stated to have been found amongst some neighbouring ruins, supposed to be of a temple erected by the Romans to Jupiter. These remains are only a short distance from the monastery, and, according to my informant, the outline of the temple is still distinctly to be traced.

From the museum we proceeded to the library, a small room filled principally with old theological works, but containing some books of general literature. Here also are a few philosophical instruments, but chiefly astronomical,

It was now nearly six o'clock, and being both of us by this time half frozen, we were not sorry to return to the warm apartment. Here I found breakfast prepared for me, and I was quite ready to partake of it. The poor monks, as they admitted, would gladly have partaken with me, but, as they said, it was not permitted to them to break their fast before mid-day. With all respect for these holy men, the truth of this statement, or rather the strict observance of the rule, I must doubt, for in these cold regions the appetite is so sharpened, that I do not believe nature could for any length of time endure the practice of so long a fast. However, I sat down to breakfast by myself, and in the meantime I was amused with many particulars relative to the history of this extraordinary establishment.

I was informed that this monastery was founded in the beginning of the eleventh century, by a monk of the Augustine order, called St. Bernard. That formerly this order was one of extreme severity in the observance of its religious duties, and that the hope of chastening the rebellious nature of man had probably induced the sainted founder to fix his votaries in these inclement regions; but that now, all the ancient severities of the order being abolished, the brotherhood remained in this inhospitable clime,

with the sole view of aiding their fellow-creatures; and their time was occupied in relieving the distressed, and in studying the holy scriptures, to qualify themselves, as far as in their humble means, for enlightening the ignorant, healing the wounded in spirit, and disseminating the true religion. "Such," added they, "are our only objects in this life, and much do we wish that these our only true objects were more generally known; for if we here undergo bodily suffering and privation, it is not because we consider these essential to our future salvation, but because we are thus enabled to dispense our aid where it is mostly wanted."

With respect to the domains belonging to the monastery, these holy men informed me, that in former times this establishment was richly endowed with an extensive and valuable territory, some part of which was situated in Italy; and that once they even possessed lands in England. That the revolutions amongst nations had transferred by far the greatest and most valuable portion of their property into other hands, but that still enough remained to enable them to pursue their good designs towards mankind.

This short account of the origin and present state of the order of the Augustine monks of

St. Bernard may perhaps suffice; and however much we may be prejudiced against institutions of this kind, yet I think it will be generally admitted by all who have ever visited the monastery of St. Bernard, that its continuance is much to be desired, and that its mild and benevolent inhabitants are entitled to the thanks and good wishes of all who have ever known or heard of them.

After breakfast I was invited to visit the chapel belonging to the monastery.

This chapel forms one of the most interesting parts of the establishment. It is well designed, and fitted up with a neatness and propriety which add much to the solemnity of the effect. Here, none of those gaudy and tinsel trappings, so generally found in Roman catholic churches, offend the eye; all the decorations of this place of prayer are in perfect character with the mild demeanour of its holy attendants. The only object which strikes the stranger with any thing like a feeling of surprise, is an elegantly sculptured marble monument erected by Bonaparte to the memory of General Desaix, who fell at the battle of Marengo. With slow and silent pace I followed my holy attendant round this little chapel; and passing near a small

box fixed against the wall, for the purpose of receiving the alms of charitable strangers, I took the hint, and, stepping aside, dropped in my mite. — The organ had already struck up, and the holy peals rolling through the stillness of this sacred place, sounded like angels' voices breaking through the silence of the grave, so strong was the religious fervor which seemed to thrill the very soul. There may be something of a preconcerted scheme in this, but if it be so, yet to judge from my own feelings, the effect is such as must always ensure success; and when it is known how extensive and bounteous is the charity of these monks, how many lives are yearly by their means saved from perishing in these inclement regions, and how greatly their funds are now dependent upon the charity of those visitors who have wherewithal to spare; and when it is remembered that a rule of the order prevents any of its members from openly accepting money, this little artifice, even if it really be one, may excite a smile, but surely nothing more.

It was now between eight and nine o'clock; and whilst I was preparing to set out upon a further excursion over these snowy heights, accompanied by my attendant of last night, my guide sent in a request to speak with me. The

object of this interview was to urge my immediate return into the valley; and as this persuasion on the part of my guide appeared to be disinterested, I was the more inclined to listen to it. The reason assigned was, the visible signs of an approaching change of weather, and that if I neglected the present opportunity of returning I might be shut up here for weeks. This was a powerful argument, and though much disappointed, I thought it prudent to yield assent.

I had now therefore to communicate this alteration in my plans to the hospitable monks, and to prepare for my immediate departure.

This caused some surprize, and many friendly solicitations for a longer stay; but on my guide being called in, his advice was considered too prudent to be neglected, and my instant departure was determined upon. One of the principal causes of my disappointment, however, was now removed, on being informed that the remains of the temple of Jupiter, which I had intended visiting to-day, were at present too deeply buried in the snow, to afford any gratification to curiosity.

Previously to parting, a book was brought, in which I was requested to write my name and the date of my visit, as recording a fact which would stand alone. There my name is accordingly enrolled; but whether, as I was informed, I am the only traveller whom curiosity has induced to visit this high dwelling, at so late a period of the year, I do not vouch.

In the mean time one of the monks, who had heard me express some surprize and doubt about a neighbouring rock, which had been described to me as presenting a smooth exterior surface, as if polished by the hand of art, now brought me two specimens, which he informed me had been broken from the rock itself. These he begged my acceptance of, adding that some time hence they might recal to mind my visit to the monastery of Saint Bernard. As such tokens I accepted them with many thanks; and if they do not remove my doubts about the existence of this rock polished by the frozen air, I shall perhaps preserve them with no less care or pleasure.

I had now only to bid adieu; and a little before ten o'clock, I set out with my guide upon my return into the valley.

The sun shone beautifully bright, and to me the weather appeared every thing that was favorable; but my guide pointed out some little fleecy clouds scudding over our heads across from Piedmont, and these, as he said, were pretty certain prognostications of a change of weather within the next eight-and-forty hours.

My numerous slips and slides I shall now pass over, for it may suffice to say, that if the fatigue of the descent was less than that of the ascent, the difficulties were rather perhaps increased than lessened. I must however mention, that in proceeding through the pass of Mont Mort, I had the satisfaction of seeing my guide make a false step, which plunged him above the middle in loose snow. His own activity and strength were quite sufficient to enable him to extricate himself, and as there was no danger, I felt as little inclination as ability to render any assistance.

A short distance below this pass we met a muleteer mounted on the back of one of his mules, and driving three others lightly laden. What a singular group did we now exhibit in this most singular spot! Each mule was furnished with shoes calculated for grappling a firm

hold upon the ice, by means of two short iron spikes, one at the fore part of the shoe, and the other at the hind part.

I could never pass one of these sagacious animals without patting its stubborn head, and admiring the patient meekness of its demeanour; but now, meeting them in the midst of their dangerous toils, I could not part without bestowing upon each a friendly hug. The muleteer having received answers to his few short questions upon the state of the pass, gave the halloo for advance, and the cavalcade was again in motion.

I watched these extraordinary animals as winding up the steep ascent which we had just descended, until a turn hid them from my view. Like all their race, I observed that they pursued their course upon the very edge of the precipice. How wonderful is the sagacity of these animals, which, in situations of difficulty and danger such as this, are rarely or never known to make a false step; but yet, how great is the confidence of the rider!

I had often asked the question, why these animals in climbing a steep ascent, always prefer the very edge of the precipice, (as is the fact,)

to the middle of the road, and I could never receive any other answer than that it was the fancy of the brute. But this answer was never satisfactory to me, for my own observation had led me to believe that all the peculiarities of these animals are directed by the instinct of their nature for some useful purpose. From closely watching them, I am myself inclined to believe, that the reason why they prefer the edge of the precipice is for the greater facility thus afforded them for avoiding the loose stones in their way, by lifting one of the fore feet over the precipice, by which means the foot, being thrown round the stone or other impediment, is fixed upon a firm spot with more certainty and less exertion; for it will be seen, that when these animals are mounting a steep ascent heavily laden, the effort of lifting up the fore foot to step over a large stone is greater than the effort required to step round the stone; and I think it is also evident, that the facility of stepping round the stone by lifting the foot off the road altogether, is greater than is afforded in the middle of the road, where the declivity to be overcome is more opposed. It is also curious and worthy to be observed, amongst other peculiarities of these interesting and valuable animals, that where the steep road does not afford them the advantage just mentioned, of walking at the edge of a precipice, they

invariably mount in a zig-zag direction, tracing the spiral line of a corkscrew. With head bent lowly down, they pursue always the same steady course, which no violence or entreaty can induce them to quicken. I have seen this frequently attempted by force of heavy blows; but the animal, instead of quickening its pace, generally comes to a stand-still, and as soon as the blows cease, it pursues its course as before. The muleteer is so well aware of this, that in these situations, whenever he strikes his mule violently it is always under the impulse of rage, and not under any hope of hastening its speed.

Near the termination of our descent from these regions of snow, we saw afar off two hunters engaged in the pursuit of game; and here, these two men, climbing the snowy precipices with their guns in hand, and clad in their mountain costume, were objects upon which the eye could rest with a sort of interest, for these were the only objects which presented the slightest sign of intercourse between the wide blank around and the habitable world.

On arriving again at Liddes, a good part of the afternoon was yet before us, and as my guide's apprehensions about the weather were now more confirmed, I determined upon pro-

ceeding on to Martigny. After a hasty repast, therefore I took final leave of our jolly host of the Union, and mounting again upon the saddle, I set out for the remainder of the day's journey. However, I will not again trace this route on paper, but proceed to set myself down once more at the little inn at Martigny, where I arrived between six and seven o'clock.

Miserable accommodation, with another cause of disgust, determined me, late as it was, to proceed on to Bex, a small town nearly opposite to St. Maurice, on the other side of the Rhône, about four leagues distant, but where, as I had been informed, was an excellent inn. This resolve was rather hard upon my horse, but the poor animal had had an hour's rest and a plentiful feed of corn, and was able and willing withal. My steed was therefore brought out, and presently afterwards I was upon the road to Bex.

I had not proceeded far before the prognostications of my guide this morning about the weather began to be realized by the falling of a few large drops of rain, and the change foretold was now rapidly approaching. Black and threatening clouds every now and then hid the bright crescent of the moon, and light and darkness revolved in rapid succession.

Afar off, and when all other objects were lost in the obscurity around, like the genius of this stupendous and sequestered scene, of form gigantic, and as if clad in white, appeared before me the beautiful cascade which, two days before, I had viewed under the golden rays of the setting sun.

Having reached this spot, I turned a few paces out of my way to ride up to it, and there I waited until the re-appearance of the bright moon should afford me a favourable opportunity for a parting view. As if purposely to gratify a wish so innocent, the moon, presently bursting from beneath a cloud, shone out with all its splendour. If this object were elegant and beautiful when viewed beneath the bright sun's parting rays, how much more graceful and lovely shall I say it now appeared when viewed by the pale moon-light! This was, indeed, a scene for which nature could do no more. Here scenery of the wildest grandeur is contrasted with what is most admired amongst nature's fairest works. — A pure and copious stream, pouring down the steep and rugged side of a dark and lofty mountain, and in a few moments afterwards mingling and gliding with the bright blue waters of the Rhône,—the roar of a neighbouring torrent gushing forth from a black chasm of the rocks, — the splashing of the falling water of the cascade, and

the deep murmuring of the Rhône close by; all these, in the midst of such a scene as this, of savage grandeur, with a night now lighted up by the bright moon and other heavenly bodies, and now veiled in the darkness of a storm, as if in turns to be in better unison with surrounding objects, produced together an effect justifying the application of the terms, sublime and beautiful!

Having taken my farewell view, I gave the rein to my impatient steed, who, no doubt occupied with other lucubrations than those of his rider, now finding himself at liberty, set off with a quick and willing trot. Some backward glances enabled me to take two or three more last farewells of the white spirit of this valley, and not the darkness of the night, but an envious mountain hid the bright receding object for ever from my view.

A rapid pace soon brought me again into the town of St. Maurice, and my steed, here taking it for granted that he had finished his day's work, made a full stop at the well-remembered door. I had much difficulty in persuading the poor animal of its mistake, and indeed I was loth to undeceive it; but I had made the determination of reaching Bex to-night, and we

were yet nearly a league distant. This determination led to a dispute between me and my horse, and the contest which ensued in consequence was long and doubtful. At length, however, I succeeded, and after passing the elegant bridge of one arch over the Rhône, we soon accomplished this short league, and reached our long journey's end.

It was now between eleven and twelve o'clock, and all the inhabitants of the little town of Bex were fast in sleep. However, I knocked up the landlord of the inn, and after seeing my horse well housed and fed, I found for myself all that I then wanted, a comfortable bed.

Friday, November 30. From the appearance out of doors this morning a considerable quantity of rain had fallen during the night, and the clouds still wore a threatening aspect.

The town of Bex is situated, perhaps, in one of the most fertile spots of the Canton de Vaud. The environs present a rich and varied landscape of mountains and vallies; but the principal objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood are the famous salt mines, which are here worked to a great extent, and are said to be a pretty considerable source of revenue to this canton.

I was very desirous of inspecting these works, which are considered to be well deserving the attention of the stranger; but the present uncertainty of the weather made me anxious to get back to Geneva, and when I was informed, that to visit these mines would occupy a day, I determined to abandon the scheme. After an early breakfast, therefore, I mounted my horse, to pursue my way to Geneva round the northern side of the lake.

Passing through the pretty village called Aigle, I reached the beautifully situated little town of Villeneuve, at the eastern extremity of the lake, and standing on the water's edge.

After Meillerie, the situation of Villeneuve is, to my fancy, the most beautiful that I have yet found upon the border of this lake.

Built at the foot of the dark and lofty mountains which here close in this little inland sea, and having on the left the romantic rocks of Meillerie, from behind which are seen rising in all their majesty the snowy heights of Savoy, and having on the right, besides numerous villages, the two large towns of Lausanne and Vevey, in the midst of vineyards which undulate

down even to the water's edge, together with a front view over an expanse of water which is terminated only by the horizon, the situation of this town is at the same time beautiful and grand.

As for the lake, excepting that the water is pure as the mountain stream, and that land is visible on either side, it here presents all the appearance of an inland sea, and along the margin the little rippling waves, like humble imitators, were now spending themselves in vain efforts to mount the pebbly shore. Upon the gently swelling surface I observed several varieties of water-fowl, whilst above were floating or skimming through the air a small white species of gull.

Almost opposite to the town of Villeneuve, and some hundred yards out in the lake, is a very small island, just large enough to contain one little house and a single tree. The appearance of this little island, still covered with a carpet of green, forms an interesting object in the scene, and, as Lord Byron has said, from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.

Near the opposite corner of this extremity of the lake, and built in the water, are the sombre walls of the castle of Chillon.

The bridle hung loosely upon my horse's neck, and in about an hour, or less, a slow walking pace brought me to the draw-bridge of this castle.

Here I dismounted, to pay a visit to this gloomy building, and its dark mysterious dungeons, some of which are said to be far below the water level of the lake. The first of these which I entered is of spacious size, and the roof is turned in arches resting upon stone pillars. To one of these, which is pointed out, was chained, for the long period of six years, the unfortunate François de Bonnivard, who, as it is said, for his attempts to correct some religious abuses, was thus barbarously punished.

The early history of this castle is, I believe, involved in doubt. By some historians it is said to have been built in the year 1120, and according to others in the year 1236; but by whom it was built seems not to be known. It is said, however, in history, that Charles the Fifth, Duke of Savoy, stormed and took this castle on the 29th of March, 1536. That he there found

great hidden treasures, and many wretched beings pining away their lives in these frightful dungeons, amongst whom was the good Bonnivard.

On the pillar to which this unfortunate man is said to have been chained, I observed, cut out of the stone, the name of one whose beautiful poem has done much to heighten the interest of this dreary spot, and will perhaps do more towards rescuing from oblivion the names of "Chillon," and "Bonnivard," than all the cruel sufferings which that injured man endured within its damp and gloomy walls.

It might have been a little impulse of vanity which made me think of carving out my name under that of the greatest poet of the age, but a moment's reflection made me change my mind, and I chose a spot for my name as far removed from his as the pillar would allow.

In another part of this building I looked down into a dark and hideous dungeon of fearful depth, and into which I suppose, from there being no steps, the wretched victims of tyranny in former days were lowered by cords.

The view over the lake from this castle is highly beautiful. Here all nature seems to be in contrast with this gloomy work of man.

Leaving Chillon, I presently arrived at the beautifully situated little village of Clarens, so favoured in the sentimental ravings of the citizen of Geneva, the celebrated Jean Jacques Rousseau.

From thence, along the margin of the lake, and through one continued vineyard, I reached Vevey. The situation of this town is eminently beautiful, and universally admired. It stands upon a rising ground just above the lake, and at the foot of Mont Jorat, from whence descends the rapid torrent called Veveyse, which is crossed at the entrance into the town by an elegant stone bridge. After spending upwards of two hours in visiting Vevey, and its beautiful environs, I again mounted my horse, intending to fix my resting place for the night at Morges.

Passing through several villages along the water's edge, I turned out of the high road leading to Lausanne, as I had already seen that town, and continued my course along the margin of the lake, having been informed that I

should find a bye-road which would lead me to the little village of Ouchy, from whence I should easily get into the high road to Morges. After pursuing for some distance what seemed a beaten track, by degrees all appearances of a road were lost, and to my surprize I found myself upon the shore of the lake. In vain did I now search for the bye-path which had been described to me, for nothing like a path could I discover.

The sun having already set, darkness was coming on, and I did not like the idea of retracing my way; I therefore determined to proceed along the shore. A little further on, to my no small annoyance, I found the passage obstructed by two large stone walls, continued on each side of a pleasure ground down to the water's edge, and from thence carried far into the lake. However, determined that this ill-natured contrivance should not now stop me, I drove my horse into the water, and succeeded in gaining the other side of these two walls, though not without some little alarm, so far are these odious barriers carried out.

I had not proceeded much further, before I came upon another *maudite maison de plaisance*, enclosed between two similar walls. This was vexatious; and, to make the matter worse,

twilight had now nearly left me in the dark. However, there seemed to be no alternative, for I was now between stone walls, so into the lake again I went.

The loss of light was now a serious inconvenience, for the walls at the further extremity being continued under the water, I was unable to distinguish where they terminated. I therefore forced my horse to a depth just short of swimming, and I believe this was only just sufficient to bring me clear round. "Destruction to these walls," said I, whilst getting off my horse to wring my clothes, when hearing a noise, I looked up, and saw close by me two countrywomen. Great was their surprize at seeing a horse and rider in such a situation, nor could they forbear laughing at my predicament; and, indeed, there was something in it truly ludicrous. These two women were looking down upon me from the path in which I ought to have been; but to get there was now impossible, at least to get my horse there, without going all the way back; for, although this path was here close upon the edge of the lake, there was a high stone wall between. All that these two women could do, or indeed that any one else could now have done, was to point out to me where I first lost the right road, and to ad-

vise me to get back again into it as fast as I could; but to my consternation they added, that a little way further on I should find two more cross walls, — that if I attempted to turn those, I should run the chance of drowning myself and horse, — and that even if I succeeded there, I should find other impediments which would render it impossible for me ever to enter the village of Ouchy by such a route.

The case was becoming too serious to be any longer a joke, and I now began seriously to consider whether I had not better try to get back. But this attempt seemed dangerous, for it was already dark. I therefore resolved to go onwards, and to decide according to circumstances.

Presently I came bolt up against the other stone wall, with a similar barrier, a short distance beyond, running in a parallel direction. For this I had been prepared, but now what was to be done? Hard by on the other side I was gladdened by the comfortable sight of the little village of Ouchy? How far these walls extended into the lake I could not even guess, and the warning against drowning myself and horse still vibrated in my ears, for, like honest Sir John Falstaff, drowning was a mode of death

to which, above all others, I had conceived a peculiar aversion.

However, the sight of the village so near determined me to risk the chance of going forward, and into the water horse and rider again went. As far as the wall was visible above the water, I kept close along side, but afterwards all was accident where and how deep I went. Proceeding in a straight line until I thought I might safely turn, I gave the horse's head an inclination, and in a moment down he fell. The water now came over the saddle, but bore us up; I also assisted with the bridle, and the horse recovered his footing, but in another moment down he went again. I now found that we were upon a bed of rocks, and that it was impossible for the horse to stand. This was no time for doubting; the animal was perfectly tractable, and seemed accustomed to the water. I turned his head round again, and presently I felt that he was off his legs. My gallant charger swam nobly, and thus we passed round the second of these two last walls, and presently we stood in a few inches of water on a firm bottom, and before the little village of Ouchy. What my feelings were just then I can hardly describe, for ridiculous as was the whole of this adventure, I felt like one who has escaped from some much

dreaded danger, possessing, as I do, like fat Jack before referred to, a wonderful alacrity at sinking.

But, although before the village, I was not yet out of the lake, for here was still the parapet-wall along the margin. I halloo'd for help, but in vain: no one came. I then dismounted from the saddle on to the top of the wall, and was just about to set off into the village for assistance to help my horse out, when a plan occurred to me which I thought it would be better to execute alone and in the dark, viz. to make a breach in the wall. To work I therefore set with hands and feet, and in a few minutes I had accomplished not only the required breach, but with the wreck I had formed a sort of road whereby to mount.

My poor horse in the mean time, as if conscious of its situation, stood quietly looking on; and now that the work was finished, after bestowing upon him a few cheering words and friendly pats, I mounted on his back, and in an instant he sprung through the breach, and stood upon dry ground. At a brisk trot I now passed through the village of Ouchy, and soon gaining the high road, in another hour, about eleven o'clock, I reached the inn at Morges, just as the

rain began to fall, with every prospect of continuing through the night at least. It is hardly necessary to say, that my first and great care was towards my poor horse, and that after that absolute duty I did not forget myself.

Saturday, December 1. Dreary was the scene presented to me this morning; — no longer was visible the beautiful expansive lake, and smiling margin; no longer could be distinguished the high surrounding mountains, or the snowy Alps. It seemed as if one vast cloud had fallen upon the earth; all was obscurity beyond a few yards round, and every object visible within this little circuit dripping wet, served but to heighten the wretchedness of the scene. To me, however, this change of weather was no subject of regret, but rather made me congratulate myself on my good luck in the choice of opportunity for this excursion, now near its end.

There being little or no prospect of the weather clearing up, after breakfast, muffling myself as well as I could against the wet, I set out for the completion of my journey.

Towards the afternoon the rain ceased, but the stormy sky forboded only the preparation for a tempest. The range of Jura, on the right, now

presented a sight singularly grand and striking. Along the base of this extensive chain of mountains, broken and swollen clouds in quick succession were scudding before the squally wind, and the heavy atmosphere, which all the morning had hung over and obscured the summit of this long and lofty barrier, now gradually withdrawing, discovered to the view, instead of the usual dark and dreary line, a line of snow, stretching N.E. and S.W. as far as the eye could carry.

This chain of mountains, so remarkable for its great extent and dreary and monotonous appearance, the lofty summit presenting almost an uninterrupted line, unenlivened by a single tree or visible shrub, forms a striking feature, and one which is visible from almost every part of the high land of Switzerland. But dreary and barren as is the summit of this high range, in many parts are vast forests of oak and fir, and here a great variety of wild animals and birds of prey find refuge; —

" Here, the brown bear, rough tenant of these shades,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Here, hordes of wolves their midnight meetings hold,
And airy eagles perch their lofty nests
Above the wild cat's dwelling in the rock.
Here nature is all terrible and wild,
And man affrighted, gladly yields his rights
To warring elements and beasts of prey."

The progress of the storm was now a sight both curious and grand, and I watched it with much interest. The heavy clouds borne along the base of Jura by the rising hurricane, left only the long line of snowy summit to the view. Upon the lake, which was agitated even to roughness, a large dense cloud descended, and, gradually unfolding, obscured the whole of this expanse of water. But the appearance of the higher regions of the Alps was much more extraordinary, and defies description. The large masses of clouds there collected presented such a variety of shapes and sizes, that it was difficult to distinguish Alps from clouds, or clouds from Alps; and the partial light and darkness thus thrown over that portion of the scene, produced an effect indescribable, but terrible It seemed as if heaven and earth had come together! By degrees, the dark mantle which had obscured the range of Jura, extending itself in a circular direction around the horizon, effected a coalition with the vast congregated heaps of clouds which overhung the regions of the Alps, and in a few minutes more the whole face of the country was hidden from further view. In the mean time the wind gradually subsiding, the rain commenced, and now that the work was done, the rain poured down in torrents.

I had long ago been so thoroughly soaked, as to have little care on that score. Hitherto, therefore, I had proceeded leisurely along the road; but now enveloped in a cloud, all the interest of the scene had ceased, and I mended my pace until within about four miles of Geneva, when unluckily my horse lost one of his shoes, and for the remainder of the way I was forced to proceed on foot. It was thus late in the evening before I reached the town, where my first care was to see poor Waterloo well fed and comfortably lodged in his own stall.

Here ends my excursion to the monastery of St. Bernard; and although I have been somewhat long in my details for the last few days, yet the great extent of interesting country passed over within this short period, as also the extraordinary character of that country at the present season of the year, induces me to hope that I may not have been so long as to have become tedious.

Here also will I consider as terminating my visit to Switzerland; and as the three days more which I spent at Geneva were occupied principally in reviewing and arranging my confused recollections of this interesting country, I will

now venture to lay these before the reader, under the title of

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS UPON SWITZERLAND.

No country in the world, perhaps, is so well calculated to leave strong impressions on the mind of the traveller as Switzerland. Here it may be truly said are to be found within a small circuit most of the beauties and wonders of the habitable globe. Here the admirer of striking scenery will find more than the most glowing imagination can describe. In Switzerland, the most elevated country of Europe, nature has contrasted all that is most sublime with all that is most beautiful. In the high regions of eternal snow, where some of the most majestic of the continental rivers take their source, there nature is displayed in awful grandeur; and in the sheltered verdant valley, there nature is exposed to view in all her softest charms. Here, the man of science, if the study of birds, beasts, fishes, or insects be his favorite pursuit, will find an infinite variety of objects for his instruction and amusement.

If his pursuit be in the vegetable world, here he will find upon the snowy mountains the productions of the most northern latitudes; descending, he will find the productions of the tem-

perate climes, and descending still lower into the vallies where the sun's rays are concentrated by the surrounding heights, he will find many of the plants which flourish in the hottest countries.

If geology or mineralogy be his favorite subject, here he may pursue it through inexhaustible variety. In short, whatever may be the enquiries of the man of science amongst the various natural productions of the world, Switzerland will be to him like an ample cabinet containing a vast and rare collection of all the objects of his pursuit. If the wide field of natural philosophy be his range, then Switzerland is no less the country to enlighten and delight. In the unfathomed lake, or on the mountain top high above the clouds, there may he seek the hidden truths of nature. If he climb the Alpine height, there may he feel the intense cold of the frozen regions of the poles; if he descend into the valley, there may he experience the scorching heat of the countries of the torrid zone. Whatever may be his researches into the properties of heat, or cold, light, electricity, or any other subject forming part of the wonderful and sublime philosophy of nature, here the man of science will find Nature herself aiding him in all his various experiments.

If observation upon men and manners be the traveller's amusement, here he will find much to occupy his attention, for Switzerland, situated between France, Germany, and Italy, may be said to unite, in this union of countries, a people partaking in some degree of the national character of each adjoining state.

If I may be excused for speaking of myself, I would say that I am no philosopher in any sense of that extensive word, and therefore that I am as little qualified as accustomed to discriminate between the moral and physical qualities of the people of different countries, or to point out the differences in the various shades of character, as I am to separate all the particles which compose a ray of light, or to draw comparisons between two things without being acquainted with the nature or properties of either. Like many other persons, most of my little stock of information has been acquired by looking where I expected to see any thing worth seeing; and by listening when I expected to hear any thing worth hearing. But, as far as the exercise of these two senses of sight and hearing have enabled me to form any opinion upon a subject so vague, I should say, that the Swiss character is so different in different parts of the country, as

scarcely to admit of a national distinction which can correctly be applied to the whole nation.

In the northern parts where German is the native language, the German features are strongly marked in the countenances of the natives, and the appellation of Swiss Germans conveys a correct notion of the character of the people, where German apathy is tempered and rendered more flexible, perhaps, in some degree, by a more pastoral mode of life.

Approaching nearer to the confines of France, where French is the language of the people, there the countenance is much less germanized, and the character is decidedly more frenchified. The truth of this observation is more particularly remarkable in the principal towns, Lausanne and Geneva. The town of Berne, which may be considered as situated upon the line of demarcation between French and German Switzerland, is more than half German, both as to the appearance, character, and language of the inhabitants. In my opinion, it is in the mountainous and sequestered parts of Switzerland, where the inhabitants, cut off by situation from much intercourse with mankind, spend their peaceful days in pastoral pursuits, that the real Swiss character is to be found.

But Swiss simplicity is wearing fast away, and it may excite in many visitors, as it did in me, a sort of feeling of disappointment at finding themselves received even in some of the sequestered parts of the country, not with any of those expressions of surprise or curiosity which might be expected at the appearance of a stranger, but with all the complacency and satisfaction of mine host of an English village inn. The truth is, that the value of money is now better known than formerly throughout Switzerland, that every year this knowledge is increasing, and that in the same ratio with this increase of knowledge, has been, and probably will continue to be, the decrease of Swiss simplicity. This I fear is a fact which, however much the sentimental tourist may wish to hide it, is too evident to be denied.

But, however, Swiss simplicity is not yet extinct. The visitor may still, in some of the recesses of the sequestered mountain scenery, find himself amongst a wondering people, who will gaze upon him to his heart's content, and who still retain so much of their primitive simplicity, as not to know how to turn a stranger to their own advantage. Poor simple souls, how soon will English gold teach you to look back with astonishment upon your ignorance, which

gave a night's lodging to the stranger, which let him share with you the best of your humble fare, and then depart your debtor!

But let not the traveller fall into such a mistake as to attempt a tour through Switzerland with an empty purse, for I question much whether he would find an empty purse a better travelling companion in Switzerland than in his own native country.

The Swiss have, as it seems, of late years, acquired the bad character of practising extortion upon strangers who come to visit them. This, like most general charges, is not without some truth for its foundation, and, if more qualified, would be still more true.

Upon this subject I can say from my own experience, that I have found money go as far in some parts of Switzerland as in any other part of the Continent through which I have travelled, and I have also found money go as short a way in Switzerland as it would have gone in England. But in most parts of the Continent, the traveller will be imposed upon according to the appearance of his rank, his style of travelling, and his ignorance or knowledge of the language of the country through which he is travelling; yet I

must add, that I have met with instances of more gross imposition in Switzerland than in Holland, Germany, or even France. But English travellers who, by lavish expenditure and ill-judged liberality, have principally caused this inconvenience, are, I do believe, from what I have heard from foreigners, the principal sufferers. The Swiss in general believe that there is no end to an Englishman's money, an opinion often as inconvenient to the English traveller as incorrectly formed.

I have before stated that the character of the Swiss partakes of that of the inhabitants of the adjoining nation. In justice however, I should make one exception, and separate them, as much as Nature has separated them by mountains, from their Italian neighbours; for, although as regards rapacity for gain there is too close a similarity, yet, in very different ways is this propensity manifested on the Swiss and on the Italian side of the Alps. This great advantage the traveller in all parts of Switzerland may confidently rely upon, viz. the security of his person and his property.

By day or by night, in perfect confidence that no harm will happen to him from his own race, he may wander a solitary being in the most

sequestered solitudes, or he may pursue his way upon the mountain's narrow path without fearing an unfriendly hand, when the slightest push would send him to his grave a hundred fathoms low.

Switzerland is a country divided into a number of little republican states, where wide distinctions in rank are hardly understood. Let the traveller, therefore, who wishes to journey through this country with pleasure and advantage to himself, lay aside all haughtiness in manner, or even in appearance; let him accept, with a good grace, civilities from all as offered; let him forget all little vexations with guides and innkeepers; his recollections of his tour through this beautiful and stupendous country will then be to him a never-failing subject of delight; and he will speak of the Swiss only as a brave and courteous people, who respect a stranger's life as that of a guest entrusted to their hospitality and care.

Protected by poverty from many of the degrading vices which are fostered by the luxurious habits of other and richer countries, Switzerland supports a population, in which, estimating the moral qualities, the good decidedly outweighs the bad.

The common charge against Switzerland, that it has ever supplied a hireling soldiery to the highest bidders, amongst the continental states, is incontrovertibly true; but whether this charge carry with it any, and what degree of opprobrium to the national character, is a question upon which difference of opinion may reasonably exist. This question, I will not here venture to discuss, but I will merely present it in what appears to me to be the fair point of view.

Switzerland, from its political as well as its natural situation, cannot afford occupation for its population. Divided into numerous little cantons or states, each boasting independence, but in fact each dependent upon and yet jealous of the other, the whole may be said to exist as a free nation only by permission, because its existence is required by the common interest of Europe. This division of the country therefore into numerous little states, prevents the organization of any large standing army, and as to the operations of government in the different cantons, these are conducted with such simplicity as to afford employment to a very limited number of persons, and the posts of rank are so few, and even the highest so humble, as to offer but little encouragement to bold and honourable

ambition. The laws also are so simple that the administration of justice requires but few lawyers, and most of the other liberal professions are here as little in request.

As to the manufactories of Switzerland, these languish, and ever must so long as the policy of surrounding nations prevents the exportation of Swiss manufactured goods. In fact the trade of the country, whatever, under other circumstances, the industry and ingenuity of the natives might accomplish, is at present confined almost entirely to its own consumption, and is consequently insignificant.

Agriculture, in Switzerland, as an occupation at first setting out in life, also offers but small encouragement. Large landed possessions are here of rare occurrence. The agriculture of the country is chiefly in the hands of the peasantry, who farm the little portions of land handed down to them from their fore-fathers, and the state of society, as well as the nature of the country, is ill calculated for agricultural speculations on an extensive scale.

To the higher and better educated ranks therefore, in Switzerland, the principal opening to honourable employment is the church, and this

being filled by such as are suited to the pastor's life, "what," as a young Swiss officer who had obtained rank and honours in the army of Napoleon, once asked me, "what remains for us to do in order to appear upon the stage of life, and gain an honest livelihood, but to go where we may be hired and put to honourable employment?"

If Switzerland, however, send out into the world her hireling troops, she has at least this one boast to make, that throughout Europe her hirelings are famed beyond all others for their fidelity. How true this is, has been too fatally proved! But away from home, in whatever part of the world, the Swiss ever look forward as to their greatest earthly happiness, the spending of their latter days in their own native country.

Nothing can more strongly exemplify the prevalence of this sentiment amongst the Swiss troops, than a fact related to me more than once, that before the revolution in France it was amongst the general orders of the military commanders there, that the regimental bands of Paris should be prohibited from playing any of the national airs of Switzerland, as these were found by experience to rouse this feeling, and to cause desertion amongst those faithful guards;

by creating a sensation even paramount to their sense of duty. This *mal du pays* is common more or less, perhaps, to the natives of all nations, but as applied to the Swiss it is proverbial.

Contentment is also a striking characteristic of the Swiss. Let the traveller go where he may through all the most sequestered parts of Switzerland, and dull as is the uniformity of the lives of the inhabitants, yet from none will he hear a wish for any thing beyond that which they enjoy. Where the means of support exist, there the calmness of contentment will be found, and if the enjoyments be but few, vain wishes and regrets are fewer.

In closing these loose and general observations, I cannot forbear to refer the reader to the beautiful lines in Goldsmith's "Traveller" which so truly describe the condition of the Swiss peasantry. But that this contentment is frequently attributable to a listlessness or apathy of mind, produced by a secluded and inactive life, I cannot doubt, and the badness of the cause therefore not only weakens the creditable nature of the effect, but on the whole perhaps is productive of as much evil as good.

That contentment is a positive individual good is undeniable. To persons in all ranks and situations in life, it is a blessing to be envied. But when it tends to weaken the natural ardour of man for the improvement of his condition, as regards mankind at large, the effect is mischievous. It makes the slave forget the sweets of liberty; it confines the wild Indian to his native woods; it encourages despotism and tyrannical oppression; it checks the progress of civilization and improvement throughout the world.

These may be called the curses of contentment; and in support of this, how the world, even in these improving times, still abounds in instances! But I will confine my observations to the peasantry of Switzerland. Much as there is to admire in the country and the people in general, who can travel through Switzerland without being often forcibly struck with the bad consequences of this habitual, this supine contentment? Who can look upon a people existing in poverty, and afflicted with hideous disease in the midst of a fertile, beautiful, and healthful country, and yet admire them because they are insensible to their own misery? That this is the case in many parts of Switzerland, every one who has visited the country must admit. Where is there a more fertile, more beautiful, and more

healthy country than that part of Switzerland called the Valais? and where is there to be found a more wretched looking, disgusting, and contented people. In the midst of plenty, they are poor almost to starvation; their dwellings, although pitched upon the edges of the purest mountain streams, and surrounded by Nature's charms, are dark and filthy as the dens of beasts; and in their persons, they are frequently disgusting even unto hideousness; yet these people are contented with their lot, and seem not to desire a better. These are the curses of contentment,—contentment springing out of brutish ignorance, and the fatal effects are like frightful blemishes upon many of the fairest scenes of Switzerland.

But let it not be understood, that this is an observation applied to the whole of Switzerland. The Swiss in general are a brave, hardy, and industrious people; and more particularly I would observe that

> "Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
> And force a churlish soil for scanty bread,"—

there have I always found these the true characteristics of the people; and from amongst these people, it will be found in the history of Switzerland, have stepped forward the noblest patriots and defenders of the country.

The highlanders and the lowlanders in Switzerland are, it may almost be said, a different people; as different in character and in appearance as the highlander and lowlander in Scotland.

This moral and physical difference may be accounted for by the difference of climate and mode of life, by the difference of exertion bodily and mental which is required in order to obtain subsistence. Both people, perhaps, are equally contented, but who that has seen can doubt which of these two enjoy the greater proportion of the happiness of life? Look at the race of idiots, in many of the fertile valleys of Switzerland, bearing round their necks the badge and curse of indolence and filthiness, the hidious goître; and look at the race of mountaineers, who have their clean but humble dwellings facing the free and bracing winds of heaven on the bleak mountain's side; who can look upon these two races, and for a moment doubt which is the happier state, though both enjoy an equal share of what is called contentment?

Thus much have I observed upon this subject, because I have always heard the Swiss spoken of as the happiest and most contented people upon earth; not that I make these observations with

a view either to admit or to deny the general assertion here alluded to, but for the purpose of distinguishing between that contentment which springs from freedom, industry, and reflection, and that which originates from slavery, indolence, and brutish insensibility.

Having had occasion to mention that unsightly disease, so common in many parts of Switzerland, called the goître, I will here take the opportunity of offering a few remarks, which, although the results merely of general observation, I do not recollect ever to have seen or heard of respecting this extraordinary complaint.

The cause of this disease has long been the subject of discussion and difference of opinion, and the water, the air, and the natural constitution have all been variously charged with producing this singular effect.

I have had opportunities of observing this effect in Germany, Switzerland, and Savoy, and I have always directed my attention to the discovery of some more satisfactory cause than any which I had ever heard assigned. If attributable to the water, or to the air, why are not all the persons in the neighbourhood infected? or if to any peculiarity of constitution, why

are these curious constitutions only found in certain situations?

In many places where this complaint is prevalent, I have sought to learn the cause from the inhabitants themselves, but I could never meet with any thing which seemed to me like a reasonable explanation. They describe it more as an inconvenient than as a painful complaint; and they appear to consider it as inconvenient only when it incapacitates the sufferer for entering upon his usual occupations. It is supposed to produce debility of mind as well as of body when very inveterate; but I could never hear of an instance where it had proved fatal to life. Indeed it is spoken of by the inhabitants with great indifference, and it is too common to excite their surprise, or to interest their curiosity in discovering the cause.

A very usual answer which they give is, that it is produced by the dampness of the situation; but if this be one of the operating causes it must, I should think, be a very slight one, because it is by no means in the dampest situations that this disease is the most prevalent. If this were the only, or principal cause, there ought not to be one person in the whole kingdom of Holland free from the goître; but in point of fact I do not

recollect to have met with one instance of this complaint in any part of Holland.

I have also heard the description of food assigned as the true cause; but from all that I have seen, the diet of the lower classes throughout Switzerland is very simple, being generally and principally vegetables boiled down into a weak broth. This with bread constitutes their chief food, and their drink is commonly from the mountain stream, or a very weak wine, and sometimes a beverage made from the juice of the apple, but so little resembling our cider as hardly to deserve the name.

To the natural constitution, the food, or the drink, therefore, this malady, as it seems to me, cannot be attributed; and now, after stating what I think are not the causes, I will venture to suggest what I think are the causes, for I cannot trace this effect to one cause only, but to several causes co-operating.

To shew more clearly how I arrived at the conclusion which I am about to mention, I will state the nature of the observations which directed me in this enquiry.

The place where I first observed this complaint was a little above Coblentz, where the valley of the Rhine first becomes confined by high mountains on both sides. As I proceeded, and as the valley becomes more confined, I observed that this complaint was more prevalent; and as the valley opens towards Mayence, I observed that the goître was less frequent, until it entirely disappeared.

In the confined parts of the valley of the Murg, I also observed that this disease was dreadfully common, but in the high situations of that mountainous part of the country, I do not recollect to have seen a single instance of the goître. In most of the vallies of Switzerland and Savoy which I have visited, the goître is more or less common, but only in the vallies or at the foot of high mountains do I recollect to have met with this complaint.

In short, the result of these observations is, that the places most favorable to the growth of the goître, are those where the free current of air is interrupted; and in support of this opinion I would venture from my own experience to assert, that no hardy inhabitant of the mountain, whose dwelling is exposed to the uninterrupted winds of heaven, ever knew this disease.

It is only necessary to enter into the houses where the goître reigns, to be satisfied with the second cause, which I am now about to assign, or which is, perhaps, only an additional circumstance to the cause already assigned, namely, the want of wholesome air. These houses are always built in a close and low form, frequently against the steep side of a mountain, or very near it; add to which, the fashion of building the houses with such enormous eaves as almost to exclude both light and air; and the common practice of little windows or casements, sometimes not even made to open, or if made to open, so made never to be opened, to which most important wants of light and air add the noxious exhalations from accumulated filth, and I would then ask if disease be a very improbable consequence? I have visited some of these dwellings when the contamination of the air has seemed to me little short of pestilential; yet in none of these instances was that a necessary state of things, but the consequence of ignorance, indolence, and swinish indifference.

Through the whole valley of the Rhône, and from Martigny to the foot of the alps of *St.* Bernard, the villages are obnoxious in the extreme, and the persons of the inhabitants in

general are no less disgusting than their dwellings. In this part of the country the frightful goître is so prevalent that I might safely assert that every tenth inhabitant is more or less afflicted with this disease, and frequently to a degree so shocking that the eye unaccustomed to the sight, dare not look upon it. Yet here nature has been even bountiful; the soil is fruitful, and the climate delightful. Most of the inhabitants are proprietors of land amply sufficient to afford them not only the necessaries but many of the luxuries of life, and as for that blessed article fresh water, which they so little seem to estimate, they possess it in every direction in the purest running streams.

This frightful and common malady therefore is, I think, attributable to two causes,— the want of a free current of air, and the want of cleanliness. Other causes, such as dampness, &c. may operate in addition to these in some situations, but from what I have myself witnessed, I feel satisfied that the two primary causes are those which I have mentioned; for, to make one other observation upon this subject, I have visited cottages where the inhabitants have been of a better sort, and acquainted with the advantages of cleanliness, and in those families not

only is there no instance of the goître to be seen, but, in answer to my enquiries, I have always been informed that it is unknown amongst them.

I have read, and often heard it said, that this disease, and idiotcy which frequently attends it, are considered by the natives as blessings upon their families. I will not therefore venture to say, that such is not the fact, but I may certainly say, that I have never met with such an instance, and I have made frequent enquiries respecting the feeling in families thus afflicted. All that I could collect on these occasions was, great indifference; and in cases where this disease was accompanied with idiotcy, the feeling seemed to be not of pity or particular regard towards the poor afflicted, but that its helpless state called for more than a usual share of kindness and attention.

As I have already remarked, large landed possessions are of rare occurrence in Switzerland, and the agriculture of the country is chiefly in the hands of peasantry, who farm the little portions of land handed down to them from their forefathers, divided and subdivided through all the intervening generations.

In Switzerland this practice is peculiarly observable, and so is it, though perhaps in a less degree, in Germany and France.

The effect of this minute division of land in these several countries opens a wide field for theoretical speculation, and much has been written upon this subject by various able reasoners of the present day, who, from the same data, have arrived at different conclusions. From me, therefore, any speculative reasoning upon this topic would be useless, and might be considered as a deviation from the general rule which I have proposed to myself; yet, as I have had some opportunities of observing the practical effects produced by the cause now mentioned, the following remarks thereon may not be here misplaced.

The minute divisions of land in the countries referred to, is a fact which all who have visited those countries will readily admit, and that the division even of a single acre into different properties is not uncommon. In the little German states, and in those parts of Switzerland and France where this practice is most observable, population is evidently larger; and, although cultivation be higher, individual comfort is less than in those districts where the division of land

is more extensive, and the state of cultivation lower. In the former case the occupants are less industrious, because they have fewer stimulants to exertion. They have just sufficient for the support of themselves and families in ordinary times, but no surplus.

The father brings up his sons to assist him in the management of his little plot of ground, which, by their joint labours is brought into a state of garden-cultivation; and thus, for instance, a family consisting of father, mother, daughter, and two sons, draw their subsistence from that which under other management would support, perhaps, not more than a single man, or a man and his wife. The father dies, his small estate is divided in moieties between his two sons, who mutually assist in supporting their mother and sister, until one dies, and the other finds a husband in the son of another little landed proprietor. Her two brothers then marry and have families, and thus the population rapidly increases, and the original piece of land is more and more minutely divided and subdivided, until at last comes a generation in a state of poverty and deprivation worse than that of our lowest English peasantry.

I will now suppose myself arrived at the lowest step to which this pernicious system leads, when the ultimate inheritors are unable to support even themselves, and when, consequently, emigration from their native spots is forced upon them. Their little remnants of land are sold, and their more wealthy neighbours become the purchasers. By a similar process the land again becomes overstocked, and thus the system continues revolving as in a circle, until the increase of population is again stopped by inadequate subsistence.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say more upon the tendency of this system to increase population, or rather to confine it in one small focus; the existence of the fact is sufficiently well known. But other consequences may be pointed out from experience, to shew the mischief of this minute division of landed property.

The increased cultivation of the soil causes an increased quantity of agricultural produce, but the net surplus arising therefrom bears no proportion to the increased numbers occupied in raising it, and therefore the labour of the cultivator is not fully compensated, or not fully exercised, both tending to the same result; namely,

a certain loss of produce, or of human labor, which may be considered as one and the same thing. But a disproportionately large number of cultivators and dependants to the extent of land in cultivation involves this evident danger, that inasmuch as a favorable year is only barely sufficient for their support, so therefore are the consequences of an unfavorable year most serious. Whole families are suddenly plunged into distress, for even if the preceding year had been one of unusual success, the profits arising from that year's produce will have been proportionately diminished by the decrease of value, and thus the advantages of average years are equalized, or nearly so, whilst an unusually unfavorable year is almost ruinous.

That a similar cause has tended to produce the existing distresses in Ireland cannot be doubted. How the mischief is to be palliated, or how the habits of a whole people are to be changed, are subjects on which I will not here offer my opinion, but loudly do they now call for the attention of every enlightened statesman. Let it not be supposed that I take to myself the credit of any new discovery on this subject; that the system of minute division of land is one of the primary causes of distress to Ireland, has long been known. I am desirous only of adding

to the general stock of information my little mite of experience collected from other countries, and of leaving others to apply it to our own country; nor can I close these observations better than by quoting the words of one whose opinion on these subjects is generally considered as entitled to respect, I mean Arthur Young, who, in the 4to. edition of his "Travels in France," vol. i. p. 484, has thus expressed himself: — "Go to districts where the properties are minutely divided, and you will find, at least I have done it, universally great distress, and even misery."

ENTRANCE INTO FRANCE.

Wednesday, December 5. At five o'clock this morning, I was seated in the diligence for Lyons.

For several leagues from Geneva, our road was through a beautiful, cultivated, and woody country, with the high range of Jura on our right. In a few hours we reached the pass of l'Ecluse, situated on the steep side of this mountain chain, and defended by a strong fort, con-

sidered one of the keys of France. The situation of this fort (which the workmen were now just completing, the old fort having lately been dismantled, to be rebuilt on this spot) is highly picturesque and striking, extending across the narrow pass with high rocks covered with thickets on one side, and the Rhône sweeping through its rocky channel on the other. We were now in the territory of France, and soon reached the first French barrier, at a small village called Bellegarde. Here our vehicle stopped to undergo the usual process of search by those worthy officers of the crown, *les douaniers*, and here was the scene of the only unfortunate adventure which had hitherto occured to me throughout the whole line of my travel. The usual interrogatory being put, whether or not I had any contraband goods about me, I readily answered in the negative, my care having always been, never to subject myself to the risk of inconvenience by having such articles in my possession. I then delivered up the keys of my luggage to the inferior officer whose duty it was to make the search, requesting him to disturb the arrangement of the packages as little as need be, and at the same time, in order to ensure this act of civility, offering him a two-frank piece. My offer, however, for the first time on such an occasion, was refused, and the man proceeded

to the search. But the search through my luggage proved favorable, and all was replaced, and about to be restored to its former situation in the diligence, when the man observing a small writing-case, which he had not examined, requested me to open it; I did so, and there unfortunately were two little boxes each holding a small Geneva watch set in gold and precious stones. So ignorant was I that the entrance of these articles into France was prohibited, that, whilst opening the case, I cautioned the man against removing the watches, as they were carefully wrapt up in cotton to be taken to England. But no sooner had I uttered these words, than I discovered my mistake. The two little boxes were instantly snatched up, torn open, and in a few seconds their glittering treasures were displayed. The man, without saying a word, rushed into the bureau, and laid the two prizes before the three douaniers. All was now a scene of tumult. The whole of my baggage was brought into the office, and the contents were thrown in a heap upon the floor. All was now declared to be confiscated, and I was told that I was a prisoner under arrest. This was an awkward predicament. I protested against the injustice of seizing any thing, except the articles which, I was now for the first time informed, were contraband. I expostulated,

threatened to complain to their superiors; but all in vain. Insolence the most outrageous was poured down upon me by the three douaniers, and knowing the shameful extent of power placed by the French government in the hands of these low wretches, who are entitled to one-half of all their seizures, I thought it the most prudent course, to submit quietly to my fate. My fellow passengers commiserated with me, but this was all they could do for me; and so resuming their places in the diligence, they left me a prisoner at Bellegarde.

The search being finished, and all my luggage seized, I was now about to quit the bureau, when one of the douaniers, rudely seizing hold of me, pulled me back. I returned his uncourteous gripe, and having a firm grasp upon his throat, a scuffle ensued. Instantly the other two ruffians sprang upon me. I retreated backwards into one corner of the room, assuming the best attitude for defence then in my power. The uproar was now complete, and if I had not been in some degree acquainted with the grimace of Frenchmen, I might with good reason have supposed that I had not long to live. Six fists were within an inch of my face, and all the execrable epithets with which the French language so copiously abounds, were now poured down

upon me with a volubility unintelligible to English ears. But Frenchmen, though quick to anger, are slow to blows, and on the present occasion no blow was actually struck. However, as I had taken up a strong position in the corner with my back to the wall, it required something more than words or grimace to dislodge me, and a guard provided with a sword was accordingly called in. To this man of war, I thought it most prudent to surrender at discretion, and I became a prisoner under military arrest. I was now informed, that having aggravated my offence by insulting the servants of the crown, the utmost rigour of the law would be exercised against me, that a 'proces verbal' would be forthwith sent up to Paris against me, and that in the mean time I must remain in a place of confinement here. I answered, that being at present in their power I had nothing left but to submit, warning them at the same time, that if ever I reached Paris, the day of reckoning should come heavily upon them. This threat, however, only drew down further abuse; and the question was then put to me, whether or not I would pay the fine which, besides the loss of my property, was imposed upon me by the law, as in case of refusal, my head-quarters would be in the common prison of the province. This fine being far beyond the amount of my funds about me, I did

not hesitate in my answer, which was, putting the weakest reason foremost, — that I could not, and that if I could, I would not. The guard was now ordered to lead me off in charge. Resistance was vain. Fortunately, however, I demanded to be taken before the superior magistrate of this department, and after a short consultation between my three ruffian judges, my request was complied with. A letter was accordingly written to this superior, who, I was informed, lived about two leagues off, and the order was then given to the guard to attend me, and to act according to the directions which he should there receive. Thus accompanied, I set out for the residence of the superior officer of the *douane* in this department.

On my way, I soon found that my guard was a good-humoured, merry fellow, who seemed desirous of performing an unpleasant duty as agreeably as circumstances permitted. Seeing me much interested with the appearance of this part of the country, he very good-naturedly permitted me to take my own time, and to diverge from the road when and where I liked, for more conveniently surveying the surrounding scenery.

Arriving at a small town called Chatillon, we stopped to take some refreshment, and here I

shared with my companion a bottle of the best wine which our host's cellar afforded.

In return for this little act of courtesy on my part, my military attendant offered to conduct me to a spot at a short distance from hence where the view was, as he termed it, "fort superbe." This being a sort of offer which I could never refuse, I gladly accepted it, and emptying our bottle we set out.

He now led me a little way at the back of the town, and bringing me to the edge of a fearful declivity, by the side of an ancient nunnery, I looked down upon a scene which was indeed both beautiful and surprizing. It was the narrow but fertile little valley of the Valserine, a small transparent river winding between two ranges of lofty hills at a depth which made it fearful to look down, and where all beyond seemed mountain upon mountain. There is here little variety for description, for, besides one small cottage just discernible on the river's side, I believe there is nothing more to add. But the effect of the whole is picturesque and curious to a high degree, and I looked until I felt inclined to say

——————" I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

So, thought I to myself, as resuming my right road, but for these miscreant rogues at the Barrière de Bellegarde I should never have seen the beautiful little valley of the Valsereine.

It was evening before we reached the house of the principal Commissaire de Douane of this department, called de l'Ain, and to my no small disappointment we were informed that Monsieur le Commissaire was gone out to dinner a few miles off, and that he was not expected back until to-morrow. What was to be done! My companion's orders were peremptory to bring me back to Bellegarde, unless he received superior orders to the contrary. After some consideration, however, we returned to Chatillon; and here, after a repast in which the wine had not been spared, my comrade's conscience was satisfied touching the safety of his prisoner, by my own assurances, backed by those of my hostess's daughter, who offered to become my surety, and I was permitted to retire to my bed room, where being left alone, I locked my chamber door, and shortly afterwards was fast asleep.

Thursday, December 6. With early morning I arose, took my cup of coffee, and soon afterwards set out again, accompanied by my military friend, for the residence of Monsieur le Commissaire. He had not yet arrived, and therefore, *pour passer le tems*, we strolled about the neighbourhood for an hour. On our next visit we were informed that the great man was "*chez lui, mais pas visible.*" However, the first step to the ear of the master is generally over the hand of the servant in most countries, and therefore dropping into the hand of this great man's deputy a small token of my esteem, I urged my request, as a matter of much grace and favour, that he would be the bearer of my compliments to Monsieur le Commissaire, and say, that an English gentleman desired the honour of an interview.

With an obsequious bow I was now ushered into the bureau, a chair was handed to me, and my request complied with. Presently my messenger returned with the good tidings, that Monsieur would wait upon me *tout-à-l'heure*. This looked well, and I had a few minutes to spare for getting up my story. Presently a rustling sound along the passage announced the coming of the great personage, and I now felt like one who had something interesting at stake,

and whose success depended on his own good management. The door opened, and in came a middle-aged portly looking gentleman, wrapped in a large old fashioned morning gown.

Like the culprit when brought up to the bar for trial, so now did I cast my first look upon the features of my judge; but nothing could I read favourable or otherwise. There was something too much of the man "clothed with a little brief authority," but yet there was something of the gentleman. Seating himself in his great arm-chair beside the fire, and requesting me to be seated also, he waited to know my pleasure. Accordingly I commenced by informing him that I came before him in his official character, with appearances certainly against me, but that I was an English gentleman travelling abroad for pleasure, and feeling myself much aggrieved by persons who, I understood, were his subordinate officers, I came to claim protection from him. Presuming that the letter of which my attendant was the bearer would contain the principal charges made against me, I requested that, before I proceeded further with my statement, he would have the goodness to peruse this letter, which accordingly was handed over to him by my attendant, who stood behind my chair. During this perusal I closely

watched the countenance of my judge, but no variation of feature could I observe.

"Sir," said he, laying down the letter, "the charges are indeed serious, and appearances unfavourable; but what have you to say?"

"In the first place, that I may know the contents of that letter," was my reply. The letter was then read aloud, which charged me with having two gold watches of great value and of Swiss manufacture secreted in my luggage, after having denied the possession of any contraband goods whatever, and that after the discovery was made I had offered a bribe to the man who searched; —that moreover I was an impostor, travelling under the assumed name of an English gentleman, as was sufficiently proved by my abusive language and outrageous conduct to all around me, who were anxious only to perform their duty in the mildest way.

The bill of indictment being read, I had now to plead my cause. My case rested upon a simple narrative of facts; and these, with as much perspicuity as my knowledge of the French language would permit, I now detailed, vouching, for the truth, the honor of an English gentleman, whose only title which he had to

shew to that honourable rank, was his general appearance and his British passport.

All this was listened to without interruption, and without the slightest visible alteration in the inflexible features of my auditor. I paused, but no reply was made. It seemed as if something further was expected from me, and I resumed. I stated, that I had been lately travelling through various parts of Holland, Germany, and Switzerland; that I had arrived thus far on my way home, without having received one uncourteous word; and that now, in the most courteous nation of the world, I found myself plundered, insulted, and made prisoner, because I had innocently transgressed the law, by having in my possession two watches, which I was carrying home as presents to my two little sisters. (Here, for the first time, I observed the features of my judge relax, — I was in the right course, and thus went on.) That for this slight and unintentional offence, not only had I been insulted, plundered, and made prisoner, but led like a culprit through the country, and threatened to be thrown into a common jail, because I could not pay the heavy fine imposed upon me. "*Ah! les* ——" now curled upon the tongue of Monsieur le Commissaire. "*Qui, Monsieur,*" added I, following up this last effective stroke,

"*tout cela m'est arrivé, et parmi les gens les plus renommées de l'Europe pour leur honnêteté aux étrangers.*" "*Cela suffit, Monsieur,*" said the man of authority, rising from his great arm chair to seat himself at his writing table, "*je ne doute point que vous ayez été maltraité, et je vous ferai la justice jusqu'à mon possible.*"

In a few minutes he had written and sealed a letter, which he handed to my attendant, with orders to deliver it as directed; and then addressing himself again to me, he politely took me by the hand, and, with true French courtesy of manner, expressing his profound regret at this unlucky circumstance, he informed me, that it was only in his power to alleviate. That he had taken upon himself to remit the present payment of the fine, and to order the restoration of all my property, excepting the two watches, and that I was at liberty to proceed upon my journey when I might think proper. That I had been guilty of a breach of the law, and had thereby made myself liable to heavy penalties: these it was in his power to mitigate, not to remit; and as a *procés verbal* would probably be made out against me, he recommended me, on my arrival in Paris, to lay a statement of circumstances before Monsieur de St. Cry, *l'Intendant Général des Douanes de France*, who, he had little doubt,

would not only remit all penalties, but, for the sake of the young ladies, order the return of "*les deux petites montres-d'or.*" There was something so friendly in the manner which accompanied this, that I could not but express my sense of obligation as I felt it. After our mutual civilities had passed, and as I was about to retire, this kind intercedor between me and the heavy hand of law reminded me, with a half smile upon his countenance, that he was now exercising his power to its full extent, and that for his justification he had not in direct terms reserved to himself that which perhaps he ought to have done, viz., my "*parole d'honneur*" that I would not quit France until the "*procés verbal*" against me should be disposed of. There was an evident disinclination to mention this, by the apology which followed; but glad of an opportunity of removing all feelings of embarrassment on this ground, I readily pledged my word, not only that I would not quit France, but that I would remain in Paris until the affair were terminated. In due form, though with a cordial shake of the hand, we now parted; and in company with my *ci-devant* guard, who seemed well pleased with my success, I made the best of my way back to Bellegarde.

My return, and the contents of the letter which came with me, operated just as I could

have wished. The rage and disappointment of the three *douaniers* could not be stifled, and their execrations, if less loud than before, were not less deep. These, however, I did not stop to listen to, but ordering a man, whom I had brought with me into the *bureau*, to carry off my luggage to the nearest *auberge*, I walked out, warning the three ruffians, that, before many days were past, they should hear of me again, but that it would then be through Monsieur de St. Crÿ.

Reaching a neighbouring *auberge*, I found upon enquiry, that a diligence for Lyons would be passing by in about an hour, and that it would stop here a short time for dinner. This just enabled me to pay a hasty visit to the celebrated fall of the Rhône, near a small village called Coupy, hard by. Here this river for some distance pursues its course in a deep channel, formed out of a soft calcareous stone at the foot of a high ridge of rocks, covered with thicket and brushwood, producing an effect highly picturesque and striking. But near the village of Coupy, the most curious part of the sight is the disappearance of this river under ground. Here the whole river rushes with a considerable noise, and disappears beneath the rocks, leaving that which should seem to be its

natural bed perfectly dry, for the distance of about 300 paces, where the waters again appear, pursuing a course in the regular channel, and with undiminished violence.

As it is said, the depth of this hidden gulph into which the Rhône descends has never been ascertained, and what, if true, is still more remarkable, nothing which is put into the stream in its descent into this vortex ever re-appears in the stream below. As I was informed, numerous experiments have been made, by dropping in heaps of chopped straw, feathers, and other light articles, but invariably with the same result; not the slightest particle of what is thrown in is ever seen again. I much regretted that I had not opportunity for a closer examination of this natural curiosity, and for satisfying myself with respect to the fact here stated by actual experiment; however, I had often before heard this fact spoken of as here told.

The height of this defile, at the bottom of which the Rhône has formed its bed, is about sixty feet, and the breadth from fifteen to thirty feet. But the depth of the water here at present was not more than between ten and twelve feet, although it is said to rise, in time of floods, between forty and fifty feet above this level, and then, the ex-

cavation not being sufficiently large to take in so great a body of water, the whole bed of the channel is covered. Just below Geneva, where the Rhône unites its waters with the Arve, the breadth is between 215 and 220 feet.

On returning to Bellegarde, I saw the diligence which I was expecting, drawn up to the scene of my late mishap; but that being a spot which I felt no inclination to re-visit, I proceeded direct to the inn, and there waited the arrival of the vehicle, filling up the interim with a *déjeûné à la fourchette*, or what in England would be called, a luncheon for one who anticipates long fasting.

The satisfaction which I experienced on finding myself again upon the road to Lyons, I leave my readers to presume. My adventure, being by this time pretty generally circulated throughout the neighbourhood, had, of course, already reached the ears of my fellow passengers when I took my seat amongst them, but it seemed quite unnecessary for me to say any thing in exculpation of myself, and I was now informed, that the three *douaniers* of Bellegarde were as generally execrated as known.

So much for the system of the *douane* in France; and if I have been something too long

in my detail of this little incident on my road, I may perhaps have furnished a useful hint to future travellers.

My route to Lyons continuing all the way in the diligence, I shall pass hastily over, though from what I could see out of the window of the vehicle, and by walking up the steep hills, the country for the most part is not only rich and beautiful, but in many parts highly picturesque. The entrance to the small town of St. Germain de Joux, by the side of a beautiful little lake, is quite romantic. About three leagues further, we passed through Nantua, also very prettily situated by the side of a small but beautiful lake. Here are various manufactories for spinning cotton, and the good effects of trade are evident. The lake is said to be famous for its trout.

About five leagues further we descended, down a road of fearful inclination, between bold and lofty rocks on one side, and on the other an enormous chasm some hundred feet in depth, upon the romantic little town of Cerdon, also built on the edge of a small, but beautifully transparent lake. Here, even after all the variety of scenery which I had witnessed, I could admire with astonishment and delight.

But here the striking scenery ended, and the remainder of our route to Lyons needs not particular notice. Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning we entered this great manufacturing metropolis of France, and upon the recommendation of my fellow passengers, I followed them to a most uncomfortable inn, called the Hotel du Nord; where, for a while, I will relieve the reader by a pause.

Friday, December 7. After the usual refreshments upon the termination of a long journey, I sallied forth from my apartment in the Hotel du Nord, to find my way about the ancient city of Lyons.

This is one of the most considerable, both in respect of size and importance, of all the towns in France; and situated at the confluence of the Saône and the Rhône, Lyons enjoys advantages, in a commercial point of view, perhaps greater than any other town throughout the kingdom. Nor do these advantages of situation appear to have been neglected. Lyons may be said to be to France, what Birmingham and Manchester are to England. As in those two towns, here also are all the external evidences which characterize a great commercial and manufacturing city, — a crowded population actively employed amidst

the noise and bustle of carts, carriages, and machinery of all descriptions, and under an atmosphere darkened by the smoke from coal. Here, indeed, and here only perhaps, of all the towns in France, the English stranger may fancy himself in England. The mountains around abound in coal and iron-stone, and here iron is manufactured to a considerable extent. But the principal articles of the manufacture of Lyons are, silks of every description, gold and silver stuffs, satins, damasks, druggets, &c. Besides these sources of trade, there is here carried on a very considerable trade in corn, and in excellent wines, called "*les vins du rivage,*" which are produced on the banks of the Saône and the Rhône. These rivers, together with the Loire, afford the greatest facility for the conveyance of merchandize, and indeed the manufactures of Lyons appear to be immense, perhaps not inferior in variety and extent to any provincial town in Europe.

With respect to the appearance of this city, there is not much to admire. It is for the greater part evidently of ancient date, and most of the streets are narrow, dark, dirty, and inconvenient. There are, however, two squares, called Terreaux and Bellecour, upon an unusually large and handsome scale. The houses are

in general regularly built, but are lofty, large, and gloomy, although some of the public buildings are entitled to particular notice. Of these, the great hospital, which presents an immense front of the Ionic order along the quay of the Rhône, is perhaps the most striking and beautiful.

The bridges are very numerous, but most of these are of wood, and are more useful than remarkable for beauty. The quays are also numerous and upon a noble scale.

The surrounding country, from the little means afforded me of judging, is highly delightful, and the view from some of the heights in the town is beautiful and extensive, including the vast countries of Dauphiny, the mountains of Chartreuse and Chamberry, and, still farther on, the Alps. It is also said that from hence, on a clear day, the summit of Mont Blanc is visible. To catch another glimpse of this my favorite object, I climbed the highest elevation of the town, but in vain, — the day was unfavourable, and the whole city was enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

In visiting the different quarters of this extensive city, some of its principal manufactories and public institutions, a long day was fully occupied;

and although much remained to be seen, yet, curiosity being somewhat abated by this general view, I secured a place for to-morrow morning in the diligence to Paris, and, returning late in the evening to my apartment in the Hotel du Nord, I had only to take my cup of coffee, strap up my portmanteau, and then retire to rest.

Saturday, December 8. At five o'clock this morning I was seated in the cabriolet of the lumbering diligence, on my road to Paris.

France, on the whole, although comprising the three grand varieties of European climate, where grapes, where maize, and where olives arrive at perfection, is, perhaps, to the passing traveller along the high road, the least picturesque and interesting country in Europe. League after league, to the end of the journey, the same straight and nearly level road extends before the eye; and the traveller, waking after a sleep of many hours, may imagine himself to be, from any ocular demonstration to the contrary, just where he was before he took his nap. But the great high-roads which intersect this vast kingdom, in all directions, can never cease to excite the astonishment of strangers. The same enormous width of undeviating course is seen throughout, apparently almost as regardless of local circumstances as of private rights. Undu-

lating hills are cut through, and the stupendous causeway traverses the vallies. Thus, whilst the *corvée* of France must ever be held up as one of the most atrocious acts of despotism imposed upon a people, the result may be considered as one of the greatest benefits conferred by the tyrannical projector upon posterity.

Monotonous and uninteresting, however, as is the face of this part of the country, yet, as my route passes through the heart of the kingdom, and consequently through many towns, I shall mention those of principal importance, with such remarks as may be expected from a traveller passing in a diligence.

After winding up the long and steep ascent of Mont Tarrare, about ten leagues distant from Lyons, the view extends over a vast and fertile plain, with little interruption or variety for the remainder of the journey.

The first town of any note is St. Simphorien on the Gand, which seems to enjoy some trade in linens, cottons, and dimities; and to owe much of its prosperity to the mines of pit-coal in the neighbourhood.

About three leagues farther is the populous and commercial town of Roanne, on the left bank

of the Loire, where that river begins to be navigable. The houses appear to be well built, and the streets are broad and regular. From this port, all the goods and merchandize which come from Lyons, from the departments of Languedoc and Provence, as well as from the Levant, are conveyed by the Loire to the town of Briare, and from thence by the celebrated canal of Briare to Paris. But besides these advantages of situation, Roanne has its manufactories of all sorts of linens, cottons, buttons, and ironmongery, and its environs produce wines in much request, particularly those of Perreux.

The next town of much importance is Moulins, agreeably situated in a fertile plain, on the right bank of the Allier, and distant from Roanne about twenty-five leagues. This is a populous and respectable looking town, which seems to enjoy a fair share of trade and opulence. Its manufactories are chiefly of cutlery, china, linen, cotton and silk stockings. An immense number of silk-worms are said to be bred in this place, and the establishments for spinning flax, hemp, and cotton are very numerous. The dress of the *paysannes* about here is remarkable, and their large straw hats, in the shape of a boat, have a curious and grotesque appearance. This being Sunday, the peasantry were all

abroad, decked out in their gayest apparel, which contributed much to enliven this highly fertile part of the country.

Between ten and eleven leagues further is Nevers, at the confluence of the Nièvre and the Loire. This town, built on a steep declivity in the form of an amphitheatre, on the right bank of the Loire, presents, at a distance, a striking and handsome appearance, but on entering the town all beauty is lost in the crooked, dark, and narrow streets. The steeple of the cathedral, and the old château of the Dukes of Nevers, are, however, striking objects, and worthy of observation. The diligence stopping here for a short time, afforded me an opportunity of looking about, and I was much surprized at the variety and extent of the manufactories here carried on. Along the banks of the Nièvre are several foundries for casting cannon, anchors, and all sorts of heavy iron-work. Here are also several considerable manufactories of glass, enamel, and china; but the principal source of the commerce and prosperity of Nevers seems to be in the mines of coal and iron-stone which are found at a short distance from the town.

Six leagues from Nevers is La Charité, a pretty considerable town, on the right bank of

the Loire, which trades in all articles of iron, tin, and steel, as also in clocks and woollen stuffs, &c. It has a handsome quay on the Loire, and two bridges over the two arms of that river which here forms an island. In the neighbourhood is the small town of Pouilly, famous for its wines.

Between three and four leagues from Pouilly is Cosne, situated near the Loire, at the mouth of the Novain. Here, also, are manufactories for cutlery, nails, wire, anchors, and every kind of iron-work for ships.

Seven leagues further is the town of Briare, on the right bank of the Loire, and situated at the entrance of the canal of Briare, which forms a communication between the Loire and the Seine by a junction with the Loing. This situation enables the town of Briare to carry on a considerable trade in the transportation of merchandize, and particularly of wines.

This canal, which was the first important work of the kind undertaken in France, was commenced by Sully, but the execution of it having been interrupted by the retirement of that great man from public life, it was completed during the reign of Louis XIII.

About ten leagues further is the town of Montargis, on the canal of Briare, and on the left bank of the Loing. The town stands on a rising ground, in the midst of a highly-cultivated and fertile country, proverbial for the salubrity of the air. On this account it is supposed the queens of France formerly resided here during their *accouchemens*, and from this circumstance the town of Montargis has been called "the cradle of the children of France." But the royal residence, built by Charles V., no longer exists, and the town seems to have lost its good character for the salubrity of its situation since the completion of the canal of Briare, which is even supposed to render this part of the country, during some period of the year, unwholesome.

Formerly a great tract of neighbouring country was covered by a forest, but this has long since been converted into corn fields and vineyards, and corn and wine are now the principal sources of the commerce of this town.

Fontenay and Nemours on the river Loing, and also on the canal of Briare, are the two next towns of any note, and these apparently are but of small importance, before the traveller enters the town of Fontainebleau, principally celebrated as the favorite place of residence to many kings

of France, and as the scene of one of the most memorable events in modern history, the abdication of Napoleon. The surrounding country, covered with noble and extensive forests, and presenting more irregularity of surface than is to be found in many parts of France, is striking, handsome, and even grand.

The entrance into the town along a straight and spacious road, shaded on each side by stately trees, gives an imposing character to the scene, and every object as the traveller advances seems to denote his approach to the residence of royalty. The town itself, however, is nothing remarkable, and owes all its prosperity to the fine vineyards which surround it, and to its ancient château, a confused mass of buildings of different architectures, the style of which designates the various periods in which they were erected. I had no opportunity for inspecting the interior of this huge mass of masonry and brick work; but from all accounts, with the exception of a few fine pictures, there is as little worth notice in the interior, as there is little to admire in the exterior.

After stopping a short time at Fontainebleau to refresh, we resumed our places in the diligence, and evening soon closing upon us, the

remainder of our way was performed under the veil of night. Between one and two o'clock on the fifth morning from our departure from Lyons, we entered the great capital, and in about an hour afterwards I was safely lodged in a little chamber in the Hotel des Princes, Rue Richelieu. Those only who have travelled for four successive days and nights in the cabriolet of a French diligence, can know the comfort which I now experienced in stretching my full length upon a bed.

Wednesday, December 12. Some account of Paris will probably be expected from me, and I will therefore at once declare that this is a task so far beyond my power, that I must decline it altogether. Already well acquainted with this second greatest metropolis in the world, I was now enabled to look around me undisturbed by the strong feelings excited upon a first visit; I was enabled to mingle with the crowd upon the Boulevards, and be a quiet looker-on; I was enabled to contemplate the grandeur and meanness associated together in this great capital, with feelings uninterrupted by the novelty of the sight; and I believe I may also add, that I was by this time enabled to look upon every thing around me free from the restraint of prejudice; yet am I unable to offer any thing in the

nature of an account of Paris. Next after London, Paris is, perhaps, the largest, the most populous, the most commercial, and the richest capital in Europe; but whether the English stranger will be more struck with admiration at the magnificence and splendour here displayed, or shocked and disgusted by the filth and meanness with which this splendour is surrounded, it is not for me to say. For a general observation it may perhaps hold true, that Paris is one of the most splendid and most filthy, one of the gayest and most vicious of all the capitals of Europe.

So much for Paris. With respect to its inhabitants, who would be so bold as to attempt description! Like many other English gentlemen visiting Paris, I also have had the advantage of mixing in what is called its *best* society; the *worst* no visitor to Paris can avoid. The worst is with the best, and with every intermediate class from best to worst.

One of the striking peculiarities in the society of Paris is, the want of that marked distinction which exists in our own capital between the different classes. The habits of the people lead them to associate so much together in taverns and in coffee-houses, in promenades and other

public places, that distinctions of rank are in a great measure confounded, and the rich and the poor, the noble and the humble, the virtuous and the vicious, compose one motley crew.

So is it out of doors, and so is it within. The duke inhabits apartments on the first floor, above his tailor on the ground floor; the kept mistress receives her paramours in splendid apartments on the third floor; the inferior tradesman occupies his rooms upon the fourth floor; above resides the humble artisan; and in the garret dwells the shoe-black. Thus one common staircase connects the highest with the lowest in the rank of life, the most respectable with the most degraded.

Whilst on this subject there is another peculiarity which I must mention, one which has often been remarked, and which must strike every English stranger throughout France, but in Paris in particular; I mean the want of that middle class, which in all the gay assemblages in our own metropolis forms so prominent a feature. In France, the nobility, the military, and the tradespeople, constitute the three principal classes of the people, and the middle class, the pride and boast of Britain, is unknown.

With respect to the moral character of the French, I will venture to say but little; for to

pass a general censure upon a whole nation savours too much of harshness, illiberality, and prejudice. But that a long series of mis-rule in a government will taint the morals of a people in general, is, I think, but too strongly exemplified throughout France, and in the French capital in particular.

It is to me a task more pleasant to point out in the character of the French that which is deserving of our respect, and to endeavour to remove some portion of the obloquy which our countrymen are apt to heap undeservedly upon this people, rather than to indulge in remarks calculated to strengthen the prejudice which already exists.

As a military people I think it may be advanced with the least fear of contradiction, that the French stand eminently conspicuous; that in their numerous achievements under their late renowned but too ambitious leader, they have shewn courage and military skill unrivalled in ancient or in modern history; and, as an intellectual people, the French undoubtedly are entitled to be ranked high amongst the foremost nations.

Numerous and strong are the prejudices which mutually exist between Englishmen and French-

men in general, and the prejudices in which people are bred up, however ill founded these may be, are not easily removed. It is therefore, that much illiberality of feeling and misconception of national character exists between the two great rival nations. As an instance, — how universal, in this country, is the charge of frivolity and insincerity in the manners of the French, and how equally general in France is the charge of dullness and moroseness in the manners of the English! But how easily is this mutual mistake to be accounted for!

There is certainly a wide difference between the manners of a polished Frenchman and a polished Englishman, and what the one considers as expressive only of common courtesy, the other looks upon as obsequiousness and insincerity. No allowances are made for the superior vivacity of the French character, or for difference of language. The French language is particularly copious in complimental phrases, and a Frenchman is lavish enough in the use of them; but if the Englishman were well acquainted with the spirit and idiom of the French language, he would know that all this volubility of compliment means nothing more between Frenchmen than is understood between Englishmen in the usual subscription to a letter of "Your obedient hum-

ble servant," which is addressed to a person with whom the writer is a perfect stranger. An Englishman is so accustomed to attach some reliance to very strong expressions of attachment and regard, that he really does not know how to receive such expressions as mere words of form; and the Frenchman uses them without the slightest intention of deceiving, for he imagines that all the world understands them as well as his own countrymen. Thus it is that disgust is so frequently caused to English visitors abroad. They fancy that they have met with some delightful people; and a little English vanity helps, perhaps, to lead them into the error of supposing that these people have fallen desperately in love with them at first sight, a mistaken notion which generally in the end causes disappointment and disgust.

On the other hand, that cautious manner and habitual reserve of Englishmen towards each other, as well as towards strangers, is construed into dullness of feeling and moroseness of temper.

What Englishman can admit the truth of this deduction? On the contrary, what ignorance of the English character is not thus betrayed! The charges of frivolity on the one side, and reserve

on the other are both much exaggerated, and the deduction of insincerity from the one is equally absurd as that of want of feeling from the other. There are other reasons arising from political considerations and the nature of the two governments which manifestly tend to characterize the two nations, and to form the distinguishing features between the Englishman and the Frenchman; but my feelings on this part of the subject are expressed by an elegant and accomplished writer of the present day, with a neatness and precision of language so far beyond my power of expression, that I will not weaken the effect of his observations by repeating them, but refer the reader to "Bracebridge Hall," vol. 2., title "English Gravity."

Thus it is that travellers of all nations, owing in a great measure to their imperfect knowledge of foreign languages, and to their ignorance of the manners and customs of the people amongst whom they are visiting, too frequently carry home with them unfavourable and unjust sentiments towards the natives of other countries; and these sentiments are sometimes rendered still more harsh by the feelings of political animosity which so generally exist between different nations.

The fault is in those who, travelling abroad and meeting with the courtesies of foreign manners, expect to receive substantial proofs of friendship and regard. Hundreds of moralizing writers upon the subject of real and disinterested friendship have told us that it is a rare plant, and of slow growth in every climate, and that happy is he who, in the course of many years, can rear a few of these rare plants around his own little spot upon his native soil. How great then is the mistake of those who, passing hastily over foreign land, expect to snatch and to secure that which requires so many years of careful and attentive cultivation, to rear at home!

Whilst on this subject, and putting friendship entirely out of the question, I cannot omit a few observations expressive of my own sense of obligation for the courtesies, polite attentions, and even acts of kindness which I have met with in foreign land.

Accident and inclination have led me to trace my way amongst foreigners alone, but although a solitary stranger, yet, as an English gentleman seeking information and amusement, I have, almost universally, found myself received upon easier and more polite terms than I should have expected, or perhaps I may say, than I should

have received from my own countrymen on a tour through my own country.

Foreigners in general, not feeling in any thing like an equal degree with us that desire for foreign travel, so peculiarly characteristic of the English, seem to consider it something in the light of a compliment to their country when a stranger comes to visit them from afar; and if the stranger will only shake off, or at least suspend, whilst amongst them, his prejudices against foreigners, their manners and customs, and will accept with pleasure, or at least with the appearance of pleasure, their attempts to please; and if he will so far condescend to accord with foreign manners as to lay aside a little of that sulkiness, or to use a milder and perhaps more correct term, that natural reserve also peculiar to the English character, then, in addition to the common courtesies of the people, the stranger will generally find a desire in those about him to forward the objects of his visit, and to render his stay amongst them as agreeable as personal civilities can make it.

Thus, by according easily with the little peculiarities of foreign manner, the stranger will be regarded as conferring a compliment on the people whom he is visiting, as also on their coun-

try, and, in return for such small attentions, he will be pretty sure of meeting with many advantages.

This observation applies perhaps less to France than to other parts of the Continent; for it is very evident that our immediate neighbours on the other side of the water have become a little weary of us, a fact certainly not much to be wondered at; and therefore, unless the stranger possess some peculiar advantages he will now find an introduction into good French society much less easily obtained than heretofore.

However, to conclude this subject with a general observation, I will venture to assert, notwithstanding the vast influx of Englishmen of every description upon the Continent, that the English gentleman is still received on easier terms and with more marked respect than the traveller from any other country.

And now, near my journey's end, I was about to have offered a few observations upon the advantages of foreign travel, but recollecting the remarks of our celebrated writer, Dr. Moore, at the conclusion of his Journal, I feel that upon this subject it would ill become me to do more than to refer the reader to the doctor's own words.

Dr. Moore, however, has not pointed out the disadvantages which may result from visiting foreign countries; nor, perhaps, is this necessary, although the disadvantages are many, and some of them serious. But where is good to be found in this world without evil? The most precious of the metals is always found mixed up with dross and rubbish, but on this account is the pure ore less valuable? Or is every good which is liable to be abused therefore to be refused? That the advantages which may be derived from visiting foreign land and associating with the inhabitants of other countries may all be lost, is not required to be shewn. If there be a flaw in the refiner's crucible, all the precious metal will run out, and dross only will remain. So he who visits foreign land, even with the best of motives, may for want of proper caution, lose all his gold, and return home with only dross. But this is an abuse of good, and the good is not therefore the less estimable. Good and evil in all things are mixed up together, and every one is at liberty to make his own selection.

Having said thus much to put the advantages of foreign travel in a fair point of view, I will close the subject with one observation in reference to the absurd imitations of foreign manners

which we so frequently see, and especially in this country.

All peculiarities of manner in the people of different nations, so long as these do not violate any notions of propriety, may reasonably cause amusement to the stranger, who sees them common to the people whom he is amongst, and therefore knows them to be natural; in the minds of the ignorant and prejudiced only would arise any feeling of contempt. But when these peculiarities are transported into another soil, and amongst another people, there to be played off in awkward and unnatural imitation, so far from causing any thing like amusement to spectators, the feeling generally excited is that of contempt alone, not against the people imitated, though sometimes this feeling is thus unjustly extended, but against the persons condescending to play the ignoble parts of mimicry and affectation. For myself I can say, that whenever I see a travelled English gentleman shrugging up his shoulders and imitating the grimace of Frenchmen, without feeling the slightest diminution of respect for our neighbours on the other side of the water, I always suspect that our countryman has added more by foreign travel to his stock of folly than of

information. When we see a monkey at its anticks, we laugh, but I do not think that we feel any contempt for the poor animal; yet, if we were to see our sturdy English bulldog imitating the monkey in its pranks, I think, instead of laughing, we should be apt to apply a kick that would quickly bring the animal to a sober and more natural state.

Being now at Paris a prisoner at large upon my *parole*, some of my readers, if any there should be, may, perhaps, have a little curiosity to know the result of the *procès verbal* exhibited against me by the *douaniers* of Bellegarde, and I will therefore shortly detail the further particulars relative to this unlucky affair.

In a few days after my arrival in the capital, I took the liberty of calling upon the British ambassador to request his interference in my behalf, but before I had finished the first sentence of my story, the conclusion was anticipated, and I was given to understand that my case was a very common one, and however shameful, was without remedy. His Excellency very politely however offered to put any statement into the hands of Monsieur de St. Crij, and to do what he could for me, although with little prospect of success, as this was a sort of case in

which his personal interest was next to nothing, the English Custom House being a subject of great and general complaint throughout France.

I accordingly returned to my room, and wrote out, in as concise and intelligible a manner as my acquaintance with the French language would permit, a statement of the whole affair at Bellegarde, and in a few hours afterwards this was in the hands of our Ambassador.

But not being very well satisfied, after what I had been told, with this channel of communication to M. de St. Crij, I called upon a French gentleman, whose name stands foremost amongst the men of science in the present age, and to whom, on a former visit to Paris, I had been much indebted for many courteous attentions, and to him I stated my complaint. So strong was his indignation at the outrage, that he kindly assured me, if I would leave the affair in his hands he would settle it to my perfect satisfaction, promising to call upon M. de St. Crij, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and to give him a full explanation at a personal interview. In a few days afterwards I received a letter from M. de St. Crij, informing me that he had issued orders to the officers at Bellegarde to return me my property, and at the same time offering me the interview I had requested.

In this interview I received a specimen of true French courtesy from M. de St. Crij, which, I may almost say, compensated me for the ill treatment which I had received from his servants at Bellegarde. He informed me that he had read my statement with great attention, and that there was sufficient on the face of it to satisfy him of its entire truth. He expressed his sincere regret at the circumstance, but thanked me for bringing it thus before him, assuring me at the same time that it was now no longer my affair, but his; that I was fully released from my "*parole d'honneur*," and that I might rely upon his making the strictest enquiry into the conduct of these officers, and of punishing them according to their deserts.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the two watches were safely delivered, free of all charges, into my own hands, after my arrival in England.

Thus much of Paris, and of the urbanity of its inhabitants. If I have spared any remarks on the literature, the arts, the military power, and the fiscal regulations of this proud city, it is because I would avoid the charge of affectation in presuming to treat of subjects upon which I do not feel myself qualified to enter; and because,

if it were otherwise, these are subjects too extensive in their nature for my present notice. For this last reason I have also avoided all remarks upon the public buildings and splendid monuments of art which adorn the French capital, and attract the admiration of the world; besides, these have been so often described, and are now familiar to so many of my countrymen who have personally examined them, that further description can, perhaps, hardly be required. Here, therefore, I should have closed my remarks on Paris, and the varied subjects connected with it, had not an incident occurred to me which affords me the opportunity of gratifying public curiosity, by submitting to general inspection some documents relative to the extraordinary individual of whom at almost every step in Paris one may be said to be reminded, and whose name, through the sense of sight or hearing, is recalled to one's recollection in every part of France. Long after this fleeting book shall have passed away, and with its author shall have been forgotten, these documents will remain; for here, perhaps, is to be found the purest source of information which exists, touching the private character of Napoleon Bonaparte, known, probably, but to the few whose situations have enabled them to observe that extraordinary man in the undisguised relations of domestic life. Although much, already, has been said and written of him,

yet the eagerness with which every little anecdote and incident of his life is sought for, shows the interest which still attaches to his name, and these, no doubt, will be bequests which posterity will duly estimate. From these it will be the province of future historians to cull and select simple and authenticated facts, and from these only can be drawn a true picture of the man whose fame has already extended into every distant region of the habitable globe. Whilst the monarchs, the politicians, the historians, and the biographers of every nation acquainted with the use of the press, have found in him or his exploits a never-ending theme, his name has resounded even amongst the savage hordes of every clime. The monarchs of Europe have found employment in controlling his ambition; the politicians in speculating upon the effect of his daring innovations on the established order of things; the historian in recording the memorials of his life in his military career, or in his no less splendid works of legislation or of art; and the biographer in detailing the most minute incidents of his personal character and habits. Whilst all these have filled the civilized world with his name and achievements, the barbarian hordes of the north and of the south, Cossacks and Mamelukes, Calmucs and Tartars, Egyptians and Turks, Arabs and wanderers of all denominations on the globe, have doubtless sung of him in

their native strains, and will send down to their posterity from generation to generation the memory of a man, signally distinguished from the rest of the human race. How then, it may be asked, can I add any thing of value to the public stock on such a subject? This question deserves a serious answer, and I will give it. Accident has placed in my possession documents eminently fitted to fill up a picture, which, in England, has never yet been contemplated but under the light and shade thrown over it by the prejudice, the fear, or the caprice of the artist who presented it to our view.

In the papers to which I allude, Napoleon Bonaparte may be said to stand forth his own artist;—not as the emperor, the warrior, or the politician, but in the undisguised retirement of private life, unconscious of public observation, confiding his feelings and his sentiments, like an ordinary man, to the bosom of a wife, in the language of tenderness and love.

I will now proceed to relate the means by which I am enabled to introduce into this journal fac-simile copies of eight letters in the handwriting of Napoleon Bonaparte, the originals of which are in my possession. Had these been of a political nature, much as I should prize any

relics of such a man, yet they would not have appeared in a book from which I have studiously excluded all controversial topics, and more especially those of a political character. Neither should I have ventured upon their publication if there were a possibility that by so doing I might wound the feelings of any human being. Death has closed the cares of the individuals connected with these letters. Like the memorials of Alexander the Great or of Charlemagne, they are the property of the possessor, and through him, of the public; but not like ancient documents, dependent upon legendary evidence for their identity and truth. These have passed to me through two hands only, since they came into the possession of the Empress Josephine, to whom they were written by their illustrious author. One of the individuals here alluded to, and from whom I received these letters, is a Polish nobleman, who attached himself and his fortunes to Bonaparte, whose confidence he enjoyed in several important diplomatic negociations.

How these letters came into the possession of this Polish nobleman on the death of the Empress Josephine will be best accounted for in his own letter, which will also be found in the Appendix, together with my letter, which was

purposely written for the public eye, and to which the Count's letter is an answer. For reasons which will be obvious his name has been withheld.

Thus, upon the word of honor of a nobleman whose name is without a blemish, who, true to his principles, has maintained an unsullied reputation to an advanced age, these letters may be said to have passed into my hands from the very *scrutoire* of the lady to whom they were addressed.

To those acquainted with the autography of Napoleon Bonaparte, a bare inspection of the original letters, of the official paper on which they are written, and of the post marks, will sufficiently attest their authenticity. But this is still more strikingly manifested by the style of their composition, by the subjects on which they treat, by the sentiments which they express, and by that energetic language which distinguishes all the known productions of his pen as well as his recorded conversations. When to these extrinsic and intrinsic evidences is added the undoubted testimony of the honourable individual to whom I am indebted for the means of producing them, not a shadow of doubt can, as I should think, rest upon the mind of the most rigid sceptic,

that these letters are genuine and undoubted originals in the hand-writing of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To those who delight in the pursuit of truth, who wish to view things as they are, and to draw their own conclusions, documents such as these will possess a charm similar to that which is conveyed to the mind of the antiquary by the treasured relics of ancient days. If we analize the delight which a collector of Grecian or Roman coins or medals experiences at the sight of some piece of metal which he knows and confidently feels must have passed through the hands of the people of those days in which it was produced, it will be found altogether different from that experienced by reading the most accredited description of the most faithful historian of ancient or modern days. The fact proved by the coin or the medal is a solitary fact, but it passes into the mind as *truth;* the substance of the thing itself is *seen* and *felt,* and he who sees, knows that he is not looking through the eyes of others to be informed how the arts necessary for the production of the symbol were executed in the days under his contemplation. Such, I imagine to be the feeling of the collector of autographs of extraordinary men, or of original documents

appertaining to extraordinary events. Who is there who has not looked with eagerness at the original death-warrant of Charles the First, or at the multiplied copies in imitation of it? Who is there so devoid of curiosity as not to have examined with interest the hand-writing and even the seals of the individuals composing the high commission court?

But the document here referred to serves merely to confirm an event in history, not requiring such confirmation.

In the letters before us, much will be suggested to the mind of every observant reader which partakes of the feeling of the antiquary just alluded to. He will seem to acquire a more accurate idea of Napoleon's private character and style of composition, for here was no distinguished secretary, no polished scholar to dictate or to correct his language, or to adorn his phrases; they are evidently the rapid, unstudied productions of his own mind, written with his own hand, and they appear to describe truly the unadulterated, unsophisticated language of the heart; they were evidently never intended to answer any other purpose than that which appears upon the surface; and, as characteristic of the man, they hold no comparison

with the proclamations, public dispatches, or other documents composed to serve a political purpose, or to carry on a state intrigue. The attentive observer will be, as it were, an ear-witness of the domestic chat of one describing truly the inmost recesses of his thoughts to a beloved wife, indulging in the hopes of their mutual offspring, and of promised happiness, or dwelling on the effect wrought upon his mind by the fleeting subjects of the day.

The whole certainly tends to strengthen those opinions respecting the personal habits and private feelings of the man, which all must have formed who attach credit to the Count de Las Cases, Mr. O'Meara, and other annalists, in their voluminous details of many trifling incidents connected with him during the last few years of his existence.

The reader will be impressed with the style of his composition, and will find in it the short, sententious, and abrupt character which runs through the proclamations and other public documents ascribed to his pen, and will be led to the conclusion, that these are truly ascribed to himself, and not to the persons who were about him. The reader will also trace in these letters the same animated fancy, the same ra-

pidity of thought, the same flights of imagination, from things grand and sublime to things trivial and even approaching to childish playfulness; just, in short, as is related of him in his familiar conversations in private life.

The acute observer may, perhaps, here discover a mind somewhat tinctured with a sort of metaphysical reflection, prone to a belief in predestination, or in supernatural interference in human affairs, whilst, at the same time, he will be reminded of the favorite axiom of this extraordinary man, so strikingly exemplified in himself, that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

But whatever impressions may rest on the mind after the perusal of such documents as these, they will certainly be drawn from a purer source than any which can be supplied by narrative; and as these letters relate to incidents which were passing before the view, or in the imagination of the writer at the time of writing, they give a more correct representation of those incidents and of those thoughts than even he himself could have committed to paper at a later period, when his mind must have been burthened with the subsequent and more important incidents of his eventful life.

With these transient observations, I will leave the intelligent reader to his own contemplation of these letters, which will be found so faithfully delineated, that were it not for the paper and other extrinsic evidences of that description, each copy might be mistaken for the original. But as the hand-writing will not be read without considerable difficulty, I have thought it convenient to give a fair transcript in the original French, as also an English translation for the use of those unacquainted with the French language. I will here also add, that in the French transcript I have closely copied all the inaccuracies of the original, and that in the English translation I have endeavoured to adhere as closely to the style and spirit of the original as propriety and the differences of language will permit. I should remind the reader, that these letters were written by Napoleon Bonaparte before the period of his consulate, when, it is well known, he was much less skilled in the grammar and orthography of the French language, and indeed, in literature in general, than in the subsequent part of his life; and I should also remind the reader that these are private letters written by a husband to his wife; and with this I leave the reader to find such excuses as he may, for numerous inaccuracies in grammar and spelling, and for some expressions which cer-

tainly do not accord with English taste. And here will I close these observations with one further remark, one which, probably, would not have been required, or will not be cared for, but which, nevertheless, from personal feeling I am induced to offer, namely, that, in presenting these letters to the public, I present them only as biographical documents relative to an individual who has excited the astonishment of the present age to a degree which will preserve his name in history to the latest posterity. I would wish the reader to bear in mind that in these observations I have spoken of this individual only as an extraordinary man on whose political career I, in common with others, look back with amazement; that on his private character, or on the good or evil which is chargeable to his account, I neither have offered, nor do I intend to offer an opinion.

Thursday, January 3. Having now satisfied my readers that I am at full liberty to depart from Paris without any breach of *parole d'honneur*, I will no longer detain them here, but hasten to my journey's end.

Early this morning I was seated in the diligence for Calais, and after rolling for two days and a night over the monotonous plains of

Picardy, and along a route now too well and too generally known to need description, we were at length released from this tedious confinement, and soon afterwards I was once more comfortably lodged in my former apartment in the hotel Dessin.

Saturday, January 5. A tremendous storm, which had lasted all night, still continued, and no vessels could venture out of harbour. Eager to be again on English ground, this delay was vexatious, but there was no remedy, and I spent the day in more minutely inspecting the ancient town of Calais, and in watching from its pier head the raging of the stormy sea. With respect to the town itself little need be said. It is furnished with a citadel, and the harbour is defended by forts, but the greater part of the fortifications around the town have fallen into ruin. The whole appearance of this town is completely French; and the suddenness and singularity of the change to the English stranger on his first landing here from Dover, is well calculated to excite surprize and amusement.

There is something about a French town as different from an English town as about the people which inhabit them; and the very atmosphere of a French town is as different from an Eng-

to an Englishman's nose as the language to his ear. The Englishman no sooner sets his foot within the walls of Calais than every thing which meets his three senses of seeing, hearing, and smelling, is new to him. The countenances around him, the style of the buildings, even the very appearance of the country, all are new to him. The clamorous jargon which in every direction assails his ears is new, and will be probably, at first, unintelligible to him; and the smells which assail his nose, amongst which the smoke of wood fires and tobacco predominate, are also new. In short, if novelty have charms, the English visitor, on setting foot in France for the first time in his life, cannot fail to be amused.

Sunday, January 6. The weather still continued stormy, and the captain of the English packet still doubted the prudence of quitting harbour. The principal difficulty was in getting out of the harbour; but numerous persons assembled on the pier waiting the captain's determination, and eager like myself to set foot on native shore, operated as a persuasive argument on his mind. However, after watching for some time a favorable opportunity to run out, he abandoned the attempt as too dangerous, and I, with several others, returned to the inn. In about half an

hour afterwards I heard that the English packet had just got out of harbour, and was under sail. On hearing this, I hurried down to the pier again and saw the truth confirmed.

An English gentleman with his daughter were in the same predicament, and appeared to be equally disappointed with myself.

A boat manned by four Frenchmen offered to overtake the packet for a napoleon for each passenger. I told the English gentleman of my determination to accept the offer, and asked him if he would venture to join with his daughter, a beautiful young woman, whom he was supporting on his arm in almost a lifeless state. His only care seemed to be about this young lady; but, after some hesitation, his anxiety to get her over to England, on account of her ill health, prevailed over his fears, and we all three descended into the boat.

The boat tossed fearfully, and it was nearly an hour before we gained the packet. As we were hauling along side, the boatmen demanded from each of us five francs, in addition to the stipulated price, in consequence, as they said, of the difficulty being greater than had been expected. I remonstrated, but in vain, and the

men threatened to take us back if we refused to accede to their demands.

The rogues seeing the anxiety of the father, and the situation of his daughter, calculated that this extortion would be complied with, and they calculated rightly. The gentleman besought me to settle with them on any terms, assuring me that if he could only see his daughter safe on board the packet, he would most willingly bear the additional expence.

The gentleman with his daughter in his arms was thereupon permitted to mount the packet, one of the men receiving the money from me as they ascended.

It now came to my turn to quit the boat, when throwing down only the remainder of the three napoleons, I sprung up the ladder, and in another instant unfastening the rope which held their boat to the vessel, we separated under volleys of French oaths, but which were not nearly so long audible as the boisterous shouts of the English sailors, who were witnesses to this parting scene.

The incidents of the passage need not be related, when it is told that we had on board more

than the usual complement of passengers, and that the packet ran before the wind over a very pitching sea. As for myself, no more affected by the motion of a ship than of a carriage, I took my seat upon the deck, unmoved by the mournful sounds which ascended from the crowded cabins, for I was thinking only of dear England, and when I leapt on shore, I felt that, like the Duke of Bourbon in the play, I could have exclaimed,

> ——— I'll sell my dukedom
> To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
> In that nook-shotten isle of Albion."
>
> HENRY V. Act III. Scene 5.

APPENDIX.

HISTORICAL NOTES

UPON

BONAPARTE'S CAMPAIGNS IN ITALY,

WITH REFERENCE TO

The Period of the following LETTERS, from the Time of his quitting Paris to take the Command of the Army of Italy, on the 4th of March, 1796, to the Capitulation of Mantua on the 2nd of February, 1797.

No. I. THIS letter is without date, but from the style and address it should seem to have been written by Napoleon, at Paris, just before his marriage with Josephine.

"Ce fut pendant qu'il commandait à Paris, que Napoleon fit la connaissance de Madame Beauharnois. Chacun connaît la grâce extrême de l'imperatrice Josephine, ses manières douces et attrayantes. La connaissance devint bientôt intime et tendre, et ils ne tardèrent pas à se marier.

"Un jeune homme de vingt-cinq ans ne pouvait rester plus long-temps à la tête de l'armée de Paris; le sentiment de ses talens et la confiance que l'armée d'Italie avait en lui, le designèrent comme le seul capable de la tirer de la facheuse situation où elle se trouvoit; tout cela

décida le gouvernement à nommer Napoléon général en chef de l'armée d'Italie; il quitta Paris le 4 Mars 1796."

Mémoires de Napoléon, dicté au Comte de Montholon. Tom. iii. p. 78, 79.

No. II. This letter is dated the 14th Germinal (4th April). On the 27th of March Bonaparte arrived at head-quarters at Nice. Finding the army badly provisioned, he removed his head-quarters to Albenga.

Nos. III. IV. These letters are dated Albenga, 16th and 18th Germinal, (6th and 8th April).

On the 12th of April was fought the battle of Montenotte, which opened Piedmont to the French arms, and on the 14th of April was fought the battle of Millesimo, which opened the two roads of Turin and Milan. On the same day Masséna and Laharpe took the village of Dego after an obstinate resistance. Beaulieu then removed his head-quarters to Acqui, and Colli proceeded to Céva to oppose the junction of Serrurier, and to cover Turin.

On the 15th of April at three o'clock in the morning a division of Austrian grenadiers under Wukassowich arrived before Dego. This position being occupied only by some French battalions, was easily carried by the Austrians to the great surprize and alarm of the French head-quarters, which could not understand how the enemy could be at Dego when the French advanced posts placed upon the road to Acqui were undisturbed. Napoleon instantly marched upon Dego, which, after a hot contest of two hours, was retaken by the French, the Austrians being almost entirely made

prisoners or killed. After the contest of Dego, Beaulieu was so weakened that he occupied himself in rallying and organizing the wreck of his army. Serrurier, at Garessio, informed of the battles of Montenotte and Millesimo, seized the heights of San Giovanni di Murialto, and entered Céva the same day on which Augereau arrived on the heights of Montezemoto.

On the 17th, after a fruitless resistance, Colli evacuated Céva, repassed the Tanaro, and retired behind the Corsaglia, occupying by his right la Madona-di-Vico. On the same day the French head-quarters were advanced to Céva.

The arrival of the army on the heights of Montezemoto is described by Bonaparte as a sublime spectacle. From that position the troops looked down upon the immense and fertile plains of Piedmont; the Po, the Tanaro, and numberless other rivers meandered in the distance; in the horizon, a white girdle of ice and snow bounded the rich valley of the promised land. Those gigantic barriers which appeared like the limits of another world, and which nature had delighted to render formidable, seemed to have fallen as by enchantment. It was in contemplating those mountains that Napoleon exclaimed: "Annibal a forcé les Alpes, nous nous les avons tournées!" A happy expression, which conveyed in a few words the idea and principle of the campaign.

The army passed the Tanaro, and for the first time found itself in the plains. The cavalry becoming necessary, General Stengel who commanded it passed the

Corsaglia at Lezegno, on the right bank of that river, near its junction with the Tanaro.

On the 20th of April, General Serrurier passed the bridge of St. Michael to attack the right wing of Colli's army, and at the same time Masséna passed the Tanaro to attack the left wing; but Colli seeing the danger of his position, abandoned it in the night, and took up his position at Mondovi.

On the 22nd of April was fought the battle of Mondovi, when that town and all its magazines fell into the hands of the French. General Stengel, who had advanced too far into the plain with a thousand horse in pursuit of the enemy, was attacked by the Piedmontese cavalry, which was brave and in excellent condition. He made every disposition that might be expected from a consummate general, and was operating his retreat on his reinforcements, when, in a charge, he received a mortal thrust and fell dead. Colonel Murat at the head of three regiments of cavalry, repulsed the Piedmontese, and in his turn pursued them for several hours. The loss of the Piedmontese in this battle was 3000 men, eight pieces of cannon, ten standards, 1500 prisoners, including three generals.

After the battle of Mondovi, Napoleon marched on Cherasco; Serrurier on Fossano, and Augereau on Alba. Beaulieu had marched from Acqui upon Nezza-della-Paglia with the half of his army, to make a diversion in favor of the Piedmontese, but he was too late, and afterwards, when he heard of the treaty of Cherasco, fell back upon the Po.

No. V. This letter is dated from Carru, 5th Floreal (25th April).

On the 28th of April, an armistice was concluded with the king of Sardinia at Cherasco.

"Le Colonel Murat, premier aide-de-camp, fut expédié pour Paris avec vint-un drapeaux et le traité d'armistice de Cherasco. Son arrivée à Paris, par le Mont Cenis, avec tant de trophées et l'acte de soumission du roi de Sardaigne causa une grande joie dans la capitale et y excita le plus vif enthousiasme. L'aide-de-camp Junot, qui avait été expédié, après la bataille de Millesimo, par la route de Nice, arriva après Murat.

Mémoires de Napoléon, dicté au Comte de Montholon. Tom. iii. p. 161.

Conformably with the conditions of the armistice of Cherasco, the king of Sardinia sent to Paris to treat for a definitive peace; and on the 15th of May 1796, the treaty of peace was signed which destroyed the power of Sardinia.

In the beginning of May the gates of the fortresses of Coni, Tortona, and Ceva, were opened to the French.

Masséna marched with his division to Alexandria, and there took numerous magazines of the Austrian army.

Head-quarters arrived at Tortona, passing by Alba, Nizza-della-Paglia, and the convent of Bosco. Beaulieu, alarmed, had retired beyond the Po, to cover Milan, reckoning to defend the passage of the Po, opposite to Valenza; and after that should be forced, to dispute the passages of the Sessia and Ticino. He placed his

troops on the left bank of the Cogna, where he was reinforced by a division of reserve of ten battalions, which gave him an army equal to that of the French. In all the military and political arrangements, Valenza had been designated as the place where the French would attempt the passage of the Po. Masséna had no sooner arrived at Alexandria, than he pushed forward in the direction of Valenza. Augereau set out from Alba, and encamped at the mouth of the Scrivia. Serrurier advanced to Tortona, where Laharpe had already arrived by the route of Acqui. The grenadiers of the army had been assembled there, to the number of 10,000. With these choice troops, the cavalry, and 24 pieces of cannon, Napoleon advanced by forced marches on Placenza, there to surprize the passage of the Po. The passage once unmasked, all the French divisions abandoned their positions, and marched in haste upon Placenza. On the 7th of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, Napoleon arrived before that town, having performed sixteen leagues in thirty-six hours. He proceeded to the bank of the river, where he remained until the passage was effected, and the advanced guard was on the left bank. In the night of the 7th the whole army arrived. On the 9th the bridge was finished. In the evening of the 7th, General Laharpe, commanding the granadiers, established his head-quarters at Emetri, between Fombio and the Po.

An Austrian division, under Liptay, consisting of eight battalions and eight squadrons, arrived in the night at Fombio, a league from the bridge of Placenza. On the 8th, in the afternoon, Napoleon ordered the attack, and in one hour the village of Fombio was taken, and the Austrian division entirely overthrown.

The wreck of this corps threw itself into the fortress of Pizzighittone, and there passed the Adda. The French advanced guard halted at night within half cannon shot of Pizzighittone. Laharpe retrogaded, to place himself in advance of Codogno, and to cover the roads to Pavia and Lodi. Beaulieu was marching with his army to encamp behind Fombio. Napoleon returned to his head-quarters at Placenza. During the night Masséna passed the Po, and placed himself in reserve at the head of the bridge to support Laharpe in case of need. Beaulieu having received information of the march of the French, put all his troops in march, to occupy the country between the Ticino and the Adda, in hope of arriving opposite Placenza in time to prevent the passage of the river. One of his regiments of cavalry in advance presented itself at General Laharpe's advanced posts, and gave the alarm. The bivouacs were speedily under arms. Laharpe, followed by a picquet guard and several officers, advanced to ascertain the meaning of this attack, but, unfortunately, instead of returning by the road by which his troops had seen him set out, he took a by-path, and was, by mistake, shot by his own soldiers.

On the 9th an armistice was signed with the Duke of Parma at Placenza.

On the 10th the French army marched from Casal-Pusterlengo on Lodi, where Beaulieu had united the divisions of Sebottendorf and Roselmini, having directed Colli and Wukassowich on Milan and Cassano. At a league from Casal the French army found a strong rear-guard of Austrian grenadiers, advantageously posted to defend the high road of Lodi. The French attacked

with fury, and pursued the enemy sword in hand within the walls of Lodi.

The fugitives rallied behind the line of battle which Beaulieu had formed upon the left bank of the Adda. That general unmasked from twenty-five to thirty pieces of cannon to defend the bridge. The French immediately opposed an equal number. The Austrian line was 12,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry, which, with the 10,000 who were retreating on Cassano, the 8000 who had been beaten at Fombio, the remains of whom had retreated to Pizzighittone, and the 2000 of the garrison of the Castle of Milan, formed from 35,000 to 36,000 men, the remnant of the Austrian army.

Napoleon, in the hope of cutting off the division which was marching by Cassano, resolved to pass the bridge of the Adda the same day, under the fire of the enemy, and to astonish them by his hardihood. The bold attempt succeeded, and the enemy was driven back on Crema in the greatest disorder and with severe loss. This action has been considered one of the most brilliant of the war. The French stated their loss at 200 men, and the enemy was almost annihilated. But Colli and Wukassowitch had passed the Adda at Cassano, and had retired by the high road of Brescia. This determined the march of the French upon Pizzighittone, which fortress almost immediately afterwards surrendered.

The French cavalry entered Cremona, and pursued the rear guard of the Austrians as far as the Oglio.

No French troops had yet entered Milan, although that capital was several days' journey in the rear of the

army; but the Austrians had evacuated it, and had thrown themselves into Mantua.

On the 15th of May the conqueror entered Milan in triumph, and on the 20th the armistice was signed which ended that campaign.

The following campaign opened with the revolt of Pavia, on the 24th of May, and on the 26th Pavia was retaken and delivered up to pillage. In the mean time the French army had continued to march upon the Oglio, under the orders of Berthier; the commander in chief rejoined it at Soncino, and on the 28th entered Brescia, in the Venetian territory. On the 30th was fought the battle of Borghetto, when the French effected the passage of the Mincio. On the 3d of June the French army arrived at the Adige, and on the following day blockaded Mantua. On the 5th of June an armistice was signed with the king of Naples.

Beaulieu, after so many disasters, fell into disgrace, and was recalled. Melas took the command *ad interim*, and fixed his head-quarters at Trent. Marshal Wurmser was removed from the command of the army of the Upper Rhine to that of Italy.

No. VI. This letter is dated from Tortona, 27th Prairial (6th June.)

From Milan Bonaparte proceeded to Tortona, and from thence to Placenza, Parma, Reggio, and arrived on the 19th of June at Modena. On the same day the troops of the division of Augereau entered Bologna and Ferrara. At Bologna he found a cardinal and 400 men,

who were made prisoners. The cardinal obtained permission to return to Rome on his *parole*, but some months afterwards, as he behaved ill, an order was sent requiring his return to the French head-quarters, when, to the great amusement of the French army, he answered that a brief from his Holiness had released him from his *parole*.

The Council of the Vatican being now alarmed, on the 23d of June an armistice was signed with the Pope, who pledged himself to send a minister to Paris to treat for a definitive peace with the French Republic.

No. VII. This letter is dated from Pistoia, 8th Messidor, (27th of June.)

This important affair terminated, Napoleon passed the Apennines, and on the 26th of June joined the division of Vaubois at Pistoia.

On the 29th of June, Murat, who commanded the advanced guard, on quitting Firenzuola, turned suddenly upon Leghorn, where he arrived eight hours afterwards, hoping to surprize the English merchants, who had an hundred ships laden in that port; but they having received timely notice, had taken refuge in the ports of Corsica.

From Leghorn Napoleon proceeded to Florence, on the invitation of the Grand Duke. Whilst at dinner with the Grand Duke, Napoleon received the news of the taking of the castle of Milan, which had capitulated on the 29th of June.

After a short stay at Florence, Napoleon proceeded to Bologna. Lugo had revolted, and being re-taken was delivered up to pillage. On the 18th of July, trenches were opened before Mantua, and Napoleon returned to Milan to organize the interior of Lombardy, preparatory to the struggle which was about to commence.

When the court of Vienna heard of the arrival of the French upon the confines of the Tyrol, and of the blockade of Mantua, it detached Marshal Wurmser at the head of 30,000 men from the army of the Upper Rhine, into Italy, which force uniting with that of Beaulieu, which had been recruited during two months, and to the garrison at Mantua, increased this army to 80,000 effective men.

Napoleon watched attentively these preparations, and not without alarm. He convinced the directory that it was impossible with 40,000 to resist the whole of the Austrian power; he required either that reinforcements should be sent to him, or that the armies of the Rhine should take the field without delay.

Würmser established his head quarters at Trente, and united the whole of his army in the Italian Tyrol.

Napoleon had been only a few days at Milan when he heard of the movements in the Tyrol. He hastened to Castel-Nuovo, where he fixed his head-quarters. On the morning of the 29th of July he learnt that

Corona was attacked; that Wurmser had opened in three columns, the right by the Chiese on Brescia, the centre on Montebaldo, between the Adige and the Lake of Garda, the left by the Valley of the Adige; thus hoping to turn the whole of the French army, and by separating it from Milan and cutting off its retreat, to ensure its entire destruction. The plan of Wurmser being developed, Napoleon determined instantly on his measures, and the siege of Mantua was raised.

On the 3d of August was fought the battle of Lonato, when, after a severe loss on both sides, the enemy lost Castiglione and was driven back on Mantua. The day and night of the 4th were occupied by the enemy in rallying and concentrating its columns upon Castiglione.

On the 5th, before day-break, the French occupied the heights of Castiglione, and on the same day was fought the battle of Castiglione, so destructive to the Austrian army. Towards the end of August, Mantua was again blockaded.

The expected reinforcements from the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, and that of the Rhine and the Moselle, were rapidly advancing through the heart of Germany. Wurmser, recruited with 20,000 men, was in the Tyrol. Napoleon seeing the importance of drawing off the attention of Wurmser from the army of the Rhine, which was approaching the plains of Bavaria, resolved on the offensive.

On the 4th of September the two armies were in sight on the two banks of the Adige. The attack was impetuous, the resistance obstinate. Napoleon saw the Austrian line hesitating. He ordered General Dubois to charge with 500 cavalry. The charge was successful, but Dubois fell pierced with three balls. The army entered Roveredo pêle-mêle with the enemy, which, after great loss, rallied in a defile before Calliano, a very strong position where the Adige is inclosed between steep mountains: nine battalions in close column rushed into the defile, and the enemy was completely routed. The loss of the battle of Roveredo hastened Wurmser's movement on Bassano. He was pursued by Napoleon at the head of the divisions of Augereau and Masséna.

On the 7th of September the French army forced the defiles of the Brenta. On the 8th the French army entered Bassano, and Wurmser retired in disorder upon Vicenza. On the 11th Wurmser crossed the Adige over the bridge of Porto-Legnano. On the 19th the Austrians were again routed in the battle of St. Georges. After this defeat Wurmser threw himself into Mantua, which was for the third time blockaded by the French.

The disasters in Italy excited the greatest alarm at Vienna, and the necessity of extraordinary efforts was evident. Two armies were assembled under Marshal Alvinzi; the first in the Frioul, and the other in the Tyrol, with orders to march for the deliverance of Mantua and Wurmser.

In the beginning of October, Marshal Alvinzi was still with his army before the Isonzo, but at the end of the month he removed his head-quarters to Conegliano behind the Piave. Masséna stationed at Bassano watched his movements. The project of Alvinzi was to effect a junction with Davidowich in Verona, and to march thence on Mantua. On the 1st of November, Alvinzi threw two bridges over the Piave, and directed his army in three columns upon the Brenta. Masséna approached Vicenza, where Napoleon joined him with the division of Augereau, and his reserve, and on the 6th of September, at break of day, marched to give battle to Alvinzi, who had followed Masséna's movement. The several divisions of the Austrian army were driven back; the division under Vaubois was less successful, and was forced to evacuate the Tyrol, a disaster which compelled the French army to recross the Brenta and to retreat upon Verona, which was threatened. Nowithstanding the reverses which Alvinzi had sustained on the Brenta his operations were crowned with the most brilliant success. He was master of the Tyrol, and of all the country between the Brenta and the Adige. But his most difficult movement yet remained to be accomplished, that of crossing the Adige, and effecting a junction with Davidowich. On the 12th was fought the severe but indecisive battle of Caldiero. Murmurs were now prevailing in the French army at the inequality of their numbers with the enemy, and all Napoleon's address was required to restore their confidence and courage, which had evidently been damped by the affairs of Caldiero and the Tyrol.

On the night of the 14th of November, the camp of

Verona got under arms; three columns began their march in the deepest silence, crossed the Adige by the three bridges, and formed on the right bank. Every thing indicated that the army was retreating. But the army suddenly turned to the left, marched along the Adige, and arrived before day-light at Ronco, where Andreossi was completing a bridge. On the 15th the French troops crossed the Adige over a bridge of boats. The officers and soldiers then, for the first time, discovered the intention of Napoleon. His object was to turn Caldiero, which he had not been able to carry by an attack in front. Not being able with 13,000 men to combat in a plain with 40,000, he chose his field of battle surrounded with marshes, where numbers could do nothing, but where courage might decide all. After much manœuvering on both sides, the desperate but important battle of Arcole was fought on the 15th. Caldiero was evacuated, and on the 18th of November the French army re-entered Verona in triumph by the Venice gate, three days after having clandestinely quitted that city by the Milan gate. It was in this battle that Muiron, Napoleon's aid-de-camp, was killed in covering with his own body that of his general.

During the two months of cessation from active hostilities which elapsed after the battle of Arcole, the Austrian and French armies received considerable reinforcements, and active preparations were made for the opening campaign.

On the 14th of January 1797, was fought the important battle of Rivoli. On the same day the Austrian

General Provera crossed the Adige at Anghiari, near Legnano, and marched to the assistance of Mantua. Napoleon being informed on the 14th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of the battle of Rivoli that Provera had thrown a bridge over the river at Anghiari, foresaw immediately the consequences. He left to Masséna, Murat, and Joubert, the pursuit of Alvinzi, and the same hour set out with four regiments to station himself before Mantua. Provera communicated with Mantua by a boat across the lake, and concerted operations for the following day.

On the morning of the 16th Wurmser quitted Mantua with its garrison, and took up a position at la Favorita. At one o'clock in the morning, Napoleon, to prevent the garrison of Mantua from joining the army of succour, placed the four regiments which he had brought with him between la Favorita and St. Georges, under General Victor. Serrurier, at the head of the troops of the blockade, attacked the garrison. The division under Victor attacked the army of succour. The contest was terrible. At two o'clock in the afternoon the garrison having been driven back, Provera capitulated and laid down his arms.

On the side of Pazzone, Joubert, during the whole of the day of the 15th, drove Alvinzi before him. Murat embarked with two battalions of light troops on the lake of Garda, and turned la Corona. Alvinzi escaped with difficulty. Joubert marched on Trent, and made 1000 prisoners. Augereau marched to Castel-Franco, and thence to Treviso. Masséna occupied Bassano, and made

1200 prisoners. The Austrians retreated across the Piave. Joubert occupied the Italian Tyrol.

Wurmser had nothing more to hope for. He was summoned to surrender, but he answered indignantly that he had provisions for twelve months.

In a few days afterwards, however, Klenau, his first aide-de-camp, arrived at the head-quarters of Serrurier. He protested that the garrison had still three months provisions, but that the marshal would be regulated by the conditions proposed. Serrurier replied, that he would take the orders of the general in chief. Napoleon went to Roverbella, and there wrapped in his cloak, he remained incognito during the conversation between the two generals. Whilst the discussion continued, Napoleon approached the table, took a pen and wrote his decisions on the margin of the propositions of Wurmser. When he had finished writing, he said, presenting it to Klenau, " Si Wurmser avait seulement pour dix-huit ou vingt jours de vivres et qu'il parlât de se rendre, il ne mériterait aucune capitulation honorable; mais je respecte l'âge, la bravoure et les malheurs du maréschal: voici les conditions que je lui accorde, s'il ouvre ses portes demain. S'il tarde quinze jours, un mois, deux mois, il aura encore les mêmes conditions; il peut attendre jusqu'à son dernier morçeau du pain. Je pars à l'instant pour passer le Pô, et je marche sur Rome. Vous connaissez mes intentions, allez les dire à votre général." Klenau, who had been quite at a loss to understand the first words, soon comprehended who it was that addressed him. He examined the decisions, the perusal of which

filled him with gratitude for such generous and unexpected treatment. It being no longer necessary to dissimulate, he confessed that they had not provisions for more than three days. Wurmser wrote to Napoleon to acknowledge his gratitude, and a few days after dispatched an aide-de-camp to him at Bologna, to apprize him of a conspiracy to poison him, and to give him the necessary information to preserve himself. General Serrurier presided at the ceremony of the surrender of Mantua, and saw the old marshal and all his staff file off before him. Napoleon was by that time in Romagna. The indifference with which he withdrew himself from a sight so flattering as that of a marshal of high reputation, generalissimo of the Austrian forces in Italy, surrendering up his sword at the head of his staff, was the subject of remark throughout Europe.

CORRESPONDENCE

RELATIVE TO THE

AUTHENTICITY OF THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.

Letter from Count ——— to Mr. C. Tennant.

Monsieur,

J'ai l'honneur, Monsieur, de vous assurer d'une manière la plus positive, et vous donner ma parole que les lettres de Napoléon à sa femme l'Imperatrice Josephine m'ayant appartenues, provenant de la source même, sont de la plus grande authenticité, et qu'aucun doute à cet égard ne sauroit former.

Je sais, Monsieur, avec la considération la plus distinguée.

Votre très humble et très obeissant Serviteur,

———.

Letter from Mr. C. Tennant to Count ———.

Monsieur le Comte,

J'ai l'honneur d'accuser la reception de votre lettre, et de vous offrir mes remercîmens. Moi, je ne doute point l'authenticité des lettres dont il s'agit, mais vous savez peutêtre que j'ai l'intention des les presenter au public.

C'est pourquoi il faut que j'aie les moyens les plus positifs qu'on peut avoir pour satisfaire le monde, qui est ordinairement plus incredule que ne le sont les individus. C'est pourquoi seulement, Monsieur, que j'ai pris la liberté de vous prier de me donner les circonstances touchant votre acquisition de ces lettres, d'une manière telle que j'en puisse faire usage, parceque si ces lettres sont venues à vos mains par celles d'une personne seulement depuis la mort de l'Imperatrice, ce seroit un fait très important, et, sans vous demander le nom de cette personne, si vous pouvez me dire que vous confiez entièrement dans la parole de cette personne, ce seroit une chose encore plus forte.

Ce que je voudrais savoir, c'est

1°. Si ces lettres ont été entre les mains d'un autre que vous et l'Imperatrice?

2°. Si elles l'ont été, dans quelles mains? et

3°. Dans ce cas, à quel époque *vous* les avez reçues?

Il n'est pas question de votre créance dans ces lettres, ni de la mienne; c'est pour fermer la bouche au monde que je desire une lettre de vous plus explicative, et comme je vous ai donné mes raisons, j'espère que vous ne me croyerez pas importun.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur le Comte,
Votre très humble, et très obeissant
Serviteur,
CHAS. TENNANT.

Extract from Letter of Count ——— to Mr. C. Tennant.

Monsieur,

J'ai l'honneur, Monsieur, de vous repondre aux trois questions contenues dans votre lettre du 8 de ce mois, de la manière suivante.

1°. J'ai obtenu les lettres dont il s'agit par l'intermediaire d'une seule personne attachée à l'Imperatrice et dans sa plus grande intimité.

2°. Les lettres ne se sont jamais trouvées dans d'autres mains, qui en auroit pu abuser d'une manière quelconque.

3° Les lettres m'ont été livrées peu des jours après la mort de l'Imperatrice, sans aucune vue d'intérêt, le caractère de la personne à laquelle je dois la possession de ces lettres étant audessus de tout soupçon d'une fraude quelconque, j'en vous en garanti, Monsieur, la plus grande authenticité, outre que l'examen seul de ces lettres et leur simple inspection par un examinateur impartial, suffiroit pour en rendre l'authenticité incontestable.

Extract from another Letter from Count ——— to Mr. C. Tennant.

Il pourroit être ajouté dans l'explicatif que la personne qui vous cède les lettres de Napoléon a rendu dans un certain temps un service assez important à celle qui lui a livré ces lettres, pour preuver le contraire d'une opinion presque général que l'Empereur n'étoit point susceptible d'un sentiment profond, même pour les femmes.

THE FOLLOWING ARE CORRECT TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

The * signifies *doubtful.* † signifies *undeciphered.*

No. I.

7 heure du Matin.

je me reveille plein de toi ton portrait et le souvenir de l'anivrante soirée d'hiers n'ont point laissé de repos à mes sens douce et incomparable josephine, quelle effet byzare faite vous sur mon cœur—vous fachy vous? vous vois-je triste? este vous inquiète? mon ame est brise de douleur et il n est point de repos pour votre ami - - - mais en est il donc davantage pour moi lorsque nous livrant au sentiment profond qui me maitrise je puise sur vos levres sur votre cœur une flame qui me brule—ah c est cette nuit que je me suis bien aperçu que votre portrait n'est pas vous—tu pars a midi je te verai dans 3 heures en attendant *mio dolce amor* recois un millier de baisé mais ne m en donne pas car il brule mon sang.

N. B.

A Madame
Beauharnois.

No. II.

Port Maurice le 14 germinal.

J'ai rēçu toutes tes lettres mais aucune n a fait sur moi l impression de ta dernière y pense tu mon ador-

able amie de m écrire en ces termes crois tu donc que ma position n est pas deja asse cruelle sans encore accroître mes regrets et boulverser mon ame — quelle stile ! quelles sentiments que ceux que tu peints — ils sont de feux ils brulent mon pauvre cœur — mon unique josephine loin de toi il n est point de gaiete — loin de toi le monde est un desert ou je reste isolée et sans eprouver la douceur de m épancher tû m'as oté plus que mon ame — tu es l unique pensée de ma vie — si je suis ennuié du tracas des affaires, si j en crains l issue — si les hommes me degoutent — si je suis pret a maudir la vie — je met la main sur mon cœur ton portrait y bat — je le regarde et l'amour est pour moi le bonheur absolut et tout est riant hormis le tems que je me vois absant de mon amante.

par quelle art as tu su captiver toutes mes facultés, concentrer en toi mon existence morale, — c est une magie ma douce amie qui ne finira qu avec moi vivre pour Josephine voila l'histoire de ma vie. j'agis pour arriver pres de toi, je me meur pour t approcher — insensé je ne m apercois pas que je m'en eloigne — que de pays, que de contrées nous separent ! que de tems avant que tu lise ces caractères foibles expressions d une ame emue ou tu regne ah ! mon adorable femme je ne sais pas quel sort m'atend mais s'il m eloigne plus long tems de toi il me seroit insupportable mon courage ne va pas jusque la. Il fut un tems ou je m enorgillisois de mon courage, et quelque fois en jettant les yeux sur le mal que pourroit me faire les hommes sur le sort que pourroit me reserver le destin je fixois les * malheurs * les plus inouies sans froncer le sourcil sans me sentir etonné, mais aujourd hui l'idée que ma josephine pourroit etre

mal, l'idée quelle pourroit etre malade et surtout la cruelle la funeste pensée qu'elle pourroit m'aimer moins flétrit mon ame arrete mon sang me rend triste, abatu, ne me laisse pas même le courage de la fureur et du desespoir—je me disois souvent jadis les hommes ne peuvent rien a celui qui meurt sans regret—mais aujourd'hui mourir sans etre aime de toi, mourir sans cette certitude c est le tourment de l enfert c'est l image vive et frapante de l aneantissement absolue—il me semble que je me sens étouffé. mon unique compagne toi que le sort a destiné pour faire avec moi le voyage penible de la vie le jour ou je n'aurois plus ton cœur sera celui ou la nature aride sera pour moi sans chaleur et sans vegetation.—je m arrete ma douce amie mon ame est triste, mon corps est fatigué, mon esprit est etourdi les hommes m ennuie je devrais bien les detester ils m eloigne de mon cœur.

je suis a *port Maurice* près oneille demain je suis a albenga les 2 armées se remuent nous cherchons a nous tromper — au plus habile la victoire —je suis assé content de beaulieu s il m allarme bien il est plus fort que son predecesseur je le batterai j'espere de la belle maniere sois sans inquietude aime moi comme tes yeux — mais ce n est pas asse comme toi plus que toi, que ta pensée, ton esprit ta vue ton tout —douce amie pardonne moi je déchois * la nature est foible pour qui sent vivement! pour celui que tu anime.

N B

Baras, Sussi * Me tallien amitié sincere a Mechateau-Renard civilite d usage a Eugene et hortense amour vrai —

Adieu adieu — je me couche sans toi, je dormirai sans toi — je te en prie laisse moi dormir voila plusieurs fois ou je te serre dans mes bras songe heureux — mais mais ce n est pas toi —

A la citoyenne
Bonaparte chez la citoyenne
Beauharnois
rue chautreine
No. 6.
Paris

No. III.

Albenga le 16 germinal.

il est un heure après minuit, l'on m apporte une lettre elle est triste mon ame en est affecte c est la mort de chauvet. il etoit commissaire ordinateur en chef de l'armée tu l a vu chez Baras quelque fois. mon amie je sens le besoin d etre consolé c est en t ecrivant a toi seul dont la pensée peut tant influer sur la situation morale de mes idées a qui il faut que j epanche mes peines. qu est ce que l avenir? qu est ce que le passé? qu est ce que nous? quelle fluide magique nous environe et nous cache les choses qu il nous importe le plus de connaitre nous naissons nous vivons nous mourrons au milieu du merveillieux — est il etonnant que les pretres, les astrologes, les charlatans ayent profité de ce penchant de cette circonstance singuliere pour promener nos idées et les diriger au grai de leurs passions — chauvet est mort il m etoit attaché il est rendu a la patrie des services essensieles Son dernier mot a été qu il partoit pour me join-

dre Mais oui je vois son ombre il erre donc la partout il sifle dans l aire. Son ame est dans les nuages il sera propice a mon destin. Mais insensé je verse des larmes sur amitié, et qui me dit que deja je n en aye a verser d irreparable, ame de mon existence ecris moi tous les courriers je ne saurois vivre autrement—je suis ici tres occupé beaulieu remue son armée nous sommes en presence. je suis un peu fatigué je suis tous les jours a cheval — adieu adieu adieu je vais dormir a toi-le someil me console il te place a mes cote je te serre dans mes bras - - Mais au reveil helas je me trouve a trois cent lieus de toi—bien des choses a baras a talien et a sa femme.

N. B.

A la Citoyenne
Bonaparte chez la
Citoyenne Beauharnois
Rue chauteraine No. 6.
chausée d'antin
A Paris.

} Address not in Bonaparte's writing.

No. IV.

Albenga le 18 germinal.

je recois une lettre que tu interompt pour aller dis tu a la campagne et après cela tu te donne le ton d etre jalouse de moi qui suis ici accablé d affaires et de fatigue ah! ma bonne amie - - il est vrai que j ai tord dans le printems la campagne est belle et puis l amant de 19 ans s'y trouveroit sans dout le moiens* de prendre* un instant de plus a ecrire a celui qui eloigné de 300 lieus de toi ne vit ne jouit n'existe que par ton souvenir, qui lit tes lettres comme on devore apres 6 heures de chasse les mets que l'on aime. je ne suis pas content ta derniere

lettre est froide comme l amitie je ni ai pas trouve ce feu qui allume tes regard ce que j ai cru quelque fois y voir. mais quelle est ma byzarerie j ai trouvé que tes lettres precedentes opressoit trop mon ame la revolution qu elles s y produisoient attaquoit mon repos et asservit mes sents* je desirois des lettres plus froides mais elles me donnent le glace de la mort la crainte de ne pas etre aime de *josephine* l idee de la voir inconstante de la ——— mais je me forge des peines il en est tant de réel faut il encore s en fabriquer ! ! ! tu ne peut pas m avoir inspirer un amour sans borne sans le partager et avec ton ame, ta pensée et ta raison, l'on ne peut pas † de l abandon* et du devoument* donner † † le coup de mort.

j'ai reçu la lettre de m^e. chateau Renard j'ai ecrit au ministre pour † je ecrirai demain à la premiere a qui tu feras des complimens d' usage amitie vrai a m^e. tallien et Baras.

tu ne parle pas de ton vilain estomac je le deteste adieu jusqu' a demain *mio dolce amor* un souvenir de mon unique femme, et une victoire du destin voila mes souhaits : un souvenir unique entier digne de celui qui pense a toi a tous les instans.

Mon frere est ici — il a apris mon mariage avec plaisir il brule de l'envie de te connoitre je cherche a le decider a venir a paris — sa femme a accouche — elle a fait une fille. il t envoie pour present une boite de bonbons de genes tu recevra des oranges des parfums et de l eau de fleur d orange que je t 'envoye

junot, Murat* te* presentent* leurs* respects.* un baise plus bas, plus bas que le cœur.

A la Citoyenne
Bonaparte rue
chautereine No. 6.
chasse d'antin
à Paris.

Address not in Bonaparte's writing.

No. V.

Carru le 5 floreal.

A ma douce amie,

Mon frere te remettera cette lettre j ai pour lui la plus vive amitié il obtiendra j espere la tienne il la merite la nature l a doué d' un caractaire doux egal et inalterable bon il est tout plein de bonnes qualités j' ecris a Baras pour que l' on le nome consul dans quelque port d italie il desire vivre eloigné avec sa petite femme du grand tourbillon et des grandes affaires. je te le recomande.

j' ai recu ta lettre du 16 et du 21 tu as ete bien des jours sans m' ecrire que fais tu donc? oui ma bonne bonne amie je suis non pas jaloux mais quelque fois inquiet — viens vit je te previens si tu tarde tu me trouve malade — les fatigues et ton absence c 'est trop a la fois.

tes lettres font le plaisir de mes journées et mes journées heureuses ne sont pas frequentes. junot porte a Paris 22 drapeaux tu dois revenir avec lui attend tu. si jamais cela ne t est pas facheuse qu il ne vienne pas malheur sans remede, douleur sans consolation peines

continues si j avois le malheur de le voir venir seul mon adorable amie il te verra il respira dans ton temple peutetre même lui accordera tu la faveur unique et inapreciable de baiser ta joue et moi je serai seul et bien bien loin, mais tu vas revenir n est ce pas? tu vas etre ici a coté de moi sur mon cœur dans mes bras sur ta bouche. prend des ailles viens viens mais voyage doucement la route est longue mauvaise fatiguante si te alois verser ou prendre mal, si la fatigue — vas doucement mon adorable amie mais sois souvent † avec moi par la pensée.

j 'ai reçu une lettre d hortense elle est tout a fait aimable je vais lui ecrire je l aime bien et je lui enverai bientot les parfums qu elle veut avoir.

lis a mon antention le champ* de —† et sois* loin de ton bon ami pensant a lui et sans inquietude ou remord.

un baise au cœur et puis un plus Bas bien plus bas !

N B

je ne sais pas si tu as besoin d 'argent car tu ne m a jamais parle de tes affaires si cela etoit tu en demanderas a mon frere qui a 200 louis a moi.

N B

Si tu as quelq' un a placer tu peux l envoyer ici je le placerai chateau-Renard pourroit egalement venir.

A la Citoyenne
Donaparte
Rue chautreinne No. 6.
Paris.

No. VI.

tortone midi le 27 prarial

A Josephine

Ma vie est un cochemar perpetuel un presentiment funeste m empeche de respirer. je ne vis plus j'ai perdu plus que la vie plus que le bonheur plus que le repos je suis presque sans espoir. je t expedie un courrier. il ne restera que 4 heure a paris et puis m aportera ta reponse — ecris moi 10 pages cela seul peut me consoler un peu - - tu es malade, tu m aime, je t ai affligé, tu es grosse et je te ne vois pas ! cett idée me confond. j'ai tant de tord avec toi que je ne sais comment les expier je t accuse de rester a paris et tu y etois malade — pardonne moi ma bonne amie l amour que tu m a inspiré m a ote la raison je ne la retrouverai jamais l 'on ne guerit pas de ce mal la. mes presentimens sont si funestes que je me bornerois a te voir te presser 2 heures contre mon cœur et mourir ensemble ! qu est ce qui a soin de toi. j' imagine que tu a fait appeller hortense j aime mille fois plus cet aimable enfant depuis que je pense qu' elle peut te consoler un peu quand a moi point de consolation point de repos, point d espoir jusqu 'a ce que j' ai reçu le courrier que je t expedie et que par une longue lettre tu m explique ce que c est que ta maladie et jusqu' a quel point elle doit etre serieuse — si elle est dangereuse, je t en previens je pars de suite pour paris. mon arrivé vaudra ta maladie. J 'ai ete toujours heureux. jamais mon sort n a resiste a ma volonte et aujourdhui je suis frappe dans ce qui me touche uniquement. Josephine comment peut tu rester tant de tems sans m ecrire — ta derniere lettre laconique est du 3 du mois encore est elle affligante pour moi je l ai cependant toujours

dans ma poche—ton portrait et tes lettres sont sans cesse devant mes yeux.

je ne suis rien sans toi je concois a peine comment j ai existé sans te connoitre ah ! Josephine si tu eusse connu mon cœur serois tu rester depuis le 29 au 16 pour partir ? aurois tu prete l oreil a des amis perfides qui vouloient peutetre te tenir eloignée de moi ? je l avoue * tout le monde, j en veux a tout ce qui t entourre je te calculois partie depuis le 5 et le 15 arrivé a Milan.

josephine si tu m 'aime si tu crois que tout depend de ta conservation, ménage toi, je n ose pas te dire de ne pas entreprendre un voyage si long et dans les chaleurs a moins si tu es dans le cas de faire la route va a petites journées ecris moi a toutes les couchés et expedie moi d avance tes lettres.

toutes mes pensées sont concentrées dans ton alcove dans ton lit sur ton cœur ta maladie • voyla ce qui m occupe la nuit et le jour —sans apetit, sans someil, sans interet pour l amitie, pour la gloire, pour la patrie, toi, toi et le reste du monde n existe pas plus pour moi que s'il étoit anneanti je tiens a l honneur puisque tu y tiens, a la victoire puisque cela te fait plaisir sans quoi j aurois tout quitte pour me rendre a tes pieds.

quelquefois je me dis je m allarme sans raison deja elle est guerie elle part elle est partie, elle est peutetre deja a lion — vaine imagination — tu es dans ton lit souffrante, plus belle, plus interessante plus adorable tu es palle et tes yeux sont plus languissans mais quand

sera tu guerie? si un de nous deux devoit etre malade ne doit il pas etre moi, plus robuste et plus courageux jeusse suporte la maladie plus facilement la destinée est cruelle elle me frappe dans toi.

ce qui me console quelque fois c est de penser qu il depend du sort de te rende malade mais qu il ne depend de personne de m obliger a te survivre.

dans ta lettre ma bonne amie aie soin de me dire que tu est convaincue que je t aime au dela de ce qu il est possible d imaginer, que tu es persuade que tous mes instans te sont consacrés que jamais il ne se passe une heure sans penser à toi, que jamais il ne m est venu dans l idée de penser a une autre femme qu elles sont toutes a mes yeux sans grace sans beauté et sans esprit que toi toi toute entière telle que je te vois telle que tu est pouvoit me plaire et absorber toutes les facultes de mon ame que tu en a touché toute l etendue que mon cœur n a point de replis que tu ne voye, point de pensées qui ne te sont subordonnes, que mes forces mes bras mon esprit sont tout a toi, que mon ame est dans ton corps, et que le jour ou tu aurois change ou ou tu cesserois de vivre seroit celui de ma mort, que la nature, la terre n est belle a mes yeux que parceque tu l habite—si tu ne crois pas tout cela si ton ame n en est pas convaincue penetree, tu m afflige, tu ne m aime pas—il est un fluide magnetique entre les personnes qui s aiment —— tu sais bien que jamais je ne pourrois te voir un amant encore moins t en offrir un, lui dechirois le cœur et le voir seroit pour moi la meme chose et puis si je † porter la main sur ta personne sacrée— non je ne l'oserai

jamais mais je sortirois d une vie ou ce qui existe de plus vertueuse m auroit trompé.

Mais je suis sur et fier de ton amour—les malheurs sont des epreuves qui nous decellent mutuelment toute la force de notre passion un enfant adorable comme la maman va voir le jour et pourroit passer plusieurs ans dans tes bras—infortuné! je me contenterois d une journée— Mille baise sur tes yeux, sur tes levres sur ta langue sur ton cœur—adorable femme quelle est ton ascendant je suis bien malade de ta maladie, j ai encore une fiévre brulante! ne garde pas plus de 6 heure le Simple* et qu il retourne de suite me porter la lettre cherie de ma Souveraine.

te souviens tu de ce reve ou j etois tes souliers tes chiffons et je te faisois entrer toute entière dans mon cœur—pourquoi la nature n a-t-elle pas arrange cela comme cela—il y a bien des choses a faire.

N. B.

A la Citoyenne
Bonaparte,
Rue Chautreine No. 6
Paris.

No. VII.

de Pistoa en toscane le 8 messidor.

A Josephine,

Depuis un mois je n'ai reçu de ma bonne amie que 2 billets de trois lignes chacun—a-t-elle des affaires? celle d'écrire a son bon ami n'est donc pas un besoin

pour elle des lors celle d'y penser.—vivre sans penser a josephine ce seroit pour ton mari etre mort et ne pas exister—ton image embelit ma pensée et egaye le tableau sinistre et noire de la melancolie et de la douleur —— un jour peutetre viendra ou je te verai, car je ne doute pas que tu ne sois encore a paris et bien ce jour la je te montrerai mes poches pleines de lettres que je ne t'ai pas envoyé par qu'elles etoient trop bete, bien c'est le mot . bon dieu dis mois toi qui sais si bien faire aimer les autres sans aimer saurez tu me guerir de l'amour??? je pairai ce remede bien chère tu devois partir le 5 prairal—bon que j'etois je tendois le 13 comme si une jolie femme pouvoit abandoner ses habitudes, ses amis, et Me. tallien et un diné chez baras, et une representation d'une piece nouvelle et fontane* oui fontane* tu aime tout plus que ton mari tu n'a pour lui qu'un peu d'estime et une portion de cette bienveillance dont ton cœur abonde tous les jours †, † recapituler tes tord, tes fautes je me bat le flanc pour ne te plus aimer bah n'est* ce* pas que je taime davantage enfin mon incomparable petite mere je vais te dire mon secret. Mocque toi de moi reste a Paris, aie des amans, que tout le monde le sache, n ecris jamais eh! bien je t en aimerai 10 fois davantage — et ce n est pas folie, fiévre delire!! et je ne guerirai pas de cela — oh si par dieu j'en guerirai — mais ne vas pas me dire que tu es malade — n entrepend pas de te justifie bon dieu tu es pardonnée je t aime a la folie et jamais mon pauvre cœur ne cessera de donner tout* a* l'*amour* si tu ne m aimois pas mon sort seroit bien byzare. tu ne m'a pas ecrit — tu etois malade — tu n es pas venue. † † n'a pas voulu et puis ta maladie et puis ce petit enfant qui se remuoit si fort qu il

te faisoit mal? mais tu as passe lion tu seras le 10 a turin le 12 a milan ou tu m atendira. tu seras en italie et je serois encore loin de toi—adieu, ma bien aimé, un baisé sur ta bouche—un autre sur ton cœur—et un autre sur ton petit enfants.

Nous avons fait la paix avec Rome qui nous donne de l'argent—nous serons demain a livourne et le plutot que je pourrois dans tes bras, a tes pieds, sur ton sein.

A la Citoyenne
Bonaparte,
Rue chautreinne No. 6
Paris.

No. VIII. A 11 h. du soir.

Je suis outre—Je pars dans une heure pour Verseille§ Murat doit etre ce soir a Navarre‖—l ennemi est fort derouté il ne nous divine pas encore. j espere dans 10 jours etre dans les bras de ma josephine qui est toujours bien bonne quand elle ne pleurt pas et ne fait pas la *civetta*‡ ton fils est arrivé ce soir je l ai fais visiter il se porte bien—mille choses tendres—j ai reçu la lettre de M—† je lui enverai par le prochain courier une livre de cerises* tres bonnes—nous sommes ici avant deux mois pour Paris.

tout a toi

N B

A Madame Bonaparte } Address not in Bonaparte's hand writing.

§ The French mode of pronouncing Vercelli in Italy.
‖ Novarre in Italy.
‡ Coquette.

THE FOLLOWING ARE

LITERAL TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

No. I.

7 o'Clock in the Morning.

I AWAKE thinking only of you. Your portrait and the recollection of the intoxicating evening of yesterday have deprived my senses of rest. Sweet and incomparable Josephine, what a singular impression do you make upon my heart! Are you angry? are you sad? are you uneasy? My soul is broken with grief, and there is no more comfort for your friend;—but is there more for me when, giving myself up to the deep feeling which overcomes me, I pour out upon your lips, upon your heart, a flame which consumes me? Ah! it was last night that I discovered that your portrait was not you.

You set off at noon—I shall see you in three hours. In the mean while, my sweet love, receive a thousand kisses, but do not give me any, for they consume my blood.

N. B.

To Madame Beauharnois.

No. II.

Port Maurice, the 24th Germinal.

I have received all your letters: but not one of them has affected me so much as your last—do you think, my adorable love, of writing to me in such terms? Do you imagine, then, that my situation is not already cruel enough without an increase of my sorrows and an overthrow of my soul? What a style! What sentiments do you describe—they are of fire—they burn my poor heart. My only Josephine;—far from thee there is no joy—far from thee the world is a desert, where I remain an isolated being, without enjoying the sweets of confidence. You have deprived me of more than my soul;—you are the only thought of my life. If I am tired of the troubles of business, if I dread the result, if mankind disgust me, if I am ready to curse this life, I place my hand upon my heart,—there thy portrait beats.—I look at it, and love becomes to me absolute happiness; all is smiling save the time when I am separated from my beloved.

By what art is it that you have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you,—I am dying to be near you. Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul in which you reign? Ah! my adorable wife, I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me

much longer from you it will be insupportable,—my courage will not go so far. There was a time when I was proud of my courage, and sometimes, when contemplating on the ills that man could do me, on the fate which destiny could reserve for me, I fixed my eyes steadfastly on the most unheard-of misfortunes without a frown, without alarm;—but now the idea that my Josephine may be unwell, the idea that she may be ill, and above all the cruel, the fatal thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, stops my blood, renders me sad, cast down, and leaves me not even the courage of fury and despair. Formerly I used often to say to myself, men could not hurt him who could die without regret; but, now, to die without being loved by thee, to die without that certainty is the torment of hell; it is the lively and striking image of absolute annihilation —I feel as if I were stifled. My incomparable companion, thou whom fate has destined to make along with me the painful journey of life, the day on which I shall cease to possess thy heart will be the day on which parched nature will be to me without warmth or vegetation.

I stop, my sweet love, my soul is sad; my body is fatigued; my head is giddy: men disgust me; I ought to hate them, — they separate me from my beloved.

I am at Port Maurice near Oneille; to-morrow I shall be at Albenga; the two armies are in motion —We are endeavouring to deceive each other.— Victory to the most skilful! I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu — If he alarm me much he is a better

man than his predecessor. I shall beat him I hope in good style. Do not be uneasy—love me, as your eyes —but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, than your thought, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me,—I am sinking; nature is weak for him who feels strongly, for him whom you love!

N. B.

Sincere regards to Barras, Sussi, Madame Tallien — Compliments to Madame Chateau Renard; best love to Eugene and Hortense!

Adieu, adieu, I am going to bed without thee; I shall sleep without thee—pray let me sleep. Many times have I held thee in my arms,—happy dream! but,—but it is not thee.

To Citoyenne Bonaparte.

No. III.

Albenga, the 16 Germinal.

It is one hour after midnight—they have brought me a letter—it is sad—my soul is affected by it—it is the death of Chauvet. He was Commissaire Ordinateur in chief of the army—you have seen him sometimes at Barras'. My love, I feel the want of consolation—that is to be obtained by writing to you, to you alone, the thought of whom can so much influence the moral state of my thoughts, on whom I must pour out my troubles. What is the future? What is the past? What are we? What magic fluid is it that surrounds

us, and hides from us those things which it concerns us most to know? We are born, we live, we die, in the midst of the wonderful! Is it astonishing that priests, astrologers, charlatans, should have profited by this inclination, by this singular circumstance, to lead our ideas, and to direct them according to their passions? Chauvet is dead! He was attached to me. He has rendered essential services to his country. His last words were that he was setting off to join me.—But yes, I see his shade—it wanders around me everywhere—it whistles in the air—his soul is in the clouds—he will be propitious to my destiny! But insensible, I shed tears to friendship, and who shall tell me that I have not already to weep an irreparable loss? Soul of my existence, write to me by every courier, otherwise I cannot live. I am here very much occupied. Beaulieu moves his army. We are in sight. I am a little fatigued. I am every day on horseback. Adieu, adieu, adieu—I am going to sleep to thee. Sleep consoles me—it places me at thy side—I press thee in my arms—But, alas! on waking, I find myself three hundred leagues from thee. Say every thing to Barras, to Tallien and his wife.

N. B.

To Citoyenne Bonaparte,
&c.

No. IV.

Albenga, the 18 Germinal.

I received a letter which you break off, to go, say you, into the country, and after that you assume the tone of being jealous of me, who am here overwhelmed with business and fatigue. Ah! my sweet love——it is

true, I am in the wrong. During the Spring the country is beautiful, and then the lover of 19 years would there find doubtless the means of snatching an instant more to write to him who, distant 300 leagues from you, lives, enjoys, exists only by the remembrance of you, who reads your letters as one devours a favorite dish after six hours' hunting. I am not satisfied. Your last letter is cold as friendship. I do not there find that fire which brightens your looks, that fire which I have there oftentimes fancied that I saw. But what is my waywardness! I found that your former letters weighed too heavily on my mind. The revolution which they there produced destroyed my repose, and enslaved my senses. I desired colder letters, but they give me the chill of death. The fear of not being loved by Josephine, the idea of seeing her inconstant, of ——— ———. But I am forging troubles—there are so many real ones, is it necessary to fabricate more? You cannot have inspired me with boundless love without partaking of it, and with your soul, your thought, and your reason, one cannot, † of the abundance of devotion, give † † the stroke of death.

I have received the letter of Mde. Chateau Renard. I have written to the minister for † . I will write to-morrow to the former, to whom you will present the usual compliments.—Real friendship to Mde. Tallien and Barras.

You do not speak of your wretched stomach.—I hate it. Adieu, till to-morrow, my sweet love.—A remembrance of my unequalled wife, and a victory over

destiny, — these are my wishes — all only wish, entirely worthy of him who every moment thinks of thee.

My brother is here. He has heard of my marriage with pleasure. He is most anxious to know you. I am trying to decide him to come to Paris. His wife has been brought to bed of a girl. He sends you a present of a box of Genoese sugar-plums. You will receive some oranges, some perfumes, and some orange-flower water, which I send you.

Junot, Murat present* you* their respects.

No. V.

At Head-Quarters — Carru — the 5th Floreal,
4th year of the French Republic.

To my sweet Love,

My brother will give you this letter. I have the warmest regard for him. I hope he will obtain yours. He merits it. Nature has endowed him with a character gentle, equal and unchangeable, good. He is made up of good qualities. I have written to Barras that he may be named Consul in some Port of Italy. He wishes to live with his little wife far away from the great whirlwind, and from great affairs. I recommend him to you.

I have received your letters of the 16th and 21st. You have been many days without writing to me. What have you been doing? Yes, my good good love, I am not jealous, but sometimes uneasy. Come quickly —

I warn you that if you delay you will find me ill — fatigue and your absence are too much at once. Your letters are the delight of my days, and my happy days are not frequent. Junot carries to Paris 22 standards. You must return with him. Do you understand? — if that is not disagreeable to you. Should he not come, misfortune without remedy, grief without consolation, endless suffering if I should have the misfortune to see him come alone! My adorable love, he will see thee — he will breathe in thy temple; perhaps, even you will grant him the rare and invaluable favor of kissing thy cheek; and I, I shall be alone, and very, very far away — but you are coming, are you not? — you will be here, by my side, upon my heart, in my arms — — Take wings — come! come! — but travel gently — the road is long, bad and fatiguing. • If you were to be overturned, or to be taken ill, — if the fatigue — go gently, my adorable love, but be often † with me in thought.

I have received a letter from Hortense. She is quite lovely. I am going to write to her. I love her dearly, and I will soon send her the perfumes that she wishes to have.

Read † † † the field of † and be * far from your good friend thinking of him without uneasiness or remorse.

N. B.

I do not know whether you want money, for you have never spoken to me of business. If you do, ask my brother for some, who has 200 louis of mine.

N. B.

If you wish to place any one you may send him here. I will place him. Chateau Renard may come also.

To Citoyenne Bonaparte,
&c

No. VI.

Head Quarters — Tortona — Noon, 27th Prairial, 4th year of the French Republic.

To Josephine,

My life is a perpetual night-mare. A fatal foreboding hinders me from breathing. I no longer live. I have lost more than life, more than happiness, more than repose. I am almost without hope. I send you a courier — He will remain only four hours at Paris, and will then bring me your answer. Write me ten pages; that alone will console me a little. You are ill; — you love me; — I have made you unhappy. You are with child, and I do not see you! This idea confounds me. I have committed so many faults towards you, that I know not how to expiate them. I accuse you of having remained in Paris, and you are there ill. Forgive me, my darling; — the love with which you have inspired me has taken away my reason: — I shall never recover it; one never cures of that complaint. My forebodings are so sad, that I would limit myself to seeing you, to pressing you for two hours to my heart, to dying together! Who takes care of you? I suppose you have sent for Hortense. I love that sweet child a thousand times more since I think that she can afford you some little consolation. As for me, there is no consolation, no repose, no hope, until I have received the courier that I send you, and until you explain to me by a long letter what your illness is, and to

what extent it is serious. If it be dangerous, I warn you, I set off instantly for Paris. My arrival will be a match for your illness. I have always been fortunate. Never has my fortune resisted my will, and to-day I am struck where alone I was vulnerable. Josephine, how can you remain so long without writing to me? Your last laconic letter is of the 3d of the month. It is also afflicting for me. I have it, however, always in my pocket. Your portrait and your letters are incessantly before my eyes. I am nothing without you. I can hardly imagine how I existed without knowing you. Ah! Josephine, if you had known my heart you would not have waited from the 29th to the 16th to set off. Is it possible that you should have listened to false friends, who wished, perhaps, to keep you far from me? I own to all the world, —I have an antipathy to every body who is near you. I calculated your departure on the 5th, and your arrival at Milan on the 15th.

Josephine, if you love me, if you believe that every thing depends upon your preservation, take care of yourself. I dare not tell you not to undertake so long a journey and in the hot weather; — at least, if you are in a situation to travel, go short days' journeys. Write to me at every sleeping place, and send me your letters in advance.

All my thoughts are concentrated in thy alcove, in thy bed, on thy heart. — Thy illness! that is what occupies me night and day — without appetite, without sleep, without interest for friendship, for glory, for country, thou, thou and the rest of the world exist no more for

me than if it were annihilated. I prize honor, because you prize it; victory, because it gives you pleasure, without which I should have quitted all to throw myself at your feet.

Sometimes I say to myself that I am alarmed without reason, — already is she recovered, — she is setting off, — she has set off, — she is already, perhaps, at Lyons. Vain imagination! you are in your bed suffering; more beautiful, more interesting, more adorable. You are pale, and your eyes are more languishing — but when will you be well? If one of us must be ill, should it not be I? More robust and more courageous, I could have borne sickness more easily — Destiny is cruel. She strikes me through you.

What sometimes consoles me is, that it is in the power of fate to make you ill, but that no power can oblige me to survive you.

In your letter, my good love, take care to tell me that you are convinced that I love you, that I love you beyond what it is possible to imagine, that you are persuaded that every moment of my life is consecrated to you; that an hour never passes without my thinking of you; that the idea of thinking of any other woman has never entered my head; that they are all to my eyes without grace, without beauty, without wit; that you, you, nothing but you, such as I see you, such as you are, could please me and absorb all the faculties of my mind; that you have affected it all over; that my heart has no recess that you do not see; no thoughts of which you are not the mistress; that my strength, my arms, my soul

are altogether yours; that my soul is in your body, and that the day on which you change or cease to live, will be that of my death; that nature, the earth, is beautiful to my eyes only because you inhabit it. —If you do not believe all that, if your mind is not convinced of it, penetrated, you grieve me, you love me not. There is a magnetic fluid between the persons who love each other. You know very well that I could never bear to let you have a lover, much less to offer you one. To tear his heart and to see him would be to me the same thing; and then, if I should dare to lay my hand upon your hallowed person ——no, I should never dare to do it, but I would quit a life where that which is most virtuous should have deceived me.'

But I am sure and proud of thy love. Misfortunes are the trials which expose all the violence of our mutual passion. A child, adorable as its mama, is about to see day, and may pass many happy years in thy arms. Unhappy! I would be contented with a day. A thousand kisses upon thy eyes, upon thy lips, upon thy heart — Adorable woman! what is thy ascendancy! I am very ill of thy illness. I have, besides, a burning fever. Do not keep Le Simple* more than six hours. Let him return directly to bring the cherished letter of my Queen.

Do you remember the dream in which I was your shoes, your clothes, and I fancied that you entered quite into my heart? Why did not nature arrange in that way? There are many things to do.

N. B.

To Citoyenne Bonaparte,
&c.

No. VII.

At Head Quarters, Pistoa, in Tuscany, the 11th Messidor, 4th year of the French Republic.

To Josephine,

For a month past I have received from my good love only two notes of three lines each—Is she so busy? She does not then find it necessary to write to her good friend; much less to think of him.—To live without thinking of Josephine! that would be to your husband to be dead, not to exist. Your image adorns my thoughts, and enlivens the black and sombre picture of melancholy and grief.—A day, perhaps, will come when I shall see you, for I doubt not that you are still at Paris—well, on that day I will shew you my pockets full of letters which I have not sent to you, because they were too stupid; aye, that's the word. Good heavens! tell me, you who know so well how to make others love without loving in return, do you know how to cure me of love???—I will pay for this remedy dear enough.

You should have set out on the 5th Prairial.—Good man that I was, I waited till the 13th, as if a pretty woman could give up her habits, her friends, and Madame Tallien, and a dinner at Barras', and a representation of a new piece, and * Fontane, yes, Fontane! You love every thing better than your husband—you have for him only a little esteem, and a portion of that kindness with which your heart abounds. Every day I recapitulate your unkindness, your faults. I flog myself that I may love you no longer—bah, do I not love you still more?—In short, my incomparable little mama, I am going to tell you my secret. Laugh at me: remain

at Paris; have lovers; let all the world know it; never write to me.—Ah, well! I shall love you for it ten times more.—Is not this folly, fever, madness!! and I shall never cure of it.—Oh yes! by heaven I shall cure of it; but don't take it into your head to tell me that you are ill; don't attempt to justify yourself. Good heaven! you are forgiven—I love you to folly, and never will my poor heart cease to give all to love; —if you loved me not, my fate would be wretched indeed. You have not written to me;—you were ill;—you are not arrived. † would not let you—and then your illness, and then the little child which was so much on the move that it made you ill. But you have passed Lyons,—you will be at Turin on the 10th, on the 12th at Milan, where you will wait for me.—You will be in Italy, and I shall still be far from you.—Adieu, my well beloved—a kiss upon thy mouth, another upon thy heart, and another upon thy little infant.

We have made peace with Rome, who gives us money. —We shall be to-morrow at Leghorn, and as soon as possible in thy arms, at thy feet, on thy bosom.

To Citoyenne Bonaparte.

No. VIII.

11 o'clock, at Night.

I am beside myself—I set out in an hour for Vercelli—Murat will be at Novara this evening—the enemy is all in confusion—he has no idea of our intentions —In ten days I hope to be in the arms of my Josephine, who is always very good when she does not cry,

and does not play the coquette. Your son arrived this evening—I have had him examined; he is quite well. A thousand tender wishes.—I have received M——'s letter—I will send her by the next courier a pound of excellent cherries. We are here;—in less than two months, for Paris!

Entirely thine,

N. B.

To

Madam Bonaparte.

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